THE BOOK *of* WONDERFUL CHARACTERS

Memoirs and Anecdotes

1869

CHIEFLY FROM THE TEXT OF
HENRY WILSON AND JAMES CAULFIELD

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OF

REMARKABLE AND ECCENTRIC PERSONS IN
ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES

CHIEFLY FROM THE TEXT OF
HENRY WILSON AND JAMES CAULFIELD

MATTHEW BUCHINGER
THE WONDERFUL LITTLE MAN OF NUREMBERG

ILLUSTRATED WITH SIXTY-ONE ENGRAVINGS

LONDON • 1869
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY

PRELIMINARY

WITH A FEW WORDS UPON PIG-FACED LADIES

THE BIOGRAPHIES of men who have essentially differed from the rest of the human race, either by their having been born with some peculiar congenital defect, or possessing an eccentricity of character, which inevitably impels them to overleap and trespass from the boundaries of the beaten highway of conventional life, have been in all times eagerly sought after by the curious inquirer into human nature. Indeed, it is probable that the fables attributed to Æsop have maintained their long popularity, in all the languages of the globe, from the simple fact that their author was said to be extremely deformed from his birth—that he passed through life in the servile condition of a slave, and met his tragical end at last by the unjust cruelty of the mistaken inhabitants of Delphi.

There is a great change, too, in the manners and customs of the people of England, that renders a book like this still more interesting at the present time. We have nearly lost all, and are daily losing what little remains of, our individuality; all people and all places seem now to be alike; and the railways are, no doubt, the principal cause of this change. For railway stations, all over the world, seem to have a strong, we might almost call it a family, resemblance to each other; while there was a great deal of difference, both in the localities and in the originality of the people you; met with, at the old roadside or village inns where the coach stopped to change horses. In the old coaching times of England, there was scarcely

a village in which the mail-coach changed its horses but had its eccentric oddity of some kind or another, and this oddity was as certain to be at the inn-yard, to see and be seen by the travelling strangers, as the master of the house himself. But now, when we go to a country town, there is nothing to be seen but a railway station, with its usual complement of guards, porters, policemen, &c., as like as two peas are to the one we left miles away. The life-like although fictitious description of the railway station and refreshment rooms at Mugby Junction, may be applied to every other station in England.

Indeed, the tendency of the present day, in England, is directly opposed to the spirit of individual exclusiveness which, as the great encourager of eccentricity of character, once prevailed over all the country. Science is no longer locked up in a few colleges, royal societies, or inaccessible volumes. Through the public press, discoveries and theories, once the monopoly of a few philosophers, have become the common property of the multitude; and what is true of science is still more true of literature. Genius now sends its light into cottages; for works that were once too costly for even the opulent are now so cheap as to be found on the labourer's shelf. With the fine arts it is just the same. If, as it is said, the spirit of the great artists has died out, yet the taste for their works is still with us. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great artists is spreading everywhere abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries, open to but a few, but meet us in our houses, and are the refined household treasures of millions. Works designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, popes, and nobles, find their way, in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty. The art of drawing, which lies at the foundation of most of the fine arts, and is the best education of the eye for nature, is becoming a branch of common education, and in many countries is now taught in schools to which all classes are admitted.

And a work such as this does much more than merely satisfy the curiosity of its readers. To take only one instance, it plainly tells us of the miserably wretched lives invariably led by those who avariciously and profanely make money to be their Deity, the be-all and end-all of the life of man. Byron's usual intelligence seems to have forsaken -him when he wrote the following lines:—

"Oh, gold! why call we misers miserable?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower-anchor o' the chain-cable,
Which holds fast other pleasures, great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

"Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind—
To build a college, or to found a race,
A hospital, a church—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face;
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind,
Even with the very ore that makes them base;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation.
Or revel in the joys of calculation."

But this poetical view of the subject does not, in any instance, prove true to nature. It is not the benefits his money can buy, which he invariably denies to himself, that ever afford satisfaction to the pinching muckworm; it is the mere possession of the wealth alone, the adding of coin to coin, many times rapaciously gained, the satisfaction of his itching palm, that forms the miser's whole desire and happiness.—Dr. Johnson, with more justice, said to Boswell, "A man who both spends and saves money is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments."

A good story, relating to our subject, is told of the famous Prince of Conde. He on one occasion, when leaving his country house, left his son, then just nine years of age, the large sum of fifty louis-d'or to spend, while he himself was absent in Paris. On his return, the boy came to him triumphantly, saying, "Papa, here is all the money safe ; I never touched it once." The Prince, without making any reply, took his son to the window, and quietly emptied all the money out of the purse. Then he said, "If you have neither virtue enough to give away your money, nor spirit enough to spend it, always do this for the future, that the poor may have a chance of getting some of it." History tells us that this lesson, so different from what he anticipated, was not lost on the youth; and when he grew to be a man, no one was so prudent in turning his wealth to so good an account as the son of the renowned Prince of Conde. And we verily believe that this book, displaying such characters as Elwes, Cooke, Dancer, and D'Aguilar, in all their naked deformity, is likely to do more good than a thousand homilies against the avaricious sin of hoarding up treasures upon earth, "where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

ANOTHER LESSON to mankind is found in the life of count Borulwlaski, whose portrait, with a short biography, are given elsewhere in the present Work. Though a dwarf and a foreigner, his prospects ruined in his own country, and unacquainted with the language spoken here, yet, by his tranquil, contented disposition, his unstained character, and his true politeness, he made himself hosts of friends, who tenderly solaced the long life of the *petit* Count; for he reached the great age of ninety-eight years. And when his last scene was over—when grim death at length claimed his own in the person of the little man, at Banks Cottage, Durham, in 1837—his remains were buried close to those of Stephen Kemble, in the Nine Altars of Durham; while in the parish church of St.Mary-the-Less a neat mural tablet of white stone, erected by his friends, bears an inscription to his memory; and so well was he beloved by the

inhabitants of Durham, that a bend in the river Were, which almost surrounds the city, is still called the Count's Corner.

It was not only by the poor inhabitants of Durham that theCount was esteemed; he was treated with all the respect due to his unsullied reputation by George IV., then the greatest man in the empire. It is not often, now a-days, that we hear the Fourth George well spoken of, and we feel happy in having to do so now. It is a great mistake to suppose that, because a man is a voluptuary, and much more remarkable for his good manners than for his good morals, that he is therefore a person wholly bad. There really is no such being as one wholly bad, or wholly good either. Every human being is a mixture of various, and often apparently incongruous, elements, one relieving and redeeming the other, sometimes one assuming a predominance, and sometimes another—very much as the accidental provocations of external circumstances may determine. And there is no doubt that it was so with this monarch, as well as it was with the humblest of his subjects.

Boruwlaski wished to present his book to the King, to whom he had been known many years previously, and through the exertions of Mathews, the famous comedian, the interview took place at Carlton House, in July, 1821, when the approaching coronation was greatly occupying the royal mind. The two visitors, the old Polish dwarf and the player, were treated by the King with great tenderness—and, even more than that, with great considerate delicacy. On being introduced into the apartment, the King raised the dwarf up into his arms in a kind embrace, saying, "My dear old friend, how delighted I am to see you!" and then placed the little man on a sofa beside him. But, Boruwlaski's loyalty not being so satisfied, he descended with the agility of a schoolboy, and threw himself at the King's feet, who, however, would not suffer him to remain in that position for a minute, and again raised him to the sofa. The King, in accepting the book which the Count wished to present to him, turned to the Marchioness of Conyngham, and took from her a little case containing a beautiful miniature watch and seals,

attached by a superb chain, the watch exquisitely ornamented with jewels. This the King begged Boruwlaski to accept, saying, as he held the book in his other hand, "My dear friend, I shall read and preserve this as long as I have, for your sake; and in return I request you will wear this for mine." His Majesty then said, out of hearing of the Count, "If I had a dozen sons, I could not point out to them a more perfect model of good breeding and elegance than the Count. He is really a most accomplished and charming person."

While the Count and the King were for a little time apart together, the King took the opportunity to inquire if the little Count required any pecuniary help to make his latter days more comfortable, avowing his desire to supply whatever was necessary. The King also offered to show his coronation robes to the dwarf, and further asked him if he retained any recollection of a favourite valet of his, whom he named. The Count professing a perfect remembrance of the man, the King said—"He is now on his death-bed. I saw him this morning, and mentioned your expected visit. He expressed a great desire to see you, which I ventured to promise you should do; for I have such a regard for him, that I would gratify his last hours as much as possible. Will you, Count, do me the favour of paying my poor faithful servant a short visit? He is even now expecting you. I hope you will not refuse to indulge a poor, suffering, dying creature." The Count, of course, expressed his readiness to obey the King's wishes.

Boruwlaski was first shewn the robes, and then conducted to the chamber of the sick man, which was fitted up with every comfort and care; a nurse and another attendant being in waiting upon the sufferer. When the Count was announced the poor invalid desired to be propped up in his bed. He was so changed by time and sickness, that the Count no longer recognised the face with which his memory was familiar. The nurse and attendant having retired into an adjoining room, the dying man (forsuch he was, and felt himself to be) expressed the great obligation he felt at such a visit, and spoke most gratefully of him whom he designated as

the best of masters; told the Count of all the King's goodness to him, and, indeed, of his uniform benevolence to all that depended on him; mentioned that his majesty, during the long course of his poor servant's illness, notwithstanding the circumstances that had agitated himself so long, his numerous duties and cares, his present anxieties and forthcoming ceremonies, had never omitted to visit his bedside *twice every day*, not for a moment merely, but long enough to soothe and comfort him, and to see that he had everything necessary and desirable, telling him all particulars of himself that were interesting to an old and attached servant and humble friend. This account was so genuine in its style, and so affecting in its relation, that it deeply touched the heart of the listener. The dying man, feeling exhaustion, put an end to the interview by telling the Count that he only prayed to live long enough to greet his dear master after the *coronation*—to hear that the ceremony had been performed with due honour, and without any interruption to his dignity—and that then he was ready to die in peace.

Poor Boruwlaski returned to the royal presence, utterly subdued by the foregoing scene; upon which every feeling heart will, we are persuaded, make its own comment, unmixed with party spirit or prejudice. At any rate, Boruwlaski came away from Carlton House in tears at the kindness that George IV had manifested towards him.

THE MYSTERIOUS, indeed we may say, epicene character of the Chevalier D'Eon has caused him to this very day to be enveloped in a cloud of inexplicable mystification: and a very curious circumstance, relating thereto, has occurred in France, which exposing, as it does, the system under which Frenchmen make up books for the public, is well worthy of being set forth here. A. M. Gallaindet published at Paris a *Mémoire* of the Chevalier, in two octavo volumes, as far back as the year 1836. He was aided by many family papers and documents calculated to throw a new light on the character of the Chevalier, which he liberally obtained from members of his

family; and the Duke of Broglie, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Mignet, Director of the Chancelleries of France, gave him full permission to ransack the Archives for the whole period of the Chevalier's diplomatic career. With such advantages in his favour, we might have expected a truthful history of the remarkable man; but that was not the way that our French friend worked, as he afterwards disclosed, and the way in which it was discovered that this *Mémoire* was falsely written, is not the least interesting portion of our story.

Some few years after the *Mémoire* was published, another book appeared at Paris on the same mysterious theme, entitled *Un Hermaphrodite* written by M. Jourdan, the editor of the *Siècle*. This book fell under the notice of M. Gaillardet, who was surprised to find it no other than a complete reproduction of his *Mémoire*; not only in the parts authentic, but also in those fictitious. Of the 301 pages of which *Un Hermaphrodite* is composed, no less than 222 are taken word for word from M. Gallairdet's *Memoire*. The latter seeing this, at once let the cat out of the bag, and in the preface to a second edition, of which the title was altered to *Verity sur la Chevalier* D'Eon he, under the heading of "An Act of Contrition and an Act of Accusation," tells us how his *Mémoire* was composed.

He was, as he says, a young man about twenty-five years of age when he wrote that book; a friend of Alexander Dumas, and fond of the theatre, and stories of complicated intrigues, tragical amours, and mysterious secrets. The life of the Chevalier D'Eon, which he met with at first by mere accident struck him with surprise. He immediately saw how it ought to be told. The Chevalier dressed himself as a woman, so as to carry on his many amorous intrigues, without fear of detection, like another Faublas. He said to himself that a man (for the Chevalier was a man) who had filled many important diplomatic missions, in the disguise of a woman—for he had officially to take this costume—had necessarily many piquant if not terrible adventures in the course of his

career. He thought, at the same time in good faith, that he had discovered a clue to the whole in the letters of nocturnal audiences granted to him by the young queen of England, after the peace of 1763—a peace as necessary, as it was shameful for France; and as the cause of it, the English press accused their minister of being corrupted by French diplomacy. His imagination revelled in this idea, and the result of this work was, that the *Mémoire* was written partly authentic and partly fictitious. In spite of that, he concludes, it sold well, and is now out of print.

Probably it was the last consideration that had most power in causing Gaillardet to write this most scandalous and untruthful work. How purely French was the idea of thus making D'Eon a second Faublas. And how truly French was the system of plagiarism of Jordan, which at last compelled Gaillardet to tell the truth, and to denounce him in the following words:

"The same benignity of spirit has caused my plagiarist to adopt also all that I have thought and said of the amours of the Chevalier D'Eon, and Charlotte, Duchess of Mecklenburg, and Queen of England. He even reproduced, word for word, the reflections which I had put into the mouth of my hero on the subject—"A Queen to be devoured was, as it appeared to me, a morsel too appetising to be regarded with any scruples."

And M. Gaillardet tells us, minutely, this atrocious fiction of an intrigue between the Chevalier and Queen Charlotte over and over again. Their stolen interviews are all disclosed by this prurient Frenchman. George IV. is again and again spoken of as the son of the Chevalier and not of George III. Of course, the jealousy of George III. is minutely dwelt upon, and we have details of his discovering the Queen and D'Eon together at an assignation, at the hour of two o'clock in the morning. All the love passages, and all the jealous recriminations of the lovers, are fully detailed; and neither in authentic nor fictitious history have we ever found such words as M. Gaillardet puts into the mouth of his hero, so applicable to any men as himself—"A Queen to be devoured was,

as it appeared to me, a morsel too appetising to be regarded with any scruples."

Poor Queen Charlotte, that not a painter of the day could flatter enough, so as to make her have a beautiful appearance, but always seems to us to resemble a cat dressed up, and strange to say, that something of the feline character really seems to display itself in her history. She surely may put in, "Nae temptation," as Burns says, as a plea in her favour. But what are we to say of the original inventor of such an atrocious scandal, who now in the new edition of his work, totally disavows it. Truly it may be said that the story is too absurd, the book in which it is propagated is so little known. But a ridiculously mean calumny, such as this is, should always be denounced and exposed; and more especially as it has been put in print in a book, which professes to be founded upon historical materials. In the latter case, the wrong is indefinitely increased; for it is liable to be quoted without suspicion, and received as true without question. And this very scandal has been so received as recently as 1858, and printed in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. It is true that the editor of that work doubts the truth of the story; but nevertheless in his work of recognised authority, M. Gaillardet's unworthy figment is treated, not as the gross libel which it is, but as the deliberate statement of one, who had made the life of the alleged partner of Queen Charlotte's misconduct his special study.

ANOTHER STORY of world-wide fame deserves to be related in this Book of Wonderful Characters. There can be few persons who have not heard of the celebrated Pig-Faced Lady, whose history, whether mythical or not, is common to several European languages, and is generally related in the following manner. A newly married lady of rank and fashion, being annoyed by the importunities of a wretched beggar-woman, accompanied by a dirty, squalling child, exclaimed—"Take away your nasty pig, I shall not give you anything!" Whereupon the enraged mendicant, with a bitter imprecation related—"May your own child, when it is born,

be more like a pig than mine!" And, accordingly, shortly afterwards the lady gave birth to a child, in which the beggar's unfortunate malediction was impartially fulfilled. It was a girl perfectly, nay, beautifully formed in every respect, save that its face, some say its whole head, exactly resembled that of a pig. This strange child thrived apace, and in course of time grew to be a woman, giving the unhappy parents great trouble and affliction; not only by its disgusting features alone, but also by its hoggish manners in general, much easier, at the present day, to be imagined than minutely described. The fond and wealthy parents, however, paid every attention to this hideous creature, their only child. Its voracious and indelicate appetite was appeased by the coarsest food of a hog, however, placed in a silver trough. To the waiting maid, who attended on the creature, risking the savage snaps of its beastly jaws, and enduring the horrible grunts and squeaks of its discordant voice, a small fortune had to be paid in annual wages, yet seldom could a person be obtained to fill the disagreeable situation longer than a month. A still greater perplexity ever troubled the unfortunate parents, namely, as to what would become of the wretched creature after their decease. Counsel learned in the law were consulted, who advised that the Pig-Faced Lady should be immediately married, the father, besides giving a handsome dowry in hand to the happy, or perhaps unhappy, bridegroom, he should be termed, settling a handsome annuity on the intrepid husband, for as long as she should live. But experience proving that after the first introduction, the boldest fortune-hunters declined any further acquaintance with her, another course was suggested. This was for the parents to found an hospital, the trustees of which were to be bound to protect and cherish the Pig-Faced damsel, until her death relieved them from the unpleasing guardianship. And thus it is that, after long and careful researches on the printed and legendary histories of Pig-Faced ladies, the writer has always found them wanting either a husband, or a waiting maid, or connected with the founding of an hospital.

But as there are exceptions to all general rules, so there is an exceptional story of a Pig-Faced lady; according to which, it appears that a gentleman, whose religious ideas were greatly confused by the many jarring sects that sprang into existence during the time of the Commonwealth, ended his perplexity by embracing the Jewish faith, vainly considering that what was once the religion that the Almighty had planted on the earth, could not be altogether wrong in his time. But he soon found that he had fearfully reckoned without his host. The very first child born to him after this change of religion was a Pig-Faced girl. Years passed, and the girl grew to womanhood, without ever receiving an embrace or a kiss from her wretched father, for how could a Jew touch the head of an unclean beast? Did not Wamba, the son of Witless, the grandson of Weatherbrain, discomfit Isaac, the Jew of York, at the tournament of Ashby, with a shield of brawn, and turn him out of the gallery by merely presenting it? However, the gentleman had to travel on some business to the Netherlands where he met with an aged monk, to whom he happened to tell the grievous story of his Pig-Faced daughter. The monk asked him what he could expect otherwise, and told him that his daughter's hideous countenance was a divine punishment inflicted on him for his grievous apostacy. The father, now seeing his error, caused himself to be reconverted to Christianity; and on the Pig-Faced being baptised, a holy miracle occurred—a copious ablution of holy water changing the beastly features to the divine human face. This remarkable story is said to be recorded by a choice piece of monumental sculpture erected in one of the grand old cathedrals in Belgium. It may, however, be better to take the story as we do our wives, "for better, for worse," rather than go so far on so uncertain a direction, to look for evidence.

There are several old works that were considered sound scientific treatises in their day, filled with the wildest and most extravagant stories of monsters of all descriptions, but not one of them, at least as far as our researches extend, mention a pig-faced man

or woman. St. Hilaire, the celebrated physiologist, in his remarkable work on the anomalies of organisation, though he ransacks all nature, both ancient and modern, for his illustrations, never notices such a being. What, then, it may be asked, has caused this very prevalent story? No doubt it was some unhappy malformation, exaggerated as all such things are by vulgar report, which gave origin to the tale, subsequently enlarged and disseminated by catch-penny publications of the chap-book kind. There was exhibited in London, a few years ago, a female, who, at an earlier period, might readily have passed for a pig-faced lady, though the lower part of her countenance resembled that of a dog, much more than a pig. This unfortunate creature, called Julia Pastorana, was said to be of Spanish-American birth. After being exhibited in London, she was taken to the Continent, where she died; and such is the indecent cupidity of showmen, so great is the morbid curiosity of sight-seers, that her embalmed remains were again exhibited in the metropolis in 1863. The last time, however, that her remains were exhibited, few went to see them, and the speculation was so far a failure, but no doubt she has at last found her way into the possession of some Barnum, and now forms the *pièce de résistance* of an American museum.

The earliest account of a pig-faced lady that the writer has met with, was published in London, in 1641, and entitled, *A certain relation of the Hog-Faced Gentlewoman.* From this production we learn that her name was Tanakin Skinker, and that she was born at Wirkham on the Rhine, in 1618. As might be expected, in a contemporary Dutch work, which is either a translation, or mayhap the original of the English one, she is said to have been born at Windsor on the Thames. Miss Skinker is described as having:—

"All the limbs and lineaments of her body well-featured and proportioned, only her face which is the ornament and beauty of all the rest, has the nose of a hog or swine, which is not only a stain and blemish but a deformed ugliness, making all the rest loathsome contemptible and odious to all that look on her."

Her language, we are further informed, is only the hoggish Dutch *ough, ough!* or the French *owee, owee!* Forty thousand pounds, we are told, was the sum offered to the man who would consent to marry her, and the author says:—

"This was a bait sufficient to make every fish bite at, for no sooner was this publicly divulged, but there came suitors of all sorts, every one hoped to carry away the great prize, for it was not the person but the prize they aimed at."

Gallants, we are told, came from Italy, France, Scotland, England, and Ireland, of the last we may be sure, to carry away the prize, but when they saw the lady, they one and all refused to marry her. There is a very characteristic wood-cut on the title page of this work, representing a gallant, gaily attired, bashfully addressing her; while bowing, his hat in his hand, with the words—"God save you, sweet mistress." She, on the other hand, is most magnificently dressed, and coming forward to meet him -with the greatest cordiality, can only reply with the words—"Ough, ough".

In the earlier part of this century, there was a kind of publication much in vogue, somewhat resembling the more ancient broadsides, but better printed, and mostly adorned with a pretentious coloured engraving. One of these, painted by Morland, and published by Palmer, forms the frontispiece to the present work. And another, published by Fairburn, also gives us an exact portrait of her, and her silver trough placed on the table by her side. It is a curious circumstance, that both these engravings were published in February 1815. And it was a general belief then, that a pig-faced lady resided in London, from facts which we are just going to relate. How the belief arose it is impossible for us to say, there was no person exhibited at that time to have caused it. But at the illuminations for the battle of Waterloo, which took place but a few months previous, a carriage was observed, and in it a magnificently dressed female with a pig's head. She was subsequently seen driving about in different parts of London, but there were no police then, and the driver of the carriage always succeeded in eluding the curiosity of

the crowd. Many persons said that it was some one wearing a theatrical mask, even some of the newspapers mentioned his name, and we may conclude that it was one of the hoaxes so commonly played off in those days.

However, Fairburns portrait is accompanied with a considerable portion of letterpress, from which we learn that she was then unmarried, and only twenty years of age. She lived, we are told, in Manchester Square, and had been born Ireland of a high and wealthy family, and on her life and issue by marriage, a very large property depended.

"This prodigy of nature" says the author, "is the general topic of conversation in thee metropolis. In almost every company you may join the Pig-Faced lady is introduced; and her existence is firmly believed in by thousands particularly those in the west end of the town. Her person is most delicately formed and of the greatest symmetry; her hands and arms are delicately modelled in the happiest mould of nature; and the carriage of her body, indicative of superior birth. Her manners are, in general, simple and unoffending; but when she is in want of food she articulates, certainly, something like the sound of pigs when eating, and which, to those who are not acquainted with her, may perhaps be a little disagreeable."

She seems, however, to have been disagreeable enough to the servant who attended upon her and slept with her; for this attendant, though receiving one thousand pounds per annum, as wages, left the situation, and gave the foregoing particulars to the publisher. And there can be little doubt that this absurd publication of Fairburn, caused a poor simpleton to pay for the following advertisement, which appeared in the Times of Thursday the 9th of February, 1815:—

"FOR THE ATTENTION OF GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.

A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN having heard of an advertisement for a Person to undertake the care of a Lady, who is heavily afflicted in the Face, whose Friends have offered a handsome

Income yearly, and a Premium for residing with her seven Years, would do all in her power to render her Life most Comfortable; an undeniable Character can be obtained from a respectable Circle of Friends. An Answer to this Advertisement is requested, as the Advertiser will keep herself disengaged. *Address, postpaid, to X. Y., at Mr. Ford's, Baker, 12, Judd Street, Brunswick Square.*"

Another male simpleton, probably misled in a similar manner, but aspiring to a nearer connection with the Pig-Faced lady, thus advertised in the Morning Herald of February 16, 1815:—

"SECRECY.

A SINGLE GENTLEMAN, aged thirty-one, of a respectable Family, and whom the utmost Confidence may be reposed, is desirous of explaining his Mind to the Friends of a Person who has a Misfortune in her Face, but is prevented for want of an Introduction. Being perfectly aware of the principal Particulars, and understanding that a final Settlement would be preferred to a temporary-one, presumes he would be found to answer the full extent of their wishes. His intentions are sincere, honourable, and firmly resolved. References of great respectability can be given. *Address to M.D., at Mr. Spencer's, 22, Great Ormond Street, Queen's Square.*"

For oral relations of the Pig-Faced lady, we must go to Dublin. If we make enquiries there respecting her, we shall be shown the hospital founded and endowed on her sole account. We will be told that her picture and silver trough are to be seen in the building, and that she was christened *Grisly*, on account of her hideous appearance. Any further doubts exhibited after receiving this information, will be considered as insults to common sense. Now, the history of Steevens' Hospital, the institution referred to, is simply this. In 1710, Dr. Steevens, a benevolent physician, bequeathed his real estate, producing then £600 per annum, to his only sister Griselda, during her life, and after her death vested it into trustees for the

erection and endowment of a hospital. Miss Steevens being a lady of practical benevolence, determined that the hospital should be built in her lifetime, and devoting £450 a year of her income to the purpose, she collected subscriptions and donations from every possible quarter, and by dint of her unceasing exertions, in a few years succeeded in opening a part of the building equal to the accommodation of forty patients. Whether it was the uncommon name of Griselda, or the then uncommon benevolence of this lady that gave rise to the vulgar notion respecting her head, will probably never be satisfactorily explained. But her portrait hangs in the library of the hospital, proving her to have been a very pleasant-looking lady, with a peculiarly benevolent cast of countenance.

The idea that Miss Steevens was a pig-faced lady still prevails among the vulgar in Dublin; but when the writer was a boy; some fifty years ago, everybody believed it. It was customary then, even in genteel society, for parties to be made up to go to the hospital, to see the silver trough and the pig-faced picture. The matron, or housekeeper, that shewed the establishment, never denied the existence of those curiosities, but always alleged that she could not show them, implying, by her mode of saying it, that she dared not, that to do so would be contrary to the stringent orders she had received. The matron, no doubt, obtained many a shilling by this mode of keeping up the delusion. Besides, many persons who had gone to the hospital with the express purpose of seeing the trough and picture, did not like to acknowledge that they had not seen them. And thus as one fool makes many, there were plenty of persons in Dublin ready to swear that these curiosities were preserved in the hospital.

Another instance of the dissemination of this idea, that fell strictly within the writer's notice, occurred in the north of Ireland. In a certain house there, about fifty years ago, there happened to be a large silver punch-bowl, much bruised and battered from its long and active service in the cause of Bacchus. The crest of a former proprietor, representing a boar's head, was engraved upon

it. Now, we are sure that but few of our readers will recollect the use of the punch-bowl in private houses, so we must tell them that, altogether apart from its well-known inebriating qualities, or rather disqualities, it was the dirtiest, sloppiest piece of household stuff ever placed upon a table. Even when it was first brought to table, when the hands of the dispenser were as steady as punch drinker's hands usually are, it was impossible to fill the glasses without slopping some of the punch on the table. But when the bowl had been replenished half-a-dozen of times or more, the table was completely wet, and we have even seen the carpet underneath it in a similar state after a night's hard drinking. So we think it was more from that circumstance than from the disgraceful conduct that the punch-bowl generally led to, for it is a fact, at that time and place, it was considered a rather jolly, manly act for a gentleman to be frequently intoxicated; that the lady of the house used to give the name of the pig's-, trough to the silver punch-bowl. The servants, hearing this,' immediately took up the idea that the mistress's punch-bowl had been the pig-faced lady's silver trough, there was no disabusing their minds of this absurd idea. "Is there not her head engraved upon it T they used to say, in allusion to the crest; and often and often it has been shown to eager kitchen visitors, with sentiments of pride and pleasure that there was so great a curiosity in the house.

The pig-faced lady used to be not unfrequently exhibited in travelling caravans at fairs, races, and places of general resort. To a quarrel that occurred between a dwarf and a proprietor of one of these shows, which led to a magisterial investigation at Plymouth some years ago, we are indebted for knowing how the deception was made up. The lady was nothing but a bear, its face and neck carefully shaved, while the back and top of its head was covered by a wig, ringlets, cap, and artificial flowers all in the latest fashion. The animal was then securely tied in an upright position into a large arm-chair, the cords being concealed by the shawl, gown, and other parts of a lady's fashionable dress.

THE WONDERFUL Characters of England, however, are quite eclipsed by those generally exhibited by our transatlantic cousins. If Europe has a burning mountain called Vesuvius, has not America a Falls of Niagara, which could put the former out in five minutes? We shall close this Introduction with the latest advertisement of an exhibition taken from an American newspaper:—

THE WONDERFUL two-headed girl is still on exhibition in New England. She sings duets by herself. She has a great advantage over the rest of her sex, for she never has to stop talking to eat, and when she is not eating she keeps both tongues going at once. She has a lover, and the lover is in a quandary, because at one and the same moment she accepted him with one mouth and rejected him with the other. He does not know which to believe. He wishes to sue for a breach of promise, but this is a hopeless experiment, because only half of the girl has been guilty of the breach. This girl has two heads, four arms, and four legs, but only one body, and she (or they) is (or are) seventeen years old.

Now is she her own sister?

Is she twins?

Or having but one body (and consequently but one heart), is she strictly but one person?

If the above-named young man marries her will he be guilty of bigamy

The double girl has only one name, and passes for one girl— but when she talks back and forth with herself with her two mouths is she soliloquising

Does she expect to have one vote or two?

Has she the same opinions as herself on all subjects, or does she differ sometimes?

Would she feel insulted if she were to spit in her own face? Just at this point we feel compelled to drop this investigation, for it is rather too tangled for us.

NOVEMBER 9, 1869. *P. P.–G. H*

It is proper to state that the several biographies in this work have not been modernized in any way, but are given in very nearly the exact words of the original narratives. There is a piquancy about the old narrations which seems to harmonize with the subject of "Wonderful Characters" far better than the cold modern treatment of such a theme.

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FRANCIS BATTALIA
THE STONE EATER

In 1641 Hollar etched a print of Francis Battalia, an Italian, who is said to have eaten half a peck of stones a day. Respecting this individual, Dr. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, relates that he saw him in London when he was about thirty years of age; that he was born with two stones in one hand, and one in the other. As soon as he was born, having the breast offered him, he refused to suck, and when they would have fed him with pap, he utterly rejected that also. Where-upon the midwife and nurse entering into consideration of the strangeness of his birth and refusal of all kind of nourishment, consulted with some physicians what they should do in this case. They, when they saw the infant reject all that they could contrive for nourishment, told the women they

thought that the child brought its meat with it into the world, and that it was to be nourished with stones; whereupon they desired the nurse to give him one stone in a little drink, which he very readily took into his mouth and swallowed down. When he had swallowed all the three stones, and began to want his hard-meat, the physicians advised the nurse to get some small pebbles, as like those which he was born with as they could, with which kind of nourishment he was brought up, and on which he continued to subsist in manhood. Dr. Bulwer thus describes his manner of feeding:—"His manner is to put three or four stones into a spoon, and so putting them into his mouth together, he swallows them all down one after another; then (first spitting) he drinks a glass of beer after them. He devours about half a peck of these stones every day, and when he chinks upon his stomach, or shakes his body, you may hear the stones rattle as if they were in a sack, all which in twenty-four hours are resolved. Once in three weeks he voids a great quantity of sand, after which he has a fresh appetite for these stones, as we have for our victuals, and by these, with a cup of beer, and a pipe of tobacco, he has his whole subsistence. He has attempted to eat meat and bread, broth and milk, and such kind of food, upon which other mortals commonly live; but he could never brook any, neither would they stay with him to do him any good. He is a black, swartish little fellow, active and strong enough, and has been a soldier in Ireland, where he made great use of this property; for, having the advantage of this strange way of alimony, he sold his allowance of food sometimes at high rates. At Limerick he sold a sixpenny loaf and twopenny worth of cheese for twelve shillings and sixpence. It seems the fellow when he first came out was suspected to be an impostor, and was, by command of the State, shut up for a month, with the allowance of two pots of beer and half an ounce of tobacco every day, but was afterwards acquitted from all suspicion and deceit."

There are other remarkable cases of stone-eating on record. Platerus speaks of a beggar-boy, who for four farthings would

suddenly swallow many stones which he met with by chance in any place, though they were as big as a walnut, so filling his belly that by the collision of them while they were pressed, the sound was distinctly heard. Father Paulian says that a true lithophagus, or stone-eater, was brought to Avignon in the beginning of May, 1760. He not only swallowed flints an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick, but such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marble, pebbles, &c., he made up into paste, which was to him a most agreeable and wholesome food. Father Paulian examined this man with all the attention he possibly could, and found his gullet very large, his teeth exceedingly strong, his saliva very corrosive, and his stomach lower than ordinary.

This stone-eater was found on Good Friday, in 1757, in a northern inhabited island, by some of the crew of a Dutch ship. He was made by his keeper to eat raw flesh with his stones; but could never be got to swallow bread. He would drink water, wine, and brandy, which last liquor gave him infinite pleasure. He slept at least twelve hours in a day, sitting on the ground with one knee over the other, and his chin resting on his right knee. He smoked almost all the time he was not asleep, or not eating. Some physicians at Paris got him blooded; the blood had little or no serum, and in two hours' time became as fragile as coral.

He was unable to pronounce more than a few words, such as *Oui, Non, Caillou, Bon*. "He has been taught," adds the pious Father, evidently pleased with the docility of his interesting pupil, "to make the sign of the cross, and was baptised some months ago in the Church of St. Côme, at Paris. *The respect he shows to ecclesiastics and his ready disposition to please them* afforded me the opportunity of satisfying myself as to all these particulars; and I *am fully convinced that he is no cheat.*"

In 1788, a stone-eater exhibited his wonderful powers of eating and swallowing stones at 404, Strand. The following is a facsimile of his advertisement:—

AN EXTRAORDINARY STONE-EATER

THE ORIGINAL
STONE-EATER,
The Only One in the World, is arrived, and means to perform this,
and every day (Sunday excepted), at Mr. Hatch's,
Trunk Maker, 404, Strand, opposite Adelphi.

STONE-EATING
AND
STONE-SWALLOWING,
and after the Stones are swallowed, may be heard to clink in
his Belly, the same as in a Pocket.

The present is allowed to be the age of Wonders and Improvements in the Arts. The idea of a Man's flying in the Air, twenty years ago, before the discovery of the Use of Balloons, would have been laughed at by the most credulous! Nor does the History of Nature afford so extraordinary a Relation as that of a Man's EATING and subsisting on PEBBLE FLINTS, TOBACCO PIPES, and Mineral Excrescences: but so it is, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of this Metropolis and its vicinity have now an opportunity of witnessing this extraordinary Fact by seeing the most Wonderful Phenomenon of the Age, who Grinds and SWALLOWS STONES, &c., with as much ease as a Person would crack a nut, and masticate the kernel.

This Extraordinary Stone-Eater appears not to suffer the least Inconvenience from so ponderous, and to all other persons in the World, so indigestible a Meal, which he repeats from twelve at noon till seven.

Any Lady or Gentleman may bring Black Flints or Pebbles with them.

N.B.—His Merit is fully demonstrated by Dr. Munro, in his *Medical Commentary*, 1112, and several other Gentlemen of the Faculty. Likewise Dr. John Hunter and Sir Joseph Banks can witness the Surprising Performance of this most Extraordinary STONE-EATER.

Admittance—Two Shillings and Sixpence.
A Private Performance for Five Guineas, on a short notice.

A Spanish Stone-Eater was exhibited at the Richmond Theatre, August 2, 1790.

Still more recently a Stone-Eater invited the Public to witness the display of his feats by means of the following handbill:—

STONE-EATER

The Public are most respectfully informed that the above Curious and Wonderful Phenomenon, who was announced for Monday, the Tenth of March, at No. 28, Haymarket, will commence his Extraordinary Exhibition on Monday next, the 17th Instant, at the Great Room, late Globe Tavern, corner of Craven Street, Strand.

To be seen every Day, from Eleven in the Morning till Five o'clock in the Afternoon.

Admittance—Half-a-Crown.

N.B.—Such persons as please may bring Stones with them.

The Stone-Eater begs to inform those Ladies and Gentlemen who have expressed a desire to see him, that he shall be happy to gratify their curiosity, when he is not publicly engaged.

FIRE AND POISON EATERS, &C.

IT SEEMS at first sight difficult to account for the strange phenomenon of a human and perishable creature eating red-hot coals, taken indiscriminately out of a large fire; broiling steaks upon his tongue; swallowing huge draughts of liquid fire as greedily as a country squire does roast beef and strong beer. How can that element which we are told is ultimately to devour all things, be devoured itself, as familiar diet, by a mortal man?

Sir Henry Wotton, in a letter to one of his correspondents,* dated June 3rd, 1633, speaks of "a strange thing to be seen in London for a couple of pence, which I know not whether I should call a piece of art or nature. It is an Englishman like some swabber of a ship come from the Indies, where he has learned to eat fire as familiarly as ever I saw any eat cakes, even whole glowing brands, which he will crash with his teeth, and swallow. I believe he hath been hard famished in the Terra de Fuego, on the south of the Magellan strait."

The secret of fire-eating was made public by a servant of the celebrated RICHARDSON, who showed it in France about the year 1667, and was one of the first performers of the kind that ever appeared in Europe. It consists only in rubbing the hands, and thoroughly washing the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and other parts that are to touch the fire, with pure spirit of sulphur. This burns and cauterises the epidermis, or upper skin, till it becomes as hard as thick leather, and every time the experiment is tried it becomes still easier than

* Reliquiae Wottonianæ, ed, 1685.

before. The bad effects which the frequent swallowing of red-hot coals, melted sealing-wax, resin, brimstone, and other calcined and inflammable matter, might have had upon his stomach, were prevented by drinking plentifully of warm water and oil, as soon as he left the company, till he had vomited all up again.

John Evelyn records having witnessed the feats of Richardson, in the autumn of 1672, at Leicester House, the residence of Lady Sunderland. "He before us devoured brimstone on glowing coals, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer-glass, and eat it quite up; then taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster. The coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite broiled; then he melted pitch and wax mth sulphur, which he drank down as it flamed. I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while. He took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes; when it was fiery hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hand, and threw it about like' a stone; but this I observed he cared not to hold very long. Then he stood on a small pot, and bending his body, took a glowing iron with his mouth from between his feet, without touching the pot or ground with his hands, with divers other prodigious feats."*

Madame de Sévigné, in one of her delightful letters, dated 30th June, 1680, describes a man who waited upon her from Vitré, who dropped into his mouth and upon his hand ten or twelve drops of melted sealing-wax, as if it had been so much cold water, and without the slightest semblance of pain; nor did his tongue or hand show the least sign of burn or injury whatever. She seems to consider it as a miracle; but in a half-bantering mood asks what will become of the proofs of innocence, so much depended upon in former ages, from the ordeal by fire?

One of the amusements of 1718 was the juggling exhibition of a fire-eater, whose name was De Hightrehight,† a native of the

* Evelyn's Diary, 8th October, 1672. † By some spelt *Heiterkeit*

valley of Annivi, in Savoy, amongst the Alps that divide Italy from Switzerland. This tremendous person ate burning coals, chewed flaming brimstone, and swallowed it; licked a red-hot poker; placed a red-hot heater on his tongue; kindled coals on his tongue; suffered them to be blown, and broiled meat on them; ate melted pitch, brimstone, bees'-wax, sealing-wax, and resin, with a spoon; and to complete the business, he performed all these marvels five times a-day, at the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet Street, for the trifling sums of 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. Master Hightrehight had the honour of exhibiting before Louis XIV, the Kaiser, the King of Sicily, the Doge of Venice, and an infinite number of princes and nobles—including the Prince of Wales, who had nearly lost this inconceivable pleasure by the envious interposition of the Inquisition at Bologna and in Piedmont, which Holy Office seemed inclined to try *their mode of burning* on his body, leaving to him the care of resisting the flames, and rendering them harmless. He was, however, preserved from the unwelcome ordeal by the interference of the Duchess Royal Regent of Savoy, and the Marquis Bentivoglio.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all fire-eaters was the famous Robert Powell, who exhibited in public from the year 1718 to 1780, as may be collected from his advertisements during that period, one of which runs as follows:

"SUM SOLUS.

"Please to observe that there are two different performances the same Evening, will be performed by the famous

"Mr. Powell, Fire-Eater, from London:

who has had the honour to exhibit with universal applause, the most surprising performances that were ever attempted by mankind, before His Royal Highness William late Duke of Cumberland, at Windsor Lodge, May 7, 1752; before His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, at Gloucester House, January 30, 1769;

before His Royal Highness the present Duke of Cumberland, at Windsor Lodge, September 25,1769; before Sir Hans Sloane and several of the Royal Society, March 4, 1751, who made Mr. Powell a compliment of a purse of gold, and a fine, large silver medal, which the curious may view by applying to him; and before most of the Nobility and Quality in the Kingdom.

"He intends to sup on the following articles:—

"1.—He eats red-hot coals out of the fire as natural as bread. 2.—He licks with the naked tongue red-hot tobacco pipes, flaming with brimstone. 3.—He takes a large bunch of deal matches, lights them all together; and holds them in his mouth till the flame is extinguished. 4.—He takes a red-hot heater out of the fire, licks it with his naked tongue several times, and carries it round the room between the teeth. 5.— He fills his mouth with red-hot charcoal, and broils a slice of beef or mutton upon his tongue, and any person may blow the fire "with a pair of bellows at the same time. 6.—He takes a quantity of resin, pitch, bees'-wax, sealing-wax, brimstone, alum, and lead, melts them together over a chafing dish of coals, and eats the same combustibles with a spoon, as if it were a porringer of broth (which he calls his dish of soup), to the great and agreeable surprise of the spectators; with various other extraordinary performances never attempted by any other person of this age, and there is scarce a possibility ever will; so that those who neglect this opportunity of seeing the wonders performed by this artist, will lose the sight of the most amazing exhibition ever done by man.

"The doors to be opened by six, and he sups precisely at seven o'clock, without any notice given by the sound of trumpet.

"If gentry do not choose to come at seven o'clock, no performance.

"Price of admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen, One Shilling. Back Seats for Children and Servants, Six-pence.

"Ladies and children may have a private performance any hour of the day, by giving previous notice.

"N.B.—He displaces teeth or stumps so easily as scarce to be felt.

He sells a chymical liquid which discharges inflamation, scalds, and burns, in a short time, and is necessary to be kept in all families. His stay in this place will be but short, not exceeding above two or three nights.

"Good fire to keep the gentry warm."

"Such is his passion," says a contemporary writer, "for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen, while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef. It is somewhat surprising that the friends of real merit have not yet promoted him, living as we do in an age favourable to men of genius. Obliged to wander from place to place, instead of indulging himself in private with his favourite dish, he is under the uncomfortable necessity of eating in public, and helping himself from the kitchen fire of some paltry ale-house in the country."*

CHAMOUNI was a celebrated Russian salamander; he was insensible, for a given time, to the effects of heat. He was remarkable for the simplicity and singleness of his character, as well as for that idiosyncracy in his constitution, which enabled him for so many years, not merely to brave the effects of fire, but to take delight in an element where other men find destruction. He was above all artifice, and would often entreat his visitors to melt their own lead, or boil their own mercury, that they might be perfectly satisfied of the gratification he derived from drinking those preparations. He would also present his tongue, in the most obliging manner, to all who wished, to pour melted lead upon it, and stamp an impression of their seals.

The Paris newspapers of April, 1830, make mention of a man of the name of Jean Pierre Decure, thirty years of age, a native of Africa, who was then at Douai, and who could swallow with impunity all sorts of poisons, arsenic, sulphuric acid, corrosive sublimate, and devour live coals.

* Lounger's Common Place Book.

Some years ago there was living at Constantinople an extraordinary man, of the name of Soliman, an eater of corrosive sublimate, of the age of 106 years. In his early life he accustomed himself, like other Turks, to the use of opium, but having augmented his dose to a great quantity without experiencing the desired effect, he adopted the use of sublimate, and had taken it for more than thirty years, to the amount of a drachm, or sixty grains, daily. One day he went into the shop of a Jew apothecary, to whom he was unknown, and asked for a drachm of sublimate; he mixed it in a glass of water, and swallowed it instantly. The apothecary was dreadfully frightened, because he knew the consequences of being accused of poisoning a Turk; but what was his astonishment when he saw the same man return the next day for another dose of an equal quantity. It is said that Lord Elgin and other Englishmen were acquainted with this extraordinary man, and heard him declare that his enjoyment after having taken this active poison was the greatest he ever felt from any cause whatever.

In 1788 a most surprising and wonderful "Siderophagus," or eater of iron, exhibited himself "to the generous and scientific inhabitants of this country," at the Great Auction Room in Piccadilly. He professed to eat and digest iron in any shape, with a most surprising facility, and to break, chew, craunch, and masticate the hardest iron that could be found. Those who were desirous of being convinced of his wonderful powers, were invited to bring a bunch of keys, a bolt, or a poker, which he offered to digest with as much ease as if they were gingerbread. He was "to be seen only a few nights longer, as he was engaged at the Cannon Company to smooth their cannons by biting off the rough pieces previous to the cannon being bored." He also cautioned the public that he had no connexion with any eater of stones or flints.

His wife was, it would seem, a person no less extraordinary than himself. She displayed her powers at the same place and time, and while he was biting off bars of iron, the lady in another part of the building, was electrifying the spectators by drinking off bumpers

of aqua fortis, or oil of vitriol. She invited chemists to bring their own aqua fortis of any strength whatever, and undertook to swallow the liquor without any wry faces or contortions, and as pleasantly and easily as if it were small beer.

The price of admission to both entertainments was half-a-crown to genteel people; but this precious pair of impostors had the amusing impertinence to announce that they exhibited at half-price for the *benefit of the poor*; "when the Siderophagus devoured pins, needles, wires, and nut-crackers" (and such-like smaller articles); and his wife drank wine, ether, and other weaker liquors.

In 1746, a Welsh labourer, named REEVES WILLIAMS, living near Cardigan, a stout, hale fellow, of very ruddy complexion, and about twenty-seven years of age, exhibited himself to the neighbouring gentry at sixpence a-head, and swallowed four pieces of iron of an inch-and-a-quarter long, and three-quarters of an inch broad, and of considerable thickness. These he had made by the smith of the town, and always carried some of them about him; but besides these, he swallowed stones, halfpence, and many other things of the same kind. He called himself the man-ostrich. His intention was to proceed to London, and show himself publicly, but whether he ever reached the capital is uncertain.

In June, 1799, JOHN CUMMINGS, an American sailor, aged about *twenty-three*, having seen a man near Havre-de-Grace amuse a crowd of people by pretending to swallow clasp-knives, returned on board and told his shipmates what he had seen, and being rather fresh with liquor, boasted he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. Being pressed to do it, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly, he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator whether he could swallow more? His answer was—"All the knives on board the ship;" upon which three knives were immediately produced, which were

swallowed in the same way as the former; and by this bold attempt of a drunken man, the company was well entertained for that night. The next day he passed one of the knives, which was not the one that he had swallowed first; and the day afterwards he passed two knives at once, one of them being that which he first swallowed. The other, according to his knowledge, remained in the stomach, but he never felt any inconvenience from it.

After this extraordinary performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the next six years. In March, 1805, being then at Boston, in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was thereupon produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of the evening he swallowed *five* more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow *eight* knives more, making in all *fourteen!* He, however, paid dearly for this frolic. He was seized with constant vomiting and pain in his stomach; but, as he related, between that time and the 28th of the following month, he got rid of the whole of his cargo. At Spithead, December 4th, in the same year, he was challenged to repeat his feats, and "disdaining to be worse than his word," in the course of the evening he swallowed five knives. The ship's company, next morning, expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, and he complied with his usual readiness; and by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of good grog, he swallowed that day *nine* clasp knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured by the spectators that he had swallowed four more; which, however, he declared he knew nothing about, being, no doubt, at this period of the business too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance recorded; it made a total of at least *thirty-five* knives swallowed at different times; and the last attempt ultimately put an end to his existence. On the following 6th December he became much indisposed;

and after various applications, about three months afterwards, he felt, as he expressed himself, the knives "dropping down his bowels." He continued dreadfully ill. In 180- he was in Guy's Hospital, under Dr. Babington; and he there continued, intervals excepted, under that physician, and afterwards under Dr. Curry, till March, 1809. After having gradually and miserably sunk under his suffering, he then died, in a state of extreme emaciation.

MISS WHITEHEAD
THE BANK NUN

Miss Sarah Whitehead, of Bank notoriety, was called by the clerks of that establishment the Bank Nun from the peculiarity of her dress, which was really emblematic of her mind. The merchants, who used to be very liberal towards her, and many of whom never suffered her to pass without extending their assistance, called her the *Rouge et Noir* of the city. The clerks of the Bank, and the gentlemen of the Rotunda and Stock Exchange, all contributed occasionally towards her support. Alderman Birch was a true friend to her, and ever after the untimely end of her brother, he allowed her a small annuity, which was regularly paid to her every week by a lady in the city, who kindly undertook the office, to save her the trouble of going out of the city to the residence of her benefactor. Her existence depended entirely on the bounty of friends.

Her father had been a respectable man, esteemed for his integrity and morality by all who knew him. He held a situation of importance in the Post-Office, and his income not only enabled him to educate his family liberally, but also to lay by something for a rainy day.

Her brother held a situation as clerk in the Bank, which he filled for some years with much satisfaction to his employers; but being rather too high-minded for his income, and possessing a most gentlemanly address, his company was courted by persons of independent fortune. Being flattered on all sides, with means unequal to support the position he had now assumed in society; having taken a splendid establishment, wherein his sister, the unfortunate woman before us, was appointed mistress and superintended his domestic arrangements, organized the servants, received visitors, and in fact conducted every thing as if she had been one of the first ladies of the land—her education having well qualified her for the task—he commenced dabbling in the stocks, hoping thereby to increase his means, if not to make a splendid fortune.

This proceeding, however, reached the ears of the directors, who, unwilling to enforce the penalty of such a violation of their rules and orders, only rebuked him, accompanying it with an assurance, that if continued, his discharge was certain. This check was too much for his pride to brook, and after a few weeks he sent in his resignation. The step gave some offence to his real friends, but as he persevered in the business of stock-jobbing, and appeared to be flourishing, they thought it would turn out for the best; but unfortunately it proved his ruin. The higher he rose upon the unsubstantial ladder of speculation the more means he required for his extravagances. High company dazzled his imagination, and capricious fortune turning her back upon him, the bubble of his golden dream burst.

Hungry creditors, who miscalculate on the stability of their betters, become clamourous for their accounts. Want planted a withering finger where luxury had before revelled. Despair seized him,

and, hurried on by the fiends, he associated himself with the notorious Roberts, who raised heavy sums of money among the Hebrew tribes of London by representing himself as the heir of Northumberland, and absolutely effected a mortgage on the Duke's estate, with many other expert forgeries, which, however, could not be proved in a legal way to make him amenable to the laws of his country. "With this man poor Whitehead had sundry unlawful dealings, but all proved abortive, for in an unpropitious hour he committed a forgery for a large amount in the "Old Navy Fives," and the transaction being discovered through the house of Robarts, Curtis, and Company, he was prosecuted at the Old Bailey. The cheque being clearly proved to be in his handwriting, left no doubt upon the minds of the jury, who found him guilty. Death was pronounced to be his doom, and he was conveyed to the condemned cell to ruminate upon that conduct which it was now too late to remedy.

The whole of this unfortunate affair was carefully concealed from his sister; and poor Sarah was removed to the house of a friend in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, in order that she should not hear the knell of St. Sepulchre's Church toll his departure.

His long absence began to prey upon her spirits, and, like the rose plucked from its parent stem, she lost her beauty and began to droop. She had felt the force of unrequited love, which assisted the melancholy that now took possession of her. Unable to account for his continued absence from home, and fancying that he had formed a matrimonial alliance, she one day, without the knowledge of her friends, proceeded to the bank to satisfy her suspicions, when an unthinking fellow clerk informed her of his crime and ignominious death. The horrible intelligence was too much for her affectionate mind: she uttered not a word, shed not a tear; but stood pale and motionless as marble. This shock entirely overturned her mind; and the amiable Sarah, just bursting forth in all her prime of womanhood and beauty, having been ripened by hardly twenty summers, became an utter wreck.

In a dress of sable, with painted face, and head enveloped with a sort of coronet fancifully decked out with streamers of black crape, and reticule hung on her arm, she daily attended at the Bank, where she continued loitering about for hours, waiting for her brother, under the belief that he was still employed in the establishment. Being in decayed circumstances, the governors of the Bank frequently presented her with sums of money in compliment to her misfortunes: and the clerks were equally mindful of her situation. She imbibed a peculiar impression, emanating, no doubt, from early dreams of pride, that the directors of the Bank kept her out of immense sums of money, which upon some occasions worked her up to insult her benefactors by making violent demands upon them for it, during the hours of business, and obliged them, however painful it might be to their own feelings, to interdict her admission to any part of the building: this, however, was observed but for a time. Upon one occasion she attacked Baron Rothschild upon the Stock Exchange, in the midst of his business, and after calling him a villain and a robber, telling him he had defrauded her of her fortune, demanded the £2000 he owed her; upon which, after casting his eye upon her for a moment, he took half-a-crown from his waistcoat-pocket, and giving it to her, said: "There, then, take that, and don't bother me now; I'll give you the other half to-morrow;" upon which she thanked him and went away.

She might be found every day in the purlieux of the Bank, or at one of the chop-houses in Threadneedle Street, where she generally dropped in to dine, and would not refuse a glass of brandy when offered to her. This she always acknowledged in a most lady-like manner, drank off, and departed.

After more than twenty-five years of this strange life, her appearance, between the age of fifty and sixty, became very much altered. She broke very fast, and at length, some time before her death, discontinued altogether her visits to the Bank.

DANIEL DANCER
THE REMARKABLE MISER

DANIEL DANCER was born in 1716, in the hamlet of Weald, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. He was descended from a respectable yeoman's family in the county of Hertford, and his grandfather appears to have been settled at Bushy, near Watford, where he followed the profitable occupations of mealman and maltster. His father, who resided at Stone-causeway, on Harrow Weald Common, possessed considerable property in land, which he farmed himself: he had four children, three sons and a daughter; and on his death, in 1736, his eldest son Daniel succeeded to the estate.

It has somewhere been asserted, that there never yet were three successive generations of misers; the Dancers, however, form a special exception to this rule, for it is an undoubted fact, that the

grandfather, the father, and all the children, were strictly entitled to this appellation! Their characters, however, were of a peculiar cast; for it was the ambition and the occupation of their lives, not to accumulate for the sake of their offspring, or relatives, or posterity, or themselves, but from the same principle that the magpie is said to steal gold—merely for the pleasure of *hiding* it!

Concerning the grandfather but few traditional anecdotes have been handed down. But Daniel was satisfied that his father had concealed money to the amount of more than fifteen hundred pounds in the premises occupied by him, and this occasioned no little uneasiness; but it did not proceed from the fear of its not being discovered, but from the dread lest his brothers might find it, and not deliver it to him. This rendered him cautious of mentioning his suspicions; and it was full two years before any part of it was found. At length, on removing an old gate, about two hundred pounds in gold and bank notes, which had been concealed between two pewter dishes under one of the posts, were fortunately disinterred. The rest was never heard of.

It was in the paternal mansion at Astmiss, at Causeway-gate, on Harrow Weald Common, that Daniel was doomed by the fates to spend the whole of his life, which seems to have been one uninterrupted dreary blank. His wretched habitation was surrounded by about eighty acres of his own rich meadow land, with some of the finest oak timber in the kingdom upon it; and he possessed an adjoining farm, called Waldos; the whole of the annual value of about two hundred and fifty pounds, if properly cultivated. But cultivation was expensive, and so Daniel permitted grass only to grow there: indeed, in so neglected a state was the place for many years, that the house was entirely surrounded by trees, the fields choked up with underwood, and the hedges of such an amazing height as wholly to exclude the prospect of mankind, and create a dreary gloom all around.

Dancer's *house* exhibited a complete picture of misery and desolation. Among other odd circumstances, a tree had actually pushed

its top through the roof, and contributed not a little, by means of its branches, to shelter the wretched inhabitants from the inclemency of the weather. The following lines, by Pope, are equally characteristic of this old man and his habitation:—

> What tho' (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
> His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot;
> His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored;
> With soups unbought, and salads, blest his board?
> If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
> Than Brahmins, saints, and sages, did before:
> To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
> And who would take the poor from Providence?
> Like some old Chartreux stands the good old hall,
> Silence without and fasts within the wall;
> No sculptured roofs with dance and tabor sound,
> No noontide bell invites the country round;
> Tenants, with sighs, the smokeless towers survey,
> And turn the unwilling steeds another way;
> Benighted wanderers the forest o'er
> Curse the saved candle and unopening door;
> While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
> Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.

Dancer had a sister, who lived with him till her death, and whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own. The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. On a Sunday they boiled a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, which always lasted during the whole week; an arrangement which no consideration could induce them to alter, except through some circumstance like the following. Dancer accustomed himself to wander over the common in search of any stray locks of wool, cast horse-shoes, old iron, or pieces of paper, and even to collect the dung of sheep under the hedges. In one of these perambulations, he found a sheep which had died from natural disease; this prize

he instantly threw over his shoulder and carried home, when after being skinned and cut up, Miss Dancer made it into a number of pies, of which they were extremely frugal while they lasted.

Had not Miss Dancer lived in an enlightened age, she would most certainly have run the risk of incurring the penalties inflicted on those unhappy wretches accused of witchcraft; so perfectly did her appearance agree with the ideas attached to a witch. She seldom stirred out of her miserable hut, except when alarmed by the cries of huntsmen and hounds: on such occasions she used to sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, with which she endeavoured to repel the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds; and her appearance was rather that of a moving mass of rags, than of a human being.

During her last illness, her brother was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her: and she may as well die now as at any future period." Of lawyers and physicians he entertained a very unfavourable opinion. Sooner than have any connection with a lawyer, he said, he would deal with the devil; and to use his own expression, "All the gentlemen of the faculty are medical tinkers, who, in endeavouring to patch up one blemish in the human frame, never fail to make ten." He thought bellows-makers, undertakers, and trunk-makers very extravagant fellows, on account of their great waste of nails, which profusion he held to be unnecessary.

The only food he offered his sister during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied with the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without. The kindness of Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes, who inherited the whole of Mr. Dancer's fortune, made ample amends for her brother's inhumanity, and soothed her dying moments. In consideration of her tenderness, Miss Dancer

intended to have left Lady Tempest the property she possessed, to the amount of £2000. She, however, expired before she signed her will, which she had directed to be made, on which her two other brothers, who were equally celebrated for parsimony, put in their claim for a share of her fortune. To this proposal Daniel refused to accede, and a lawsuit ensued; the result was, that he recovered £1040 of his sister's property, as the price of her board for thirty years, at £30 per annum, and £100 for the two last years, in which he declared she had done nothing but eat and lie in bed. What remained after these deductions was equally divided among the three brothers.

Although Daniel never evinced any affection for his sister, he determined to bury her in such a manner as should not *disgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin, as Mr. Dancer had no idea of using the *precious metals* as a vehicle of exchange; he, however, could not be prevailed upon to purchase proper mourning for himself: yet, in consequence of the entreaty of his neighbours, he unbound the haybands with which his legs were usually covered, and drew on a secondhand pair of black worsted stockings. His coat was of a whitish-brown colour; his waistcoat had been black about the middle of the last century; and the immediate covering to his head, which seemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's *wiggery* and to have descended to Daniel as an *heirloom*, gave a grotesque appearance to the person of a chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increased by the slipping of his horse's girth at the place of burial, in consequence of which the rider, to the great diversion of some of the Harrow boys who attended, was precipitated into the grave!

After the death of his sister, and near the close of his own life, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate £500 out of wages which had never exceeded £10 per annum. At the time he hired

with Mr. Dancer, he was about sixty years of age, and his wages were *eighteen-pence* per week. He assisted his master in picking up bones, &c.; accordingly, when they went out, they took different roads for the same purpose; but Griffiths having a taste for strong beer, would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation at night, when he returned home to his master.

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with those articles of expensive luxury, he used, when the sun shone, to repair to a neighbouring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body. His stockings were so patched, that not a vestige of the original could be perceived, and in cold and dirty weather he wound about his legs ropes of hay, so that his whole figure presented the most striking picture of misery that can possibly be conceived.

At one period of his life, he used annually to purchase two shirts, but for several years preceding his death, he allowed himself only one. This he bought at some old clothes shop, and seldom exceeded half-a-crown in price. After coming into his possession, it never underwent the operations of washing or mending, nor did he ever change it till it dropped from his back in rags. In making one of these purchases, he was involved in an affair which gave him no small trouble and uneasiness. Being desired by the mistress of a shop, to which he went to purchase an old shirt, to mention his price, he told her "as much under three shillings as possible." A shirt was accordingly produced, for which, after bargaining a long time, Dancer, as he declared, agreed to give two shillings and nine-pence. He gave the woman three shillings, and waited for the change, but to his mortification and surprise, she refused to give any, positively asserting that he had agreed to take the shirt at the price she had received. Remonstrances were vain, and to

suffer such a diminution of his property without endeavouring to obtain redress, he regarded as criminal. He therefore summoned the woman to a court of conscience, and to support his claim made two journeys to town; but after a full hearing, the poor man was not only nonsuited, but obliged to pay the costs of the court, to the *enormous* amount of five shillings. To add to his vexation, his two journeys had put him to the additional expense of threepence more; for it can scarcely be supposed that a man of his age and wealth could travel on foot fifteen miles, and back again on the same day, without the extraordinary indulgence of a pennyworth of bread and cheese, and a halfpenny worth of small beer. At this time Mr. Dancer was in the possession of property to the amount of £3000 a year!

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed: but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobbler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

He gathered in his rambles all the bones he met with: these he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favourite, whom he always called "Bob my child," affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swill the pot liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expense of a penny. Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily. His affection for this domestic was, nevertheless, overpowered by a consideration which, with him, carried irresistible weight. Complaints were made to him that Bob had worried some sheep: on this he took the dog to a blacksmith's shop, where he ordered all his teeth to be broken off short, to prevent a repetition of the mischief, for which he might probably have been compelled to make compensation.

Snuff was a luxury in which it is natural to suppose that he never indulged; yet he always begged a pinch from those who did. In this manner he used in about a month to fill a snuff-box, which he always carried in his pocket. He then exchanged its contents at a chandler's shop for a farthing candle, which was made to last till he had again filled his box, as he never suffered any light in his house, except when he was going to bed.—A horse which he kept for some time was never allowed more than two shoes, for his fore-feet; to shoe the hind feet, being, in his opinion, an unnecessary expense.

His wealth was thus productive of no other enjoyment than the sordid and unavailing one arising from the contemplation of riches which he did not dare to enjoy; on the contrary, it seemed to carry a curse along with it, and to engender a variety of calamities to the wretched possessor. During the time he lived alone, after the death of his sister (for he never could prevail upon himself to be at the expense of a wife), the temptation to rob the old miser proved irresistible to those who lived by rapine; indeed, there is some reason to suppose that they contemplated the plunder of a man of his penurious disposition with but little compunction or remorse: his avarice, if not an excuse for, at least seemed an alleviation of the crime. He was, accordingly, robbed frequently, and, if report be true—for this was a subject on which he did not choose to enlarge—to a very considerable amount. He, however, once confessed, with tears in his eyes, to his niece, who had seen whole and half-pecks of halfpence on his staircase, that "all—all was gone!"

On these occasions, it was customary with the house-breakers to terrify him into a discovery of his more valuable property; and they are said to have actually suspended him by the neck several times before they could extort a confession where it was deposited.

At length, Daniel bethought himself of a mode of preventing their visits, and punishing their temerity. After fastening his rotten door on the inside, in the best manner possible, he determined never to enter the house again through that aperture. Accordingly

he procured a short ladder, always ascended by its means, and, pulling it in after him, took refuge in his miserable apartment, where he literally resembled Robinson Crusoe shut up in his little garrison.

But, not deeming this sufficient, he actually dug a hole, or, what military men term a *trou de loup*, before the entrance, which he covered over with loose straw, in such a manner as to secure the principal approach towards his castle, and entrap any incautious assailant, who might have the temerity to invade his darling property. After exhibiting this specimen of his talents as an engineer, the modern Midas seems to have slept in safety amidst his gold.

Soon after the robbery, the thieves were apprehended, and as Mr. Dancer's presence at their trial became necessary. Lady Tempest begged his acceptance of a clean shirt, that he might make a decent appearance, but he declined the generous offer, assuring her that he had a new one on, which he had bought only three weeks before, when it was quite clean.

This accident probably made some impression, and rendered him desirous of placing his money in a more secure situation than his own wretched hut. Repairing not long after to London, to invest £2000 in the funds, a gentleman who met him near the Exchange, mistaking him for a beggar, put a penny into his hand. Though somewhat surprised at first, yet recollecting that every little helps, he put the money into his pocket, and continued his walk.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect. One day she, however, prevailed on him to purchase a hat of a Jew for a shilling, that which he wore having been in constant use for thirteen years. She called upon him the next day, and to her surprise found that he still continued to wear the old one. On inquiring the reason, he, after much solicitation, informed her that his old servant Griffiths had given him sixpence profit for his bargain.

The same lady, knowing that he was fond of trout stewed in claret, once sent him some as a present. The stew had become congealed during the night, and though he durst not eat till it was warmed for fear of the toothache, to which he was subject, yet he could not on any account afford the expense of a fire. The ingenious method by which he contrived to relieve himself from this embarrassment, is certainly worthy of admiration. The weather was frosty, and at such times he always lay in bed to keep himself warm, and he conceived that a similar mode of proceeding would produce the same effect on the fish. He accordingly directed it to be put, with the sauce, into a pewter plate, and covering it with another, placed them under his body, and sat upon them till the contents were sufficiently warmed!

The latter part of Daniel's life was meliorated by the humanity and good-nature of his worthy and respectable neighbour. Lady Tempest presented him with a bed, and, at length actually prevailed upon him to throw away the sack in which he had slept for years. Being a sworn enemy to extravagance, he was careful to excess of the property of another. He could scarcely be prevailed upon, it is said, to touch a joint. He delighted in fragments and crusts; and, while indulging himself in these *luxuries*, muttered execrations against the devouring gluttony of modern times. He also evinced, on this occasion, a considerable portion of that low cunning so common in illiterate persons, for he pretended to pay his addresses to the cook, in an *honourable way*, with a view of keeping in favour with her; and, when it was evident that she had discovered his intentions to proceed from what is termed cupboard love, he endeavoured to impose on her a second time, by promising to remember her in his will!

To his brother, who kept sheep on the same common, and who rivalled Daniel himself in penury, and almost in wealth, he always manifested the utmost aversion; to his niece, however, he once presented a guinea on the birth of a daughter; but even here he made a hard bargain, for the gift was conditional—she was either to name the child Nancy, after his mother, or forfeit the *whole sum*.

To the honour of Mr. Dancer, however, he possessed one virtue, and that, too, not a very common one in this world— gratitude. Accordingly, some time before his death, he made a will, and surrendered his copyhold estates to the disposition he had made; the will and surrender were both in favour of his benefactress, Lady Tempest.

The evening before his death, he dispatched a messenger in whom he could confide, requesting to see her ladyship; and, on being gratified in this particular, he expressed great satisfaction. Finding himself a little better, his attachment to the only thing he respected more than that lady recurred, and that too with such violence, that, although his hand was scarcely able to perform its functions, he took hold of his will, which he had intended to have presented to her, and replaced it once more in his bosom.

Next morning, however, perceiving his end to be fast approaching, he actually confided this paper, according to his original determination; and having now resigned, as it were, all title to that adored wealth, which he considered as his "heart's blood," he soon gave up the ghost, and was buried in the church-yard of his parish (Harrow), by his own particular desire.

Thus lived, and thus died, at the age of seventy-eight, on September 4, 1794, Daniel Dancer, a true disciple of the Elwes school, the rigours of which he practised to a far greater degree than even his master. In consequence of a very common mistake of the *means* for the *end*, he deprived himself not only of what are termed the pleasures, but even the necessaries of life. At times, however, he would lament that he did not make a better use of his riches, and was once heard to regret that he had not, according to his original intention, set up a whiskey, which, in his opinion, was the *ne plus ultra* of gentility. On another occasion, upon receiving two-pence for a pint of beer from a deputy commissary, who was about to pay him five hundred pounds for hay during the war, and had mistaken him for one of 'Squire Dancer's servants, he bridled up, and said that he intended soon to become a gentleman himself!

Had it not been for the perpetual exercise of his master-passion, Daniel Dancer might have been a credit to his family, and an ornament to society. He possessed the seeds of many admirable qualities, and exhibited frequent marks of strong, nervous, good sense; unpolished, indeed, by commerce with the world, but at the same time unsophisticated by its vices or its follies.

Both he and his father, during a series of more than sixty-years, had allowed themselves two jubilee days in the year: these were their festivals, and they enjoyed them, for there was good cheer to be had without expense. The periods alluded to occurred in April and October, at Sir John Kushout's, court-baron for the manor of Harrow. As head tenants, they constantly attended, and it was observed by all the suitors, that if the Dancers starved at home, they ate most voraciously abroad. On these occasions Daniel distinguished himself by his droll sayings, and whenever any attempt was made to ridicule, burlesque, or pass a joke upon him (which was invariably the case), the wit and eccentricity of his replies soon put his antagonist to silence.

No man had more of the true Englishman about him, at least so far as concerned the defence of his rights and privileges, than Mr. Dancer. He was a second Hampden in this respect, for during the whole of his life he would never permit any infringements on Harrow Weald Common. Whenever an encroachment took place, without any respect to rank or fortune, Daniel instantly headed the villagers, and abated the nuisance. This made him extremely popular.

Miserable and wretched as his disposition was, he was not accused of having ever committed any act of injustice; on the contrary, he was sometimes known to have assisted those whose style of living and appearance were infinitely superior to his own.

He had no farming business but during the time of mowing his meadows. That of his hay-harvest, then, seems to have been the only period of the year in which his mind was occupied by business; and this, too, was the sole time in which jollity appeared to be familiar

to his mansion, for he seemed then to have entirely divested himself of his natural character. No gentleman in the neighbourhood gave his mowers better beer, or in greater quantity, than Daniel did on this occasion. It was brought from a neighbouring brewhouse, for at this time only was the beverage of our Saxon forefathers to be found within his walls. Notwithstanding the miserable aspect of the house and its inhabitants, both brother and sister (the former especially, who was nearly naked), yet on Daniel's death, not only plate, table-linen, and twenty-four pair of good sheets, but clothes of every description, were found locked up in chests. The female attire, of which there was a correct inventory, in the brother's own hand-writing, was valued at seventeen pounds. He also, among other apparel, had some excellent boots; but he preferred to case his legs with the still warmer covering of hay-bands.

Although he possessed two ancient but tolerably good bedsteads, with the proper furniture, originally belonging, as well as the house, to the Edlins, a family of some property, yet they were carefully secluded from the light of heaven, and both he and his sister slept on sacks stuffed with hay, and covered with a horse rug.

During the last twenty years, Daniel's house is said to have been entered at least fourteen times by thieves, and the amount of his losses is calculated at £2,500. As the lower part was in such a ruinous state as to admit a person with ease, it was recommended to him to get it repaired, but he replied, "that this would be only throwing away more money, for then they would get in at the windows."

In order to employ the attention of the marauders until he should escape to his hiding-place, he was accustomed to strew the ground floor with farthings and six-pences wrapped up in paper.

On his demise, the house in which he died, and in which he was also born, exhibited a spectacle of misery and of terror; for it possessed so squalid an aspect, that no other person would have slept in it; and was actually so ruinous, that neither bricklayer nor carpenter would have ventured to repair it.

Having been once reluctantly bound over by a magistrate to prosecute a horse-stealer at Aylesbury assizes, he set out with a respectable neighbour, who undertook to accompany him. Himself and his horse, on this occasion, exhibited a grotesque appearance, for the movements of the latter were regulated by a halter instead of a bridle, while a sack fastened round him served instead of a saddle: as for shoes, this was a luxury that Daniel's Rosinante had never been accustomed to.

On their arrival at Aylesbury, having stopped at an inn of decent appearance. Dancer addressed his companion in the following manner:—"Pray, sir, do you go into the house, order what you please, and live like a gentleman, I will settle for it readily; but as for myself, I must go on in my old way." He accordingly did so, for he bought a pennyworth of bread for himself, slept under his horse's manger, and paid fifteen shillings, being the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmost cheerfulness.

His house, which at his death devolved to Captain Holmes, was a most miserable building, not having been repaired for half a century: though poor in external appearance, it was, however, discovered to be very rich within; at different times, Captain Holmes found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs. Large jugs of dollars and shillings were found in the stable. At the dead of night Mr. Dancer was known to go to this place, but for what purpose no one could tell. It afterwards appeared that he used to rob one jug, to add to a bowl which was buried in the kitchen.

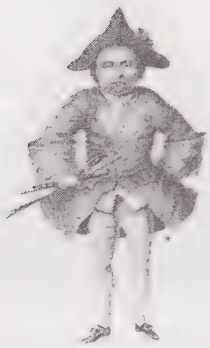
It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escritoirs was the dungheap in the cow-house, which contained near £2,500, and in an old jacket carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of £500 in gold and bank-notes. In the chimney was about £200, and an old teapot contained bank-notes to the value of £600; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

There was likewise found some hundred weight of waste paper, the collection of half a century, and two or three tons of old iron, consisting of nails, horse-shoes, &c., which he had picked up. On the ground floor several pieces of foreign gold and silver were dug up, and some coins, among which were a crown and a shilling of the English commonwealth.

He left in landed property to the amount of £500 per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-end, Hereford: in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes was about £3000 per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life, in January, 1795.

Notwithstanding his great penury, Mr. Dancer possessed some praiseworthy qualities. He observed the most rigid integrity in every transaction, and was never averse to assist those of whom he entertained a good opinion, and whose embarrassments required a temporary aid; but, at the same time, it must be confessed, he did not lend his money without expecting the usual interest. His servant, Griffiths, always fared much better than his master, having been indulged with whatever he chose to eat and drink, besides a good and comfortable bed to sleep on. The latter Mr. Dancer deemed an unnecessary luxury, yet his allowing his servant that which he denied himself, renders his character still more wonderful and unaccountable.

Dancer left two brothers, Henry and Hammon, both possessed of property, and both genuine misers.



CHEVALIER DESSEASAU
THE VAIN DWARF

AMONG THE ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS who, in the early part of the reign of George III attracted public notice in the British metropolis was the Chevalier Desseasau. He was a native of Prussia, of French extraction, and early in life bore a commission in the Prussian service. This he found himself under the necessity of quitting abruptly, through a disagreement between him and a brother officer, which was carried to such a height that a duel ensued, in which his antagonist was dangerously wounded. Uncertain of the event, and dreading the consequences should the wound prove fatal, he insured his safety by flight.

The chevalier sought a refuge in England, and contracted so great a partiality for this country, that he resolved to pass in it the

remainder of his days. The singularity of his dress and character soon drew the attention of the curious. He was well acquainted with Foote, Murphy, Goldsmith, Johnson, and most of their contemporaries, eminent for genius and talent in the walks of literature and the drama: nor was there a bookseller of any note who did not know the Chevalier Desseasau. His chief places of resort were Old Anderton's coffee-house in Fleet Street, the Barn in St. Martin's Lane, and various coffee-houses in the vicinity of Covent-garden. His originality and goodnature caused his company to be much courted.

He either had, or fancied that he possessed a talent for poetry, and used to recite his compositions among his friends. On these occasions his vanity often got the better of his good sense, and led him to make himself the hero of his story. As an instance of this he frequently repeated the following lines with an emphasis which indicated the most self-complacent satisfaction:

> Il n'y a au monde que deux heros,
> Le roi de Prusse, et Chevalier Desseasau.

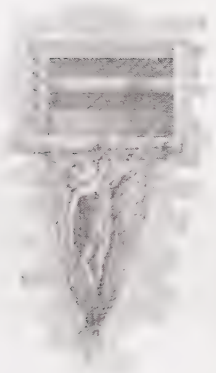
He never submitted any of his performances to public view, but confined them to the circle of his friends. He would often rehearse them himself before select company, and during the last years of his life, he derived his principal means of subsistence from the presents made him in return.

At this period he was reduced by misfortunes, and perhaps also by the infirmities of age, to a residence within the rules of the Fleet prison; but such was the confidence placed in his honour, that he was suffered to go wherever he pleased. He appeared in the streets in the singular dress and accoutrements delineated in our illustration. His clothes were black, and their fashion had all the stiff formality of those of an ancient buck.

In his hand he generally carried a gold-headed cane, a roll of his poetry, and a sword, or sometimes two. The reason for this singularity was, according to his own expression, that he might afford

an opportunity to his antagonist, whom he wounded in the duel, to revenge his cause, should he again chance to meet with him. This trait would induce a belief that his misfortunes had occasioned a partial derangement of the chevalier's intellect.

Desseasau died at his lodgings in Fleet-market, aged upwards of 70, in February 1775, and was interred in St. Bride's Churchyard. The Gentleman's Magazine of that month contained the following notice concerning him:—"Died the Chevalier Desseasau, commonly called the French Poet; he has left a great personage a curious sword, a gold medal, and a curious picture." Whether these articles were ever disposed of conformably to his bequest is not known.



MATTHEW LOVAT
WHO CRUCIFIED HIMSELF

WE SHALL in this chapter present our readers with some account of the crucifixion, which Matthew Lovat executed upon his own person, on the morning of the 19th July, 1805. He was forty-six years of age when he committed this act of pious suicide. His father's name was Mark, and he himself was surnamed Casale, from the place of his birth, which was, a hamlet belonging to the parish of Soldo, in the territory of Belluno.

Before entering upon the details of this strange act of insanity, we must mention some circumstances connected with the earlier part of his life, in order to give a clear view of his condition and character, both physical and moral. Born of poor parents, employed in the coarsest and most laborious works of husbandry,

and fixed to a place which removed him from almost all society, it is easy to judge what was the nature of his education and habits. In these circumstances, it happened that his imagination was so forcibly smitten with the view of the easy and comfortable lives of the rector and his curate, who were the only persons in the whole parish exempted from the labours of the field, and who engrossed all the power and consequence, which the little world in which Matthew lived had presented to his eyes, that he was carried, by the principle of imitation, as some philosophers would express it, to make an effort to prepare himself for the priesthood. With this design he placed himself under the tuition of the curate, who taught him to read and to write a little; but the poverty of his family rendering it quite impossible for him to follow his plan, he was obliged to renounce study for ever, and to betake himself to the trade of a shoemaker.

Having become shoemaker by necessity, he never succeeded either as a neat or as a quick workman; the ordinary fate of those who are employed contrary to their inclinations. The sedentary life, and the silence to which apprentices are condemned in the shops of their masters, formed in him the habit of meditation, and rendered him gloomy and taciturn. As his age increased, he became subject in the spring to giddiness in his head, and eruptions of a leprous appearance showed themselves on his face and hands. Dr. Ruggieri entertained the suspicions that these evils were occasioned by leprosy, and observed in fact, while Matthew was under his care, that his hands and feet were spotted with scales, which came off by friction in white mealy particles.

Until the month of July, 1802, Matthew Lovat did nothing extraordinary. His life was regular and uniform; his habits were simple, and conformable to his rank in society; nothing, in short, distinguished him but an extreme degree of devotion. He spoke on no other subjects than the affairs of the church. Its festivals and fasts, with sermons, saints, &c., constituted the topics of his conversation. It was at this date, however, that, having shut himself

up in his chamber, and making use of one of the tools belonging to his trade, he performed upon himself the most complete general amputation, and threw the parts of which he had deprived his person from his window into the street. It has never been precisely ascertained, what were the motives which induced him to this unnatural act. Some have supposed that he was impelled to it by the chagrin, with which he was seized, upon finding his love rejected by a girl of whom he had become enamoured; but is it not more reasonable to think, considering the known character of the man, that his timid conscience, taking the alarm at some little stirrings of the flesh against the spirit, had carried him to the resolution of freeing himself at once and for ever of so formidable an enemy? However this may be, Lovat, in meditating the execution of this barbarous operation, had also thought of the means of cure. He had mashed and prepared certain herbs, which the inhabitants of his village deemed efficacious in stemming the flow of blood from wounds, and provided himself with rags of old linen to make the application of his balsam, and what is surprising, these feeble means were attended with such success, that the cure was completed in a very short time, the patient neither experiencing any involuntary loss of urine, or any difficulty in voiding it.

It was not possible that a deed of this nature could remain concealed. The whole village resounded with the fame of Matthew's exploit, and everybody expressed astonishment at his speedy cure without the aid of a professional person. But he himself had not anticipated the species of celebrity which the knowledge of his expert operation was to procure for him; and not being able to withstand the bitter jokes which all the inhabitants of the village, and particularly the young people, heaped upon him, he kept himself shut up in his house, from which he did not venture to stir for some time, not even to go to mass. At length, on the 13th of November in the same year, he came to the resolution of going to Venice, to dwell with a younger brother, named Angelo, who was employed by the house of Palatini, gold refiners, in Biri, in the Street called

Le Cordoni. He, having no accommodation for him, conducted Matthew to the house of a widow, the relict of Andrew Osgualda, who supplied him with a bed. She also lived in Biri, in the street called Le Vido, No. 5775, He lodged with this woman until the 21st of September in the following year, working assiduously at his trade, in the employment of a person near the hospital, and without exhibiting any signs of madness. But on the above-mentioned day having made an attempt to crucify himself, in the middle of the street called the Cross of Biri, upon a frame which he had constructed of the timber of his bed, the widow Osgualdi dismissed him, lest he should perform any similar act of insanity in her apartments. On this occasion he was prevented from accomplishing his purpose by several people who came upon him just as he was driving the nail into his left foot. Being interrogated repeatedly as to the motive which had induced him to attempt self-crucifixion, he maintained an obstinate silence; or once only said to his brother, that that day was the festival of St. Matthew, and that he could give no farther explanation. Some days after this affair, he set out for his own country, where he remained a certain time: he afterwards returned to Venice, and settled himself with Martin Murzani, a shoemaker, who lived near the street of the Holy Apostles. In the month of May, 1805, he changed his shop and entered into that of Lorenzo della Mora, in the street Senze Saint Marcilian; and to be nearer the place of his employment, he hired, in the beginning of the following July, a room in the third floor of a house occupied by Valentia Luccheta, situated near the church of S. Alvise, in the street Delle Monache, No. 2888; and up to this date he was perfectly tranquil.

But scarcely was he established in this new abode, when his old ideas of crucifixion laid hold of him again. He wrought a little every day in foiming the instrument of his torture, and provided himself with the necessary articles of nails, ropes, bands, the crown of thorns, &c. As he foresaw that it would be extremely difficult to fasten himself securely upon the cross, he made a net of small

cords capable of supporting his weight, in case he should happen to disengage himself from it. This net he secured at the bottom by fastening it in a knot at the lower extremity of the perpendicular beam, a little below the bracket designed to support his feet, and the other end was stretched to the extremities of the transverse spar, which formed the arms of the cross, so that it had the appearance in front of a purse turned upside down. From the middle of the upper extremity of the net, thus placed, proceeded one rope, and from the point at which the two spars forming the cross intersected each other, a second rope proceeded, both of which were firmly tied to a beam in the inside of the chamber, immediately above the window, of which the parapet was very low, and the length of these ropes was just sufficient to allow the cross to rest horizontally upon the floor of the apartment.

These cruel preparations being ended, Matthew proceeded to crown himself with thorns; of which two or three pierced the skin which covers the forehead. Next, with a white handkerchief bound round his loins and thighs, he covered the place formerly occupied by the parts of which he had deprived himself, leaving the rest of his body bare. Then, passing his legs between the net and the cross, seating himself upon it, he took one of the nails destined for his hands, of which the point was smooth and sharp, and introducing it into the palm of the left, he drove it, by striking its head on the floor, until the half of it had appeared through the back of the hand. He now adjusted his feet to the bracket which had been prepared to receive them, the right over the left; and taking a nail five French inches and a half long, of which the point was also polished and sharp, and placing it on the upper foot with his left hand, he drove it with a mallet which he held in his right, until it not only penetrated both his feet, but entering the hole prepared for it in the bracket, made its way so far through the tree of the cross as to fasten the victim firmly to it. He planted the third nail in his right hand as he had managed with regard to the left, and having bound himself by the middle to the perpendicular of the

cross by a cord, which he had previously stretched under him, he set about inflicting the *wound in the side* with a cobbler's knife, which he had placed by him for this operation. It did not occur to him, however, at the moment that the wound ought to be in the right side and not in the left, and in the cavity of the breast and not of the hypocondre, where he inflicted it. He struck himself transversely two inches below the left hypocondre, towards the internal angle of the abdominal cavity, without, however, injuring the parts which this cavity contains. Whether fear checked his hand, or whether he intended to plunge the instrument to a great depth by avoiding the hard and resisting parts, it is not easy to determine; but there were observed in the neighbourhood of the wound several scratches across his body, which scarcely divided the skin. It seems probable that he had scratched his side in this manner when probing for a place that would present no obstacles to his knife, which, according to Matthew Lovat, represented *the spear of the passion.*

These bloody operations being concluded, it was now necessary, in order to complete the execution of the whole plan which he had conceived, that Matthew should exhibit himself upon the cross to the eyes of the public, and he realised this part of it in the following way. The cross was laid horizontally on the floor, its lower extremity resting upon the parapet of the window, which, as has been already said, was very low; so, raising himself up by pressing upon the points of his fingers (for the nails did not allow him to use his whole hand either open or closed), he made several springs forward, until the portion of the cross which was protruded over the parapet, overbalancing what was within the chamber, the whole frame, with the poor fanatic upon it, darted out at the window, and remained suspended outside of the house by the ropes which were secured to the beam in the inside. In this predicament, Lovat stretched his hands to the extremities of the transverse beam which formed the arms of the cross, to insert the nails into the holes which had been prepared for them: but whether it was out of

his power to fix both, or whether he was obliged to use the right in some concluding operation, the fact is, that when he was seen by the people who passed in the street, he was suspended under the window, with only his left hand nailed to the cross, while his right hung parallel to his body, on the outside of the net. It was then eight o'clock in the morning. As soon as he was perceived, some humane people ran upstairs, disengaged him from the cross, and put him to bed. A surgeon of the neighbourhood was called, who made them plunge his feet into water, introduced tow by way of caldis into the wound of the hypocondre, which he assured them did not penetrate into the cavity, and after having prescribed some cordial, instantly took his departure.

It happened that Dr. Ruggieri, to whom we owe the above account, was called to the spot by some business connected with his profession. Having heard what had taken place, he instantly repaired to the lodgings of Lovat, to witness with his own eyes a fact which appeared to exceed all belief; and when he arrived there in company with the surgeon Paganoni, he actually beheld him wounded in the manner described. His feet, from which there had issued but a small quantity of blood, were still in the water: his eyes were shut: he had made no reply to the questions which were addressed to him: his pulse was convulsive: respiration had become difficult: his situation, in short, demanded the most prompt relief and assistance that could be administered. Accordingly, with the permission of the Director of Police of the Royal Canal, who had come to take cognizance of what had happened. Dr. Ruggieri caused the patient to be conveyed by water to the Imperial Clinical School, established at the Hospital of St. Luke and St. John, and entrusted to his care. During the passage the only thing he said was to his brother Angelo, who accompanied him in the boat, and was lamenting his extravagance, which was, "Alas! I am very unfortunate." When they arrived at the hospital, Dr. Ruggieri proceeded to a fresh examination of his wounds, which confirmed his previous impressions. It was perfectly ascertained that the nails had

entered by the palm of the hands, and gone out at the back, and that the nail which wounded the feet had entered first the right foot and then the left.

He lay at the hospital for about a month, subjected to the most careful medical treatment, under which his wounds began gradually to heal. During the greater part of this time he hardly ever spoke. Always sombre and shut up in himself, his eyes were almost constantly closed. "I interrogated him several times," says Dr. Kuggieri, "relative to the motive which had induced him to crucify himself, and he always made me this answer, *'The pride of man must he mortified, it must expire on the cross.'* Thinking that he might be restrained by the presence of my pupils, I returned repeatedly to the subject when with him alone, and he always answered me in the same terms. He was, in fact, so deeply persuaded that the Supreme Will had imposed upon him the obligation of doing upon the cross that he wished to inform the Tribunal of Justice of the destiny which it behoved him to fulfil."

Scarcely was he able to support in his hand the weight of a book, when he took the prayer-book, and read it all day long. On the first days of August, all his wounds were completely cured; and as he felt no pain or difficulty in moving his hands or feet, he expressed a wish to go out of the hospital, that he might not, as he said, eat the bread of idleness. This request being denied to him, he passed a whole day without taking any food; and finding that his clothes were kept from him, he set out one afternoon in his shirt, but was soon brought back by the servants. The Board of Police being informed of the cure of this unhappy man, very wisely gave orders that he should be conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, established at St. Servolo. Thither he was brought on the 20th August, 1805.

He was tranquil and obedient the first eight days; but after this time he became taciturn, and refused every species of meat and drink. Force and persuasion were employed in vain, and it was impossible to make him swallow even a drop of water during six successive days. In this interval recourse was had to nutritive baths,

for which he did not express any aversion. Towards the morning of the seventh day, being importuned by another madman, he consented to take a little nourishment. He continued to eat about fifteen days and then resumed his fast, which he prolonged during eleven. The nutritive washings were again employed, but they could be used only once a day. In the course of these eleven days he had no evacuation of the belly, and voided only once about two pounds of urine. Notwithstanding this disorder of the whole animal economy, his constitution did not appear shaken, and his strength and outward appearance remained the same.

These severe fasts were repeated several times, and always with equal success, and were of longer or shorter duration, the most protracted, however, not exceeding twelve days.

In January, 1806, there appeared in him symptoms of consumption—a low pulse, diminution of strength, dry tongue, &c.; they were removed, however, by means of cordials, in the space of five days. Towards the middle of February his countenance became swollen with a tumour, he very seldom voided urine, and he had an occasional cough with purulent spittings. The remedies which his case required were resorted to; his health appeared to be re-established, and during the whole course of the month he exhibited no symptoms of breast complaints. There was observed in him a very singular trait of insanity. He would remain immovable, exposed to the whole heat of the sun until the skin of his face began to peel off, and it was necessary to employ force to drag him into the shade.

On the 2nd April he felt very unwell; the skin returned to his face and the lower extremities; he was attacked with a frequent cough, which, however, disappeared on the 6th. At this date an obvious labouring in his breast was observed, the pulse was very low: at length, on the morning of the 8th he expired after a short struggle.

BARON D'AGUILAR
OF STARVATION FARM

BARON D'AGUILAR may justly be classed among the most singular characters of the age in which he lived. "The elements were so mixed up in him" as to form a truly extraordinary combination of vice and virtue: of misanthropy and benevolence; of meanness and integrity; of avarice and liberality; of pride and humility; of cruelty and kindness. Courted during the early part of his life in the walks of elegance and fashion, he rendered himself despised towards the conclusion of it by his meanness and degeneracy.

Ephraim Lopes Pereira d'Aguilar, descended of Jewish parents, was born about the year 1740, at Vienna. His father was a native of Portugal, but in 1722, quitted the country on account of his religion, and came to England.

In 1736 he went to Vienna, where he submitted to that imperial court proposals for farming the duties on tobacco and snuff. In this undertaking he was so successful, that he afterwards became not only a confidant of the Empress Maria Theresa, but was appointed her cashier. About the year 1756 he returned to England with a family of twelve children, and in 1759 died, very rich, leaving his title to his eldest son, the subject of these pages.

In 1758 the baron was naturalized, and married the daughter of Moses Mendes da Costa, Esq., whose fortune was stated, by report, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was settled on her previous to marriage. By this lady the baron had two daughters, both of whom were living at his death, and inherited his large property.

Having been left a widower in 1763, the baron, a few years afterwards, married the widow of Benjamin Mendes da Costa, Esq., who likewise brought him a considerable fortune. During his first, and for some time after his second marriage, the baron lived in the highest style of fashion in Broad Street Buildings, being extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and keeping several carriages, and upwards of twenty servants. But on the commencement of the American war, having lost an estate of fifteen thousand acres on that continent, this and other losses, together with domestic disagreements, induced him to alter his plan of living. On the expiration of his lease he removed from Broad Street Buildings, renounced the character of a gentleman, became rude, slovenly, careless of his person and conduct, totally withdrawing himself from his family connexions and the society of the gay world.

This alteration in the manners and temper of the baron, led to a separation from his wife, who fortunately possessed an independent income. Though he had quitted his elegant mansion, he had still abundant choice of a residence. He had a field and two houses at Bethnal Green, which he kept shut up, being filled with rich furniture, laid by after his seclusion from the world and from his family. A large house at Twickenham, formerly his country retreat,

was also kept shut up, and in the same predicament was another of his country seats at Sydenham. In addition to these, he purchased a town house in Shaftesbury Place, Aldersgate Street, where he generally slept, and the lease of another in Camden Street, Islington, together with some ground close to the New River, which he converted into a farm yard.

Having relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman, the baron took it into his head to adopt those of the farmer; but his farming speculations he carried on in a manner peculiar to himself. His farm yard at Islington was a real curiosity of the kind. From the state in which the cattle were kept, it received the characteristic appellation of the "Starvation Farm Yard." These wretched animals, exhibiting the appearance of mere skin and bone, might be seen amidst heaps of dung and filth, some just ready to expire, and some not yet reduced so low preying upon others. His hogs would often make free with his ducks and poultry; for though brought up a Jew, the baron had always plenty of pork and bacon for his own consumption. The miserable situation of these animals, doomed to this state of living death, frequently excited the indignation of passengers, who would often assemble in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron, who generally appeared in a very mean and dirty dress. He never replied or took any notice of these unpleasant salutations, but availed himself of the first opportunity to make good his retreat. It is unknown for what purpose he kept the cattle, unless it were for amusement, as he derived from them little or no emolument. The only reason he ever assigned for stinting them to such a scanty allowance of food was, that they might know their master; for it should be observed, that he was very fond of homage.

After his removal to Islington, he would either feed the hogs, cows, and fowls himself, or stand by while they were fed, conceiving that nothing could be properly done unless he were present. His cows he used sometimes to send from the Starvation Yard, to his field at Bethnal Green, to grass, sending a 'servant that distance to milk them. Here his cattle in the winter time were absolutely

perishing, and rather than sell any he would suffer them to die, one after another, of want. In all cases of this kind, the man whom he employed to look after them was ordered to bury the carcase. Once, however, he ventured to transgress this injunction, and sold the flesh of a starved calf to a dealer in dog's meat. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of the baron, he sent to the fellow and charged him with selling his property. He confessed that he had sold the calf for one shilling and tenpence, which the baron deducted from his wages, and then discharged him from his service. Notwithstanding this apparent meanness, he never would claim his large property in America, nor would he suffer any other person to interfere in the business. He was not destitute of charity, for his contributions to the poor were manifold and secret. He was also a liberal patron of public institutions, and though his cattle attested that he did not always feed the hungry, yet he was seldom backward at clothing the naked, frequently inviting home ragged and distressed females, for whom he provided comfortable garments. He had been known to take into his houses fatherless children, whom he occasionally made his servants, increasing their wages with their years. So far his conduct might have excited the emulation of the Christian, but what followed disgraced the character of man: too often treachery was concealed beneath the mask of benevolence, and the hapless orphan found a deceiver in her supposed benefactor.

After a separation of twenty years, the baron called one day to see his wife. A partial reconciliation was effected; and after repeated visits, he took up his abode entirely at her house. No sooner had he established himself there, than he began, in the most arbitrary manner, to enforce his authority over the servants, and at length to treat the lady herself with a rigour she could not endure. She found an opportunity of quitting him and repairing to her relations at Hackney, and by their advice, instituted legal proceedings against her husband. The baron was present in the Court of King's Bench, and calmly listened to the whole of the

trial, to the great astonishment of the court, who not only decided unanimously in favour of the lady, but declared that he must be hardened in the extreme to show his face upon the occasion. But he contrived to render himself still more conspicuous; for at the conclusion, he boldly advanced to petition the court that the costs might be equally divided between him and his wife. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "make her pay half the expenses, for I am a very poor man, and it would be cruelty to distress me."

The poor baron survived his wife six or seven years, and died in March, 1802, leaving property estimated at upwards of £200,000. His illness, an inflammation of the bowels, lasted seventeen days. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and his dangerous situation, he would allow no fire to be made in his house. His youngest daughter sent several times in his last moments requesting permission to see him; but with dreadful imprecations, to which he was much addicted, he declared she should never enter his presence.

The baron's large stock of goods was sold by auction after his death. His lean cattle fetched £128, his diamonds were valued at £30,000, and his plate amounted to seven cwt.

Among his effects were found forty-two bags of cochineal, and twelve of indigo, worth together, about £10,000. These articles he had purchased many years before at a high price upon speculation, and had hoarded, resolving never to part with them till he could have a desirable profit.

OLD BOOTS
OF RIPON IN YORKSHIRE

THE REAL NAME of this very conspicuous personage it is impossible to ascertain, in his life-time he was known only by the significant appellation of Old Boots. He was, however, born about the year 1692, and, for some length of time, filled the important office of boot-cleaner at an inn at Ripon in Yorkshire. He was a perfect "*lusus naturæ*;" dame Nature forming him in one of her freakish humours. He was blessed with such a plenitude of nose and chin, and so tenderly endearing were they, that they used to embrace each other; and by habit, he could hold a piece of money between them. Among the variety of human countenances, none perhaps ever excited more public curiosity, than that of Old Boots. He invariably went into the rooms with a boot-jack and a pair of

slippers; and the urbanity of his manners was always pleasing to the company, who frequently gave him money, on condition that he would hold it between his nose and chin; which request he always complied with, and bore off the treasure with great satisfaction. He was one of those fortunate beings who could daily accomplish that which thousands of persons are ineffectually striving all their lives to attain—he could "make both ends meet!" He died in 1762, at the age of seventy.

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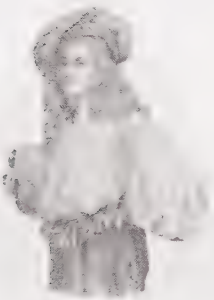
WYBRAND LOLKES
THE DUTCH DWARF

WYBRAND LOLKES was a native of Holland, and born at Jelst in West Friesland, in the year 1733, of parents in but indifferent circumstances, his father being a fisherman, who beside this most extraordinary little creature, had to support a family of seven other children, all of whom were of ordinary stature, as were both the father and mother. Wybrand Lolkes at an early age, exhibited proofs of a taste for mechanism; and when of sufficient age, was, by the interest of some friends, placed with an eminent watch and clock-maker at Amsterdam, to learn that business; he continued to serve this master for four years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, and then removed to Rotterdam, where he carried on the business of a watch-maker, on his own account, and where he

first became acquainted, and afterwards married the person who accompanied him to England. His trade of watch-maker, however, failing, he came to the resolution of exhibiting his person publicly as a show; and by attending the several Dutch fairs obtained a handsome competency. Impelled by curiosity, hope of gain, he came to England, and was visited at Harwich (where he first landed) by crowds of people; encouraged by this early success, he proceeded to London, and on applying to the late Mr. Philip Astley, obtained an engagement at a weekly salary of five guineas. He first appeared at the Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, on Easter Monday, 1790, and continued to exhibit every evening during the whole season. He always was accompanied by his wife, who came on the stage with him hand in hand, but though he elevated his arm, she was compelled to stoop considerably to meet the proffered honour. At this time he was sixty years of age, measured only twenty-seven inches in height, and weighed exactly fifty-six pounds.

Mynheer Lolkes was a fond husband; he well knew the value of his partner, and repaid her care of him with the most fervent affection. He had by his wife three children, one of which a son, lived to the age of twenty-three, and was five feet seven inches in height.

This little man, notwithstanding his clumsy and awkward appearance, was remarkably agile, and possessed uncommon strength, and could "with the greatest ease spring from the ground into a chair of ordinary height. He was rather of a morose temper and extremely vain of himself, and while discoursing in broken English was extremely dignified, as he imagined. He continued in England but one season, and through the help of a good benefit, returned to his native country, with his pockets better furnished than when he left it.



JACOB HALL
THE ROPE-DANCER

THERE WAS A SYMMETRY AND ELEGANCE, as well as strength and agility, in the person of Jacob Hall, which was much admired by the ladies, who regarded him as a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with this rope-dancer, and Goodman, the player, at the same time. The former received a salary from Her Grace.

Pepys has given a short account of Hall in his diary:—

"21st Sept., 1668.—Thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern, whither come the music of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himself, with whom I had a mind to speak, to hear whether he had ever any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, 'Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb:' he seems a mighty strong man."

* Diary of Samuel Pepys, vol. v., p. 12.

HENRY CONSTANTINE JENNINGS
THE REMARKABLE VIRTUOSO

THIS GENTLEMAN was descended of one of the first families in England; by the female line coming direct from George Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. and Edward III. Kings of England. The Countess of Salisbury beheaded for treason in the reign of Henry VIII. was the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, and besides Cardinal Pole had several children; from one of which Mr. Jennings traced his pedigree.

He embarked in early life with a considerable fortune, which he greatly impaired through a vitiated taste for the fine arts; in which he never was outdone by any competitor. In the way of curiosities nothing came amiss to him; paintings, drawings, prints, fossils, minerals, shells, bronzes, carvings in ivory and wood, cameos, intaglios, miniatures, &c. of every description, graced his antique

old-fashioned cabinets. On one occasion he had the temerity to give one thousand guineas for a representation of Alcibiades' dog, in marble, from which circumstance for many years after, he went by the name of "Dog Jennings," though it appeared Mr. Jennings was not altogether in the wrong, as the dog was afterwards disposed of, at a considerable profit on the first purchase: some years since, Mr. Jennings acquired an addition to his fortune, by the demise of a friend, who left him a considerable income on condition of his adding the name of Nowell to his surname; but though he adopted the addition, he never was called by any other than the name of Jennings.

His mode of living kept pace with his other singularities: he was abstemious to a degree; and with respect to exercise, he was not only a great advocate for it, but practised it to an extent scarcely credible, for upwards of half a century.

He possessed a long and ponderous wooden instrument, capped with lead at both ends; before bed-time, he exercised himself with this formidable weapon, until he acquired a comfortable warmth, which enabled him to retire to rest with a genial glow. In the morning, he got up between seven and eight o'clock; and, in his own express words, "flourishing his broad sword exactly three hundred times; I then," adds he, "mount my chaise horse, composed of leather, and inflated with wind like a pair of bellows, on which I take exactly one thousand gallops!" He then retired to enjoy, what always appeared to every one, a most miserable and uncomfortable breakfast.

Had this gentleman possessed the revenue of a prince, it would have been inadequate to the eager desire he had to purchase the multitude of curiosities that were daily brought him from all quarters of the town; but what with one bargain, and what with another, he was fain at last to bargain for a room in the State-house of the King's Bench; where he removed himself, with his ark of curiosities, about the year 1816, and yet so much was he possessed of the true *mania* of vertu, that he would rather be deprived of liberty at the

age of eighty, than part with one of his precious gems to procure his enlargement. At the time of his confinement, Mr. Jennings received full eight hundred pounds a-year from some plantations he owned in the West Indies, which he never could be prevailed on to mortgage or otherwise encumber; and at the time of his death, had a case before the House of Lords, wherein he laid claim to a barony and considerable estate in right of descent and inheritance from one of his family.

The fate of Mr. Jennings has been eminently singular, and the flux and reflux, the ever-varying ebbs and flows of his fortune appear so strange as to be almost paradoxical. At an early period of life we behold him mingling in the crowd of wealthy pilgrims, who repaired to Italy about half a century ago, to pay their devotions at the shrine of taste and *vertu*. After keeping company with foreign princes and princesses he associates with the first nobility in his native country, and then by a fatal reverse, spends some years of his life, partly within the walls of a provincial, and partly of a town gaol. Recovering as if by magic, from his embarrassments, we next behold him emerging above the horizon of distress, and throwing away a second fortune at Newmarket, where he became the dupe of titled and untitled jockeys.

Sudden and inevitable ruin now seems to overtake him, and he is apparently lost for ever; but lo! in the course of a very short period, he once more revisits the circles of fashion, and sits enthroned in a temple, surrounded by the most rare and brilliant productions of nature, with pictures, and statues, and gems, and shells, and books, and goddesses, perpetually before his eyes! Again the scene changes: the wand of some envious necromancer seems to be waved over his venerable head; and the acquisitions of ages, the wreck of his estates, everything most precious in his eyes; his very "household gods," are all seized by the unholy hands of vile bailifs: and he himself, after languishing for two or three years in a prison, at length dies unheeded, unattended, and almost unknown, within the purlieus of the King's Bench, in the year 1818.

Jennings, even in death, determined to prove singular: abhorring the idea of his corpse being consigned to the cold *earth*, he resolved to have recourse to the ancient rite of *cremation*. This was a circumstance so generally known, that his neighbours supposed he had an oven within his house, for the express purpose of reducing his body to ashes.

HENRY LEMOINE
AN ECCENTRIC BOOKSELLER

HENRY LEMOINE was born in Spitalfields in the memorable year of the unfortunate overthrow of Lisbon, being christened on the fast-day kept in England on that occasion. He was educated at a free-school belonging to the French Calvinists, whence at fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a stationer and rag-merchant in Lamb Street, Spitalfields. His master was of an humble, suppliant disposition, and his humility was only equalled by his hypocrisy, by which means he made shift to acquire a considerable sum, above £3000 which an adventurous young emigrant contrived after his death to defraud his widow of, and she was unfortunately reduced to the workhouse. This stationer, though he dealt in books,

had such an aversion to learning, that he was constantly ill-tempered whenever Lemoine was reading, which often happened in spite of his ill humour. Thus his servitude was enlivened by the pursuit of letters at stolen hours, and borrowed from the time of rest, when, with the assistance of a lamp fitted to a dark lanthorn, he contrived to read and digest some necessary works of history, poetry, arts and sciences, being considerably assisted in his choice of subjects by a Mr. Toddy, an American loyalist, whose memory was an enormous chronicle of events of former times. It was during this period that he began to write for the Magazines, where, finding ready admission for his ingenious essays, he perhaps devoted too much of his time to those eleemosynary productions.

From this servitude he removed to a Mr. Chatterton's, a baker, and bookseller too, where he was articled to learn the former business. Chatterton was well known among the *bibliopoles* of the metropolis for his knowledge in the old puritanical divinity of Charles and Cromwell's time, and for a short distich over his window, which he had borrowed from one Roberts, an old wine merchant in the Borough, as follows, only substituting bread for wine:

> Two trades united which you seldom find
> *Bread* to refresh the body, *books* the mind.

In this situation, his notoriety at ridicule and satire was noticed by the parents and masters of a club of minor Thespians, who used to assemble occasionally at the "Three Tun Tavern," near Spitalfields church, and at the "Three Morrice Dancers" in the Old Change. Here he produced a performance entitled "The Stinging Nettle;" what this piece wanted in manner, was made up with asperity; and he often rejoiced that not a copy could be found; however, John Scott, of Amwell, a quaker, and author of a volume of poetry, who readit, said, "that it was in Churchill's *best manner*" This was followed by another, called the "Reward of Merit," the principal part of which is to be found in the old London Magazine for July and August 1780.

Soon after he was out of his articles with this *baking* bookseller, he hired himself as a foreigner to teach French in a boarding-school at Vauxhall, kept by one Mannypenny and Co., and succeeded so well in this occupation, that neither master nor scholars suspected him capable of speaking a word of English; but the constraint was too much for him long to bear, and imparting the secret of his disguise to the maids in the kitchen, he received his dismissal, not, however, without the character of having ably done the duties of his station.

An earnest desire after the acquisition of knowledge first led our author to the way of selling books; leisure to read not to indulge idleness, made him a bookseller. He began early in the year 1---, at the corner of the passage leading to the church in the Little Minories, a book-stall, which had been long before kept by an aged woman named Burgan.

While in this situation he became acquainted with the principal literary *fags*, or labourers of the day, most of whom having survived, he bestowed a *few last words* on them in the way of elegy or panegyric.*

In 1780 he began business in Bishopsgate churchyard, at this time he kept *good* company; the day was spent at his *sky-covered* shop in philosophical conversations, and reciprocal communication with some of the first characters, and the evenings, and even nights, in the orgies of youthful blood; yet amidst all this dissipation, he evinced some prudence in his choice of companions, which he always selected from situations better than his own.

* The principal of these was Robert Sanders, a Scotch comb-maker, who wrote or compiled several useful books for John Cooke, a publisher in Paternoster-row; he died in 1783. He travelled through every sect of dissenters, and published the vanity of them all in a small but abusive work, called the "History of Gaffer Greybeard," 4 vols. 12mo., "Gregory Goosecap," 2 vols. &c. It was he that assisted the famous Lord Lyttelton in punctuating and correcting the second edition of his "Life of Henry II.," where, as Dr. Johnson says, "something was done, for 19 pages of errata were left after all."

Saturday nights were particularly devoted to these irregularities, which he jocosely called "borrowing an hour with the Lord;" and some of these frolics sometimes assumed a very serious aspect. The police of Bishopsgate parish was very weak and ineffectual about 1784, and it so happened one night in August that year, that some of these nocturnal disturbers being captured and conveyed to the watch-house, they contrived so to intoxicate this *posse* of vigilant guardians, that none were left awake, and only two or three were to be found next morning asleep in the watch-house, which, about seven o'clock, was discovered to be on fire.

His first setting-out in business was marked with a great degree of industry, enough to cancel the folly of indolence and indulgence which might have preceded it. He hired himself to a widow in Kingsland Road who kept two bakers' shops, and worked there as half-man five years and a half; that is, he took a share of the night-work, and the Sundays, for his board and lodging.

In 1792 he commenced the "Conjuror's Magazine," a monthly publication of which he was projector and editor. This contained a translation of Lavater's famous work on Physiognomy from the French edition, published by the author himself at Paris. Of the first numbers of this collection, 10,000 were sold each month. During this time he brought out a collection of Apparitional histories, prefaced by an ingenious argument, endeavouring to convince the world of the reality of "the visits from the world of spirits," the title of the book, but beyond that he did little more than write over again Baxter, Moreton, Glanville', Webster, Dr. Henry More, and repeat his own stories and others from the "Arminian Magazine," one of the most emphatical of which is entitled "Death in the Pot." During these avocations, which were all studied in the street, and mostly written on loose papers at the public house, he projected and carried on a considerable medical work on the virtues of English plants, for the cure of diseases, in the manner of the old and celebrated Culpeper, whose astrological remarks he has carefully preserved with those of Blagrave, a supplementary author to the

original work. The whole was illustrated with necessary tables, and about 200 good engravings of the plants. The additional articles, not to be found in the original work, were supplied from Hill's folio Herbal, Short, and Miller on plants. He was also the editor of the "Wonderful Magazine." He complained sometimes, and not without reason, of ill-usage from his employers. One Locke, a printer of Fetter Lane, who went there by the name of Bentley, and afterwards removed to Red Lion Street, Holborn, failed £129 in his debt, for writing only, and the Attorney for the bankruptcy objected to his proving the debt at Guildhall, notwithstanding the commissioners were in his favour, he therefore lost the whole.

Though condemned, by the harshness of his fate, to a daily dependence on his industry about the streets and at sales, to pick up rare and uncommon books, he never so far complied with the wickedness of others as to assist in the publication or sale of improper books or prints.

About this time he published the "Kentish Curate," a narrative romance in four volumes, exhibiting some of the most depraved characters in life, but as they are properly *hung* out to view on the gibbet of reproach, their examples can do no harm, and, as Dr. Johnson wisely observes, "we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by better examples," while almost all the absurdity of conduct arises from our imitation of those whom we should not resemble.

He continued his business in Bishopsgate Churchyard, without interruption, till the year 1788, when he was constrained to purchase his freedom, and kept it seven years longer, in all fourteen years. He left it in 1795, when he commenced pedestrian bookseller, after which he was constantly seen in the habit he is depicted in the accompanying plate. In his general appearance he very much resembled a Jew, to which his bag gave a great deal of similitude.

To be a foreigner was always with the vulgar a reason of reproach in England, and to resemble an Israelite with an old-clothes-bag is sure to excite some illiberal reflections from the ignorant in our

streets. To such, when they mistook him for a Rosemary Lane dealer, he had some pleasant reply, constantly reminding them that Jesus Christ was a Jew also, that he lived and died as such, and for that reason the persons of that dispersed nation ought to be respected and not reviled. On such occasions he was at times treated with respect by some, for recalling this serious truth to their mind.

In 1797, he published a small history of the "Art of Printing," in which he displayed considerable knowledge and integrity on the subject. His industry was next directed to the finishing of a "Bibliographical Dictionary," which was afterwards published by the learned Dr. Adam Clarke.

From some family misunderstanding he was long separated from his wife; this circumstance embittered the remainder of his days, and he often deplored the loss of his partner's affections. From this period his spirits became comparatively broken; and he who had been the gayest of the gay was reduced to distress, and procured a scanty subsistence by collecting books for the trade, and compiling pamphlets for the publishers. Industry was always a leading feature in his character; and from morning till night did he perambulate the streets of London with a bag under his arm, satisfied if he gained enough to provide for the day which flew over his head. He was one of the very best judges in England of old books, a professor of the French and German languages, an able commentator on the Jewish writings, an amiable and unaffected man, an enlightened companion. He ended his chequered life in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, April 3th, 1812, aged fifty-six years

MATTHEW BUCHINGER
THE LITTLE MAN OF NURETNBURG

OF ALL THE IMPERFECT BEINGS brought into the world, few can challenge, for mental and acquired endowments, anything like a comparison to vie with this truly extraordinary little man. Matthew Buchinger was a native of Nuremburg, in Germany, where he was born June 2, 1674, without hands, feet, legs, or thighs; in short, he was little more than the trunk of a man, saving two excrescences growing from the shoulder-blades, more resembling fins of a fish than arms of a man. He was the last of nine children, by one father and mother, viz. eight sons and one daughter. After arriving at the age of maturity, from the singularity of his case, and the extraordinary abilities he possessed, he attracted the notice and attention of all persons, of whatever rank in life, to whom he was occasionally introduced.

It does not appear, by any account extant, that his parents exhibited him at any time for the purpose of emolument, but that the whole of his time must have been employed in study and practice, to attain the wonderful perfection he arrived at in drawing, and his performance on various musical instruments; he played the flute, the bagpipe, dulcimer, and trumpet, not in the manner of general amateurs, but in the style of a finished master. He likewise possessed great mechanical powers, and conceived the design of constructing machines to play on all sorts of musical instruments.

If Nature played the niggard in one respect with him, she amply repaid the deficiency by endowments that those blessed with perfect limbs could seldom achieve. He greatly distinguished himself by beautiful writing, drawing coats of arms, sketches of portraits, history, landscapes, &c., most of which were executed in Indian ink, with a pen, emulating in perfection the finest and most finished engraving. He was well skilled in most games of chance, nor could the most experienced gamester or juggler obtain the least advantage at any tricks, or game, with cards or dice.

He used to perform before company, to whom he was exhibited, various tricks with cups and balls, corn, and living birds; and could play at skittles and nine-pins with great dexterity; shave himself with perfect ease, and do many other things equally surprising in a person so deficient, and mutilated by Nature. His writings and sketches of figures, landscapes, &c., were by no means uncommon, though curious; it being customary, with most persons who went to see him, to purchase something or other of his performance; and as he was always employed in writing or drawing, he carried on a very successful trade, which, together with the money he obtained by exhibiting himself, enabled him to support himself and family in a very genteel manner. Mr. Herbert, of Cheshunt, editor of "Ames's History of Printing," had many curious specimens of Buchinger's writing and drawing, the most extraordinary of which was his own portrait, exquisitely done on vellum, in which he most ingeniously contrived to insert, in the flowing curls of the wig, the 27th, 121st,

128th, 140th, 149th, and 150th Psalms, together with the Lord's Prayer, most beautifully and fairly written. Mr. Isaac Herbert, son of the former, while carrying on the business of a bookseller in Pall Mall, caused this portrait to be engraved, for which he paid Mr. Harding fifty guineas.

Buchinger was married four times, and had eleven children, viz., one by his first wife, three by his second, six by his third, and one by his last. One of his wives was in the habit of treating him extremely ill, frequently beating and otherwise insulting him, which for a long time he very patiently put up with; but once his anger was so much roused, that he sprang upon her like a fury, got her down, and buffeted her with his stumps within an inch of her life; nor would he suffer her to rise until she promised amendment in future, which it seems she prudently adopted, through fear of another thrashing. Mr. Buchinger was but twenty-nine inches in height. He died in 1722.

HENRY JENKINS

THE MODERN METHUSALEH

FEW COUNTRIES can produce such numerous instances of extraordinary longevity as the British islands, which afford incontestable proof of the healthiness of their climate. Among these examples, the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of Henry Jenkins, who attained the patriarchal age of 169 years. The only account now extant of this venerable man, is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived, and had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him.

"When I came," says she, "to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins; but I believed little of the story for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and

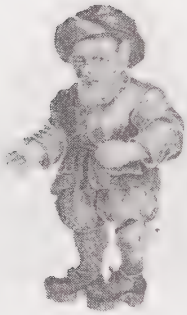
then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 163; and I asked, what kings he remembered? He said, Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flodden Field. I asked whether the king was there? he said, no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then; he said, I believe I might be between ten and twelve; for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the Earl he named was general, and King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither read nor write. There were also four or five in the same parish that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within two or three years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him; for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said. He told me then too that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains Abbey very well, before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life, December 8, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale in Yorkshire. The battle of Flodden Field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was twelve years old when Flodden Field was fought. So that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, viz. sixteen years longer than old Parr, and was, it is supposed, the oldest man born upon the ruins of the post-diluvian world.

"In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams: his diet was coarse and sour, and towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has sworn in Chancery, and other courts, to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, whither he generally went on foot; and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the king's remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry

Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced and deposed as a witness."

About seventy years after his death a monument was erected at Bolton, by a subscription of the parishioners to perpetuate the memory of this remarkable man. Upon it was engraved the following inscription:—

"Blush not, marble, to rescue from oblivion the memory of HENRY JENKINS, a person of obscure birth, but of a life truly memorable: for he was enriched with the foods of nature, if not of fortune, and happy in the duration, if not variety of his enjoyments: and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eve of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarchies health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169: was interred here, December 16, 1670, and had this justice done to his . memory, 1743."



BERTHOLDE
PRIME MINISTER TO ALBOINUS

THOUGH NATURE had been unfavourable to this wonderful character with respect to his body, she had recompensed him by the subtlety, the agreeableness, and the solidity of the mind she had united to it. This advantage, infinitely more precious than all others, raised him from being a simple and mean peasant, to be the favourite of a great prince, and happily extricated him out of all the snares and dangers that had been laid for him.

Bertholde had a large head, as round as a foot-ball, adorned with red hair very strait, and which had a great resemblance to the bristles of a hog; an extremely short forehead, furrowed with wrinkles; two little blear eyes, edged round with a border of bright carnation, and over-shadowed by a pair of large eyebrows, which, upon

occasion, might be made use of as brushes; a flat red nose, resembling an extinguisher; a wide mouth, from which proceeded two long crooked teeth, not unlike the tusks of a boar, and pointing to a pair of ears, like those which formerly belonged to Midas; a lip of a monstrous thickness, which hung down on a chin, that seemed to sink under the load of a beard, thick, strait, and bristly; a very short neck, which nature had adorned with a kind of necklace, formed of ten or twelve small wens. The rest of his body was perfectly in keeping with the grotesque appearance of his visage; so that from head to foot, he was a kind of monster, who, by his deformity, and the hair with which he was covered, had a greater . resemblance to a bear half licked into form, than to a human creature.

He was born of poor parents, in a village called Bertagnona, at some miles distance from Verona. The small fortune of his father, and his having ten children, would not permit the good man to give them the least education. But as for Bertholde, he had a fund of wit, which sufficiently made him amends for the poverty of his parents, and the deformity of his person, which was more fit to affright children than to raise his fortune: and therefore, the nurses and mothers of the village had nothing to do but to mention his name to make their children quiet when crying, or to make them cry when they were quiet.

But the pleasure he gave to the other peasants, was equal to the terror his figure caused in the little innocents. Bertholde diverted them on Sundays, and every festival, with the sallies of his wit: he instructed them by excellent sentences, which he uttered from time to time; so that, next to the priest and the lord of the manor, no person in the village was treated with greater respect. His poverty, contrary to custom, was not considered as a vice; and, what is very strange, it did not render him the object of aversion and contempt. So far was this from being the case, the honest country people, in order to keep him amongst them, would have contributed to his support; but he, not willing to be a burden to them, chose rather to leave the village, and to seek a living elsewhere.

With this view he went to Verona, where Alboin, the first king of the Lombards, after having conquered the greatest part of Italy, kept his court. Chance conducted Bertholde to the palace of this prince, and while he was gazing and wondering at the beauty of the building, his attention was drawn aside, to observe two women at a small distance, who had neither nails nor fingers enough to scratch with, nor a volubility of tongue sufficient to give vent to the torrent of abuse they seemed willing to cast out at each other.

Bertholde was so much diverted with this scene, that he had no inclination to put an end to it; but a stop was put to his satisfaction by one of the king's officers, who came with his orders for parting the combatants; he commanded them to lay their complaints before his majesty, who had promised to do them justice. Upon this their fury ceased, each picked up her cap, and finding her clothes torn, and her person somewhat discomposed, they both begged leave to retire for a while, that they might appear with greater decency before the king.

Bertholde hearing this, conceived some idea of the goodness of his sovereign, and as he had never seen him, resolved to pay him a visit. In this age, the gates of palaces were not yet blocked up with guards, every one had free access to lay his grievances before the throne.

Though a peasant, though a clown, though disgraced by nature, reason dictated to him, that all men were formed by the same hand, and created in perfect equality; he therefore thought there was no person on earth with whom he might not be allowed to converse familiarly.

In consequence of this principle, he entered the palace without any conductor, marched up stairs, traversed the apartments, and entered into that in which the king was surrounded by his courtiers, who were conversing with him in a respectful posture, and laughing at the two women who had just been quarrelling before the window: but how great was their astonishment to see Bertholde

walk in with his hat on his head, and, without speaking a word, come boldly up to them, and seat himself by the side of the king, in a chair, which they, out of respect, had left empty! Surprised at this rusticity, and more still at his grotesque appearance, they stood immovable at the view of this second Æsop, whose mean dress was very suitable to his deformity. From this rustic behaviour, the king easily guessed, that he was one whom curiosity had brought to his court. And as he had learned from experience, that nature sometimes hides her treasure under the most unpromising form, he resolved to have a familiar conversation with him, and for a few minutes, in complaisance to the clown, to forget his own grandeur and dignity. "Who are you?" cried the prince to Bertholde: "How did you come into the world? What is your country?"—"I am a man," replied the peasant: "I came into the world in the manner Providence sent me, and the world itself is my country."

The king then asked him several questions, which had not the least connexion with each other—a trial of wit, which in those days was much used at the courts of sovereign princes. And this is the substance of the discourse, as it is preserved in the ancient records of the country. "What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" cried the monarch.— "Thought," answered Bertholde. "What is the gulf that is never filled?"—"The avarice of the miser." "What is most hateful in young people?"—"Self-conceit, because it makes them incorrigible." "What is most ridiculous in the old?"—"Love." "Who are most lavish of their caresses?"—"Those who intend to deceive us, and those who have already done it." "What are the things most dangerous in a house?"—"A wicked wife, and the tongue of a servant." "What is the husband's most incurable disease?"—"The infidelity of his wife." "What way will you take to bring water into a sieve?"—"I'll stay till it is frozen." "How will you catch a hare without running?"—"I will wait till I find her on the spit."

The king was astonished at the readiness with which he answered these questions; and to let him see his satisfaction, promised to give him anything he could desire. "I defy you," replied Bertholde,

he, "will engage them, they are able to revenge themselves by making their husbands, who have the command of my troops, rise up against me. My dear Berthoide," added he, "Berthoide, my faithful friend, help me out of this labyrinth: thy imagination, fertile in stratagems, has hitherto drawn thee out of the dangers thou hast fallen into at my court, and I am persuaded thou canst relieve me out of this." Berthoide promised everything, and desired the king to be satisfied. Having stood musing for a moment, he left the palace, went to the market, and bought a little bird: he shut it in a box in presence of the king, gave it to him, and desired him to send it to the queen, for her to give it to the ladies who had presented her the petition, with a most express prohibition against opening the box, on pain of incurring his highest indignation, but to keep it till the next day, when it should be opened before him, at the audience he had promised to grant them.

The officer to whom the box was given, discharged his commission, and the queen also gave the box to the ladies, who were still with that princess, talking together on the answer the chancellor had brought from the king. As we easily persuade ourselves to believe what flatters our self-love, there was not one present who did not think that their request was already granted. His majesty, said they, is sensible of the justice of our demand, and as he is equity itself, he immediately found that it was impossible for him to refuse us, to heighten the favour which he will certainly grant us, he has only thought fit to defer it till to-morrow. There is now no doubt, continued they, but that this box contains something extremely valuable, and the confidence with which he has deposited it in our hands, shows also, that he does not think us unworthy of the honour. Come ladies, let him see that we deserve it, by an exact and faithful observance of the prohibition relating to this precious treasure.

At this they took leave of the queen, and after having agreed to assemble the next day at the governor's lady's, in order to go to the audience in a body, each returned home.

a cure for those evils remained at the bottom; but alas! alas! we have not this feeble consolation!" . . .

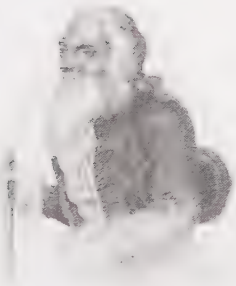
Meanwhile the hour of audience approached, and in the perplexity they were in, they knew not whether they should go to the palace or return home, when one of the ladies proposed, that they should throw themselves at the feet of the queen, tell her their misfortune, and entreat her to make use of her authority and credit with the king to prevent the effects of his anger, and they all unanimously embraced the proposal; but while they were preparing to set out, a page from that princess came for the box, on which they returned for answer, that they were bringing it: but they no sooner stood before the queen, than perceiving the box in the hand of the governor's lady, she viewed it with eagerness, snatched it, and in an instant opened the lid, where, amazed and astonished she knew into a rage against the king, for having spotted with a curiosity that had given her the extremest inquietude, when the governor's lady, with countenance of tears acknowledged her fault, and in the name of all the ladies, begged her to endeavour to obtain their pardon. The queen was sensible of even more than these, and promised to undertake their cause.

In the mean time the king, who waited for them, was surprised at their delay, and had mentioned it to Berthilde, who assured him of the success of his stratagem. While they were talking on this subject, the queen entered, accompanied by the ladies to the number of about 200, whose melancholy and deserted air confirmed the truth of this opinion.

The king, having seated the queen by his side, asked the cause of this visit. "You have read," said she, "the request I caused to be presented to you yesterday in the name of all these ladies, and we are come for the answer you promised to give us." "It is in this box," answered the king, and at the same time was going to open it. "Your majesty may spare yourself the trouble," replied the queen, "the bird is flown, the curiosity of these ladies has caused this accident, and you see them all at your majesty's feet to implore your pardon."

deserve the favours of a prince, and to refuse them, than to receive without deserving them. If I was capable of vanity, your good-will would be more agreeable to me than all the presents in the world."

While they were talking in this manner, the king received a letter from the queen, who, resolving to be revenged on the cause of the ladies' disgrace, sent for the unhappy peasant, who by many artifices evaded the force of her resentment. She had four large dogs placed in the court through which he was to pass, in order to tear him to pieces: this he was informed of, and getting a brace of live hares, carried them under his arms, and letting them loose at the approach of the dogs, was instantly delivered from these enemies. He then, to the queen's surprise, appeared before her, was put into a sack, and in this condition confined in a room till the next day, when he was to be thrown into the river; but he had the address to persuade the soldier who was set over him, to let him out and take his place; and then stealing the queen's robe, and her veil, in this disguise got out of the palace. But the next day he was found, and the monarch was obliged to satisfy the queen's resentment, by ordering him to be hanged on a tree. Bertholde besought the king to take care of his family, and to let him choose the tree on which he was to die. The monarch freely consented, and gave him a guard to see that the executioner gave him his choice. The trees of every wood for many miles round were examined, and Bertholde, very wisely, objected to all that were proposed, till the executioner and guard being weary of the fruitless search, set him at liberty. At their return, the guards found the king lamenting the loss of a faithful and able servant; he rejoiced to hear that he was still alive, and having found the place of his retreat, went himself to persuade him to return to court; this he not only accomplished, but reconciled him to the queen. He was then made prime minister, and under his influence the reign of this prince was happy, and his people enjoyed all the happiness they could reasonably desire.



LORD ROKEBY
OF SINGICIAR ECCENTRICITY

MATTHEW ROBINSON MORRIS, eldest son of Sir Septimus Robinson, Knt., was born at his father's house at Mount Morris, in Horton, near Hythe, in the county of Kent, in the year 1712. His early years were spent in this place, till he went to Westminster School, whence he was admitted at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, a pensioner, where he took his degree of bachelor of laws, and was soon after elected a fellow of the society, a place which he retained to the day of his death. It is not unusual at Trinity Hall, for men of large fortune to retain their fellowships. The society consists of twelve fellows, two of whom only are clergymen, and perform the regular and necessary duties of the college, such as those of tutor,

lecturer, dean: but the other ten fellows seldom or never make their appearance in Cambridge, unless at the twelve days of Christmas, at which time the usual hospitality of that season of the year is conspicuous in the college, and the lay fellows having enjoyed good eating and drinking, and examined the college accounts, return to Doctor's Commons, the Inns of Court, or their country seats. Mr. Robinson, in the early part of his life, used sometimes to be of these parties, where his company was always acceptable, and his absence always regretted. As heir to a country gentleman of considerable property, he was not compelled to apply his abilities to the usual pursuits of a laborious and now almost technical profession: he enjoyed an introduction to the higher circles of life, and being possessed of the advantages of a liberal education, and accomplished manners, he united the studies of the scholar with the occupations of a gentleman, and divided his time very agreeably between Horton, London, Bath, and Cambridge. In this period of his life the celebrated peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, attracted the attention of Europe; and the place appointed for negociation, at all times, from its waters, of great resort, was more than usually filled with good company. Soon after the ambassadors had taken up their abode here, Mr. Robinson escorted Lady Sandwich to this grand scene of gallantry and politics, where the classical taste of Lord Sandwich, the eccentricity of Wortley Montague, among his own countrymen, the prudence of Prince Kaunitz, the solidity of the Dutch deputies, and the charms of their ladies, for the Dutch belles carried away the palm of beauty at this treaty, afforded him an inexhaustible fund of instruction and entertainment. Having no official employment, and appearing in that once envied character of an English gentleman, his company was generally sought after, and the ladies of the higher class thought their parties incomplete without his presence, and the *corps diplomatique* bowed to his credentials.

Among the women none more sprightly, none more ready to join innocent mirth, or to be the subject of it when a mistake

in his language might give occasion to pleasure; but foreigners admired the strength of his character, when his conversation was suited to graver subjects, and no man presumed to laugh at his mistakes without repenting of his temerity. Respected by the men, and acceptable to the women, he was noted here for a singularity which he retained during his whole life, a remarkable attachment to bathing. He surprised the medical men by the length of his stay in the hot-bath, very often two hours or more at a time, and by going in and out without any of the precautions which were then usual, and which future experience has proved to be unnecessary. On his return to England nothing particular happened to him till his election to parliament by the city of Canterbury, which place he represented, and, we may add, really represented, for two successive parliaments. His neighbourhood to Canterbury had naturally introduced him to some of the higher classes of that city; but he had no idea of a slight acquaintance with a few only of his constituents, he would know and be known to them all. His visits to Canterbury gratified himself and them. They were visits to his constituents, whom he called on at their shops and their looms, walked within their market-places, spent the evening with at their clubs. He could do this from one of his principles, which he had studied with the greatest attention, and maintained with the utmost firmness, the natural equality of man. No one was more sensible than himself of the advantages and disadvantages of birth, rank, and fortune. He could live with the highest, and he could also live -with the lowest in society; with the forms necessary for an intercourse with the former class he was perfectly well acquainted, and ho could put them in practice; to the absence of these restraints he could familiarize himself, and could enter into casual conversation with the vulgar, as they are called, making them forget the difference of rank, as much as he disreganded it. Hence, perhaps, there never was a representative more respected and beloved by his constituents, and his attention to the duties of parliament entitled him to their veneration. Independent of all

parties, he uttered the sentiments of his heart; he weighed the propriety of every measure, and gave his vote according to the preponderance of argument. The natural consequence of such a conduct was, in the first parliament a disgust with the manners of the house; and he would have resigned his seat at the general election, if his father had not particularly desired him to make one more trial, and presented him at the same time with a purse, not such as has lately been thought necessary, for the party to pay his election expenses. Mr. Robinson was re-elected, and, what will astonish the generality of members, made no demand on his father for election bills; for, after paying every expence with liberality, he found himself a gainer, in a considerable sum, by the election. Corruption had not then made such dreadful havoc in the mind as it has been our destiny to lament in a subsequent period, yet Mr. R. found himself uneasy in the performance of his duty. He conceived that a member of parliament should carry into the house a sincere love of his country, sound knowledge, attention to business, and firm independence—that measures were not to be planned and adopted in a minister's parlour, nor the House of Commons to be a mere chamber of parliament to register his decrees—that in the House of Commons every member was equal; that it knew no distinction of minister, county-member, city-member, or borough-member. That each individual member had a right to propose, to assist in deliberation, aid by his vote in carrying or rejecting a measure, according to the dictates of his own mind; and that the greatest traitors with which a country could be cursed, were such persons as would enter into parliament without any intention of studying its duties and examining measures, but with a firm determination to support the minister, or his opponents, according as the expectation or actual enjoyment of a place, pension, or emolument derived from administration, led them to enlist under the banners of one or the other party. Even in his time he thought he saw too great confidence placed in the heads of party; too little reliance on private judgment, too little attention to parliamentary duties. The

uniform success of every ministerial measure did not accord with his ideas of a deliberative body, and he determined to quit a place in which he thought himself incapable of promoting the public good; and where he was determined not to be aiding or abetting in any other measures. To the great regret of his constituents he declined the offer of representing them at the next election, and no future entreaties could induce him to resume an occupation in which, as he told them, better eyes were required than his to see, better ears to hear, and better lungs to oppose the tricks of future ministers. By the death of his father, in the second period of his parliamentary life, Mr. Robinson came into possession of the paternal estate, and had now a full opportunity of realizing his own. schemes of life. About twelve miles from Canterbury, on the ancient Roman road leading to the Portus Lemanus, the present Lympne, by turning a few paces to the left, the walker, who has been fatigued, as much by the uniformity as the roughness of the road, feels on a sudden his heart expanded by a most extensive prospect, which he commands from a lofty eminence. Before him and under his feet, at a distance of five or six miles, commences the vast flat, known by the name of Romney Marsh, which, with the Weald of Kent, is bound to his eye by Dungeness, Beachy Head, and the hills of Sussex and Surrey, and the ridge of hills on a part of which he stands, and which runs through nearly the middle of the county of Kent into Surrey. Turning eastward, he perceives the sea, and has a glimpse of the coasts of France: his view is bounded by hills still higher, as he turns to the north; but from the top of these hills, at half a mile distance from the spot on which he stands, he commands the same extensive prospect over the marsh and West Kent, which is enriched on a fine day by the view of the coast of France from Boulogne to Calais, seeming scarcely to be separated from the island. At the bottom of these hills stands the family mansion, a substantial brick house, with offices suited to the residence of a man with four or five thousand a year. When Mr. R. came to the estate, there were about eight hundred acres round

the house, partly in his own occupation, partly let out to tenants: they were allotted into fields of various dimensions, bounded by the substantial hedges so well known to be the ornament of Kent, but cutting the ground into too many minute parts for picturesque beauty. There was a garden walled in, and suitable roads to the house. Mr. R. took the whole of this land into his own occupation as soon as possible 3 and nature, with his occupancy, began to resume her rights. The only boundaries on his estate were soon only those which separated his land from that of his neighbours. Adieu to the use of gates or stiles in the interior: they were left to gradual decay; the soil was not disturbed by the labours of horse and man; the cattle had free liberty to stray wherever they pleased; the trees were no longer dishonoured by the axe of the woodman, the pollards strove to recover their pristine vigour, the uniformity of hedges and ditches gradually disappeared. The richest verdure clothed both hills and valleys, and the master of the mansion wandered freely in his grounds, enjoying his own independence and that of the brute creation around him.

The singularity of this taste excited naturally a great deal of curiosity, and, as usual, no small degree of censure. But, whatever may be objected on the score of profit, it is certain that the gain on the scale of picturesque beauty was, we might almost say, infinite. In a national view, the subject admits of much discussion: but the question, which was often agitated by Mr. R. and in whose opinion we are inclined to place great confidence, has seldom been fairly stated and argued. The point is, could these acres have produced so much food, and clothing, and implements for manufactures, if they had been subject to tillage and the usual mode of agriculture? In these times of agricultural curiosity the question becomes interesting, but the present limits do not permit us to enter into the whole of Mr. R's. views in the management of his affairs. But the gaps in the hedges, the growing up of the pollards, and the verdure of the grounds might have been supportable, if the coach roads also had not disappeared, the coach-house become useless, the

garden been trodden under foot by horses and oxen, the hay lofts superfluous. At the same time that nature resumed her rights over his fields, she took full possession of the master, and gave him the active use of his limbs. The family coach stirred not from its place to the day of his death: he seldom got into a chaise, and performed long journeys on foot. Naturally of a tender and delicate constitution, he thus became hardened to all weathers, and enjoyed his faculties and spirits to the day of his death. Indulging himself in these peculiarities, in which by the way, to say the worst of them, he was no man's enemy but his own, he kept up a considerable intercourse with his neighbours, and correspondence with characters eminent in the political world: he published a pamphlet on the American war, replete with sound sense, and which procured, among other marks of respect, a journey from London to Bath, by a person with the express view, and extreme desire, of conversing with its author. He reprobated, during the whole of that unnatural contest, the conduct of administration; and the men of Kent, who were not at that time subdued by ministerial influence, listened with pleasure to its firm opponent at their county meetings.

About that period, he either formed the opinion, or began to express it with an unusual degree of confidence, that the Bank of England would break during his life-time. He was so finally convinced of it in his own mind, that it became a pretty constant topic with him; and, when he met with opponents, he defended it with such strength of argument as could not easily be resisted. One day the conversation on this subject ended in a singular wager, which was taken down in writing, purporting that the heirs and executors of Mr. Robinson should pay to the other party, an alderman of Canterbury, the sum of ten pounds, if the Bank did not break during the life-time of the former; and on the other hand, that the alderman should be similarly bound to pay the sum of ten pounds if the Bank did break in Mr. R.'s life-time. The proof was to depend on a bank-note of ten pounds being offered at the Bank, and not producing in return ten pounds in specie. Every year

added strength to the singularity of Mr. R.'s opinion, and he maintained it as firmly as another on a philosophical subject, which he defended with great vigour of mind, and, when past eighty years of age, supported by quotations from the classics, repeated with the utmost energy and classical taste—The future destruction of the earth by fire. On this question, he solicited no aid from the arguments sometimes used in the pulpit on the same subject, for the path to his church was grown over, and his pew left to the same decay as his coach-house. Yet this circumstance led to a trait in his character, which was better discovered by his own recital of the anecdote, than it can be by the pen of the writer.

A little time before the death of the Archbishop of Armagh, he made a visit into Kent, to see his relations, and among them, him who was to inherit his title. "The archbishop told me," said Mr. R., "that he would dine with me on Saturday. I gave orders for dinner and so forth for my cousin, the archbishop; but I never thought till he came, that the next day was Sunday. What was I to do? here was my cousin the archbishop, and he must go to church, and there was no way to the church, and the chancel-door had been locked up for these thirty years, and my pew was certainly not fit for my cousin, the archbishop. I sent off immediately to Hythe for the carpenters, and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible]. All night long the path was mended, the gravel was thrown on and rolled, a gate made for the churchyard, the chancel-door opened and cleaned, a new pew set up, well lined and stuffed, and cushioned; and the next day I walked by the side of my cousin the archbishop, to church, who found every thing right and proper, but I have not been to church since, I assure you." This singularity, proceeding from the places of religious worship arose, partly from the exalted view which he entertained of the nature of the Deity, whom, when he used emphatically to say, were earth, sea, skies, heaven, little regard he paid to the clerical or ministerial character; and from the disgust in his mind at the stress laid by divines upon rites, as the

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Lord R's. bath-house was boarded and matted. In this bath-house and a wood at a small distance from it, intersected with walks, and at proper intervals having wooden seats and benches, his lordship spent considerable time, frequently committing to paper his valuable reflections.

A gentleman who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mount Morris, resolved to procure a sight of this extraordinary character, after he had succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby. "On my way," says he, "at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, I perceived a fountain of pure water, over-running a bason which had been placed for it by his lordship. I was informed, that there were many such on the same road, and that he was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which he always kept loose in a side-pocket, on any water drinkers he might happen to find partaking of his favourite beverage, which he never failed to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion. On my approach, I stopped some time to examine the mansion. It it a good, plain, gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the necessary enquiries, I was conducted by a servant to a little grove, on entering which, a building with a glass covering, that at first sight appeared to be a green house, presented itself. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and on looking in, I perceived, immediately under the glass, a bath with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching the door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, till soothed by the well-known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face at the farther end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head was bald, but the hair of his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he had assumed,

made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke; when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes."

Prince William of Gloucester, once passing through Canterbury, felt a strong inclination to pay his lordship a visit; which being mentioned at Mount Morris, Lord Rokeby very politely sent the prince an invitation to dinner. On this occasion he presided at a plentiful board, and displayed all the hospitality of an old English baron. Three courses were served up in a splendid style to his royal highness and his suite, and the repast concluded with a variety of excellent wines, and in particular Tokay, which had been in the cellar half a century.

His memory was prodigious. In conversation, if anything occurred which afforded room for difference of opinion, he would frequently run on the sudden to his library, bring back a folio or two, and point the passage on which the whole depended. He was a great reader as well as a deep thinker, and preserved the use of his eyes to the last: for writing, he very frequently availed- himself of the help of an amanuensis. In so singular a character, it is natural that persons little acquainted with it should make very erroneous conjectures. Covetousness was represented to be his prevailing feature, but this was not perceptible in his domestic arrangements, where, in every article of good living there was superfluity, and his parlour fires of wood and coal, which would be sufficient for half a dozen common rooms, did not countenance the idea of a frugal disposition; besides, his conduct to his tenants -for there was nowhere to be found a milder landlord, and, perhaps, indeed, he carried this propensity to indulge them to almost blameable excess, is a sufficient proof that his thoughts were not bent with any degree of anxiety on the acquisition of wealth. Yet he was tenacious of his property when it had once come into his hands; and he made a joke

himself of his fondness for a new guinea; but this may be accounted for from his idea of the nature of paper-credit, and the firmness of our bank; and the quantity of money found in his house at his death was the natural result of these opinions. He was an excellent master, and a good neighbour; just in all his dealings, of strict honour, firmly attached to the liberty of his country, of a most enlarged mind, a true free-thinker, and, with all the singularities in his dress and manners, he united to his love of nature and independence all the good qualities which constitute a perfect gentleman.

From what has been already said, it appears that, independent of his beard, which reached to his waist, Lord Rokeby was a very singular character. He lived a considerable portion of his life in water, tempered by the rays of the sun, and travelled on foot at an age when people of his rank and fortune always indulge in a carriage. In the midst of a luxurious age he was abstemious both in eating and drinking, and attained to length of life without having recourse to the aid of medicine, and indeed with an utter contempt for the practitioners of physic. This he carried to such a length, that it is related, when a paroxysm was expected to come on, his lordship told his nephew that if he stayed he was welcome; but if, out of a false humanity, he should call in medical assistance, and it should accidentally happen that he was not killed by the doctor, he hoped he should have sufficient use of his hands and senses left to make a new will, and to disinherit him.

This truly patriotic nobleman expired at his seat in Kent, in the month of December, 1800, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

FOSTER POWELL
THE ASTONISHING PEDESTRIAN

THIS CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN was born in 1734, at Horseforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. In 1762, he came to London and articled himself to an attorney in the Temple. After the expiration of his clerkship he remained with his uncle, Mr. Powell, of the New Inn, and when he died, engaged himself with a Mr. Stokes, and after his decease with a Mr. Bingley, both of the same place.

Before his engagement with Stokes, he undertook, in the year 1764, not for any wager, to walk fifty miles on the Bath road in seven hours, which he accomplished in the time, having gone the first ten miles in one hour, although encumbered with a great coat and leather breeches.

He visited several parts of Switzerland and France, and gained much praise there for his pedestrianism; but in the year 1773, he walked from London to York and back again, a distance of 400 miles, in five days and eighteen hours; this was his first match for a wager.

In November, 1778, Powell attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, for a wager; he started from Lea Bridge, and lost it only by half a minute.

In 1786, he undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath road, in twenty-four hours—50 miles out and 50 miles in. He completed this journey three-quarters of an hour within the time agreed on.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge and back again, in twenty-four hours, the distance being twelve miles more than his former journey; this he accomplished to the great astonishment of thousands of anxious spectators, who were assembled to witness the completion of his task.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favourite journey from London to York and back again in six days, which he executed in five days and twenty hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till the year 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York, and back again in six days, but which he accomplished in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1792, he determined to repeat his journey to York and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world he could do it in a shorter time than ever he had, though now at the advanced age of fifty-eight years. Accordingly he set out from Shoreditch Church to York Minster, and back again, which he completed in five days fifteen hours and one quarter. On his return he was saluted with the loud huzzas of the astonished and anxious spectators.

In the same year he walked, for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in fifty-five minutes and a half on the Clapham Road. Shortly afterwards he went down to Brighthelmstone, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen minutes; he walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in

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those he supplicated. Very often he would preach to the spectators gathered round him, and sometimes would amuse another sort of auditors with a song; and when begging, he always appeared almost bent double, as if with excessive pain and fatigue. But when his day's business was done, he laid aside all constraint and walked upright; and at the beggars' meeting there was not a more jovial member than he. From these midnight revels he adjourned to a miserable lodging, from which in the morning he again sallied forth in quest of those credulous persons, who will ever be found in so extensive a metropolis as London.

In this way passed many years of the life of Toby, until the indiscriminating hand of death snatched him from a state which he had so long abused and degraded.

JOSEPH BORUWLASKI
THE POLISH DWARF

A STRIKING PROOF, if any were wanted, that the modifications of human nature are dependent on circumstance, which have hitherto eluded all investigation, is afforded by the celebrated dwarf, Boruwlaski. To soundness of understanding, quickness of apprehension and solidity of judgment Boruwlaski united that fascinating ease and elegance of deportment which can only be acquired by intercourse with the highest classes of polished society, an advantage which his uncommonly diminutive size during the whole course of his life, never failed to procure him.

Joseph Boruwlaski, commonly called Count Boruwlaski, was born in the vicinity of Chaliez, in Polish Russia, in November, 1739. His parents were of the middling size, and had a family of

six children, five sons and one daughter. In consequence of one of those freaks of Nature for which it is impossible to account, three of the sons, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature, while the other two, and the daughter, only attained that of children at the age of four or five years. The eldest son, born in 1728, reached the height of three feet six inches: he possessed a healthy constitution, and uncommon strength and vigour for his size. Having lived a long time with the Castellane Inowloska, his conduct was such as to gain her esteem, and finding that his ability and good sense were not inferior to his integrity, she at length intrusted him with the stewardship and management of her affairs. The second son was of a weak and delicate frame: he died at the age of twenty-six, being at that time five feet ten inches high. Joseph was the third child, and those that came after him were alternately tall and short. His sister died of the small-pox at twenty-two, when she was no more than two feet two inches in height.

At the moment of Joseph's birth, there was every reason to believe that he would be extremely short, as he measured only eight inches. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, he was neither weak nor puny: on the contrary, his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently declared that none of her children gave her less trouble. He walked, and was able to speak, at about the same age as other infants, and his progressive growth was as follows: at one year, fourteen inches; at six, seventeen inches; at ten, twenty-one inches; at fifteen, twenty-five inches; at twenty, twenty-eight inches; at twenty-five, thirty-five inches; at thirty, thirty-nine inches. At this size he remained fixed, without having since increased one-eighth of an inch. Some naturalists have maintained that dwarfs continue to grow during the whole of their lives, but the falsehood of this assertion is proved by the example of Joseph Boruwlaski and that of his brother, who both grew till the age of thirty, and then ceased to increase in stature.

The young Boruwlaski had scarcely entered his eighth year, when his father died, leaving his widow with six children, and

a very small portion of the favours of fortune. Before this event the Starostina de Caorlitz, a female friend of Madame Boruwlaski, had often manifested great affection for Joseph, and solicited his parents to commit his education to her care. She now availed herself of the embarrassed circumstances of the family to repeat her offers to his mother, who, consulting only the happiness of her child, consented with pain to the separation.

The lady accordingly took him to her estate, which was not far distant from the residence of his mother. For four years she fulfilled with scrupulous fidelity the charge she had undertaken; the conduct of the *protegé* was such as to secure her attachment, and he appeared to be fixed with her for ever, when an unexpected circumstance changed his situation. His patroness, a lady of large fortune, was a widow, who, though not young, still possessed a considerable portion of personal charms. The Count de Tarnow, whose affairs had brought him into the neighbourhood, paid his addresses to her, and prevailed upon her to give him her hand. A few months after their marriage, the Countess de Tarnow imagined herself pregnant. On this occasion the happy couple received the congratulations of all their friends, and, amongst the rest, of the Countess Humieska. That lady, ' distinguished for her birth, her wealth, and personal accomplishments, had an estate contiguous to that of the Starostina, at whose house she had frequently seen the young Boruwlaski, and had often declared how delighted she should be to take him with her to Warsaw. Being one day with the Count and Countess de Tarnow, she took an opportunity of turning the conversation to the dangers to which pregnant females are exposed, and asked the Count whether he was not under some apprehensions for his lady, from Boruwlaski being continually in her sight, and whether he was not afraid lest this circumstance might affect the child of which she was pregnant. Perceiving that what she said made a considerable impression, she adduced a great number of facts calculated to increase their uneasiness. She concluded with advising them to part with their little

friend, offering, at the same time, to take him under her protection, and promising that she would endeavour to make him happy. Whether this advice was given with sincerity, or was the result of the Countess's desire to have Boruwlaski about her person, it is impossible to decide. It produced, however, the effect she wished, and, with his consent, he was transferred by his former benefactors to the Countess Humieska.

With her he departed in a few days for her estate at Rychty, in Pondolia, where they stayed six months. Having formed a design of making the tour of Germany and France, the Countess resolved to make him the companion of her travels, and after some necessary preparations, he set out with her at the age of fifteen for Vienna. Here he had the honour of being presented to the empress-queen, Maria Theresa, who was pleased to say, that he far exceeded all the accounts she had heard of him, and that he was one of the most astonishing beings she had ever beheld. That great princess was at this period at war with the King of Prussia, and Boruwlasld being one day in her apartment when her courtiers were complimenting her on a victory obtained by her army, the empress asked him his opinion of the Prussian monarch. "Madam," replied he, "I have not the honour to know him; but were I in his place, instead of waging an useless war against you, I would come to Vienna, and pay my respects to you, deeming it a thousand times more glorious to gain your esteem and friendship, than to obtain the most complete victories over your troops." Her majesty, who seemed highly delighted at this reply, caught Boruwlaski in her arms, and told his patroness that she thought her very happy in having such a pleasing companion in her travels.

On another occasion, when, according to her desire, he had performed a Polish dance in the presence of this sovereign, she took him on her lap, caressed him, and asked him, among many other questions, what he thought most curious and interesting at Vienna. He answered, that he had seen in that city many things worthy of a traveller's admiration, but nothing seemed so extraordinary as

what he at that moment beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Boruwlaski. This answer procured him fresh caresses. The empress wore a ring, on which was her cipher in brilliants, of the most exquisite workmanship. His hand being accidentally in hers, he seemed to be looking attentively at the ring, which she perceiving, asked whether the cipher was pretty. "I beg your majesty's pardon," replied Boruwlaski, "it is not the ring that I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss." With these words he raised it to his lips. The empress seemed highly pleased at this little specimen of gallantry, and would have presented him with the ring which gave occasion to it, but as it was much too large, she called a young lady, five or six years old, who was then in the apartment, and taking a very fine diamond from her finger, put it on Boruwlaski's. This young lady was the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France; and, as may be easily imagined, Boruwlaski has preserved this jewel with religious care.

The kind notice of the empress procured him the attention of her whole court, and the marked kindness of Prince Kaunitz was particularly grateful to his feelings. So far, however, from being seduced by the favours bestowed on him, or the pleasures procured him, Boruwlaski was sometimes oppressed by sensations of the most painful kind, conscious that he was only looked upon by others as a puppet, a little more perfect, it is true, and better organised than they commonly are, but at any Plate, as nothing better than an animated toy.

During a residence of six months at Vienna, the Countess Humieska availed herself of the opportunity to have her little charge instructed in dancing by M. Angelmi, the ballet-master to the court, who afterwards obtained such celebrity by his extraordinary professional talents and his taste for literature. Though Boruwlaski had not time to improve himself as much as he wished, yet his benefactress could not forbear testifying her satisfaction at the progress he had made.

From the Austrian metropolis the travellers proceeded to Munich, where they were most graciously received by the Elector of Bavaria, and where the Countess's little companion excited no less curiosity than he had done at Vienna. They next repaired to Luneville, at that time the residence of Stanislaus Leczinski, the dethroned King of Poland, who, as a compensation for the Polish crown, had been put in possession of the Dukedoms of Lorraine and Bar.

By this venerable monarch, the travellers were received with his accustomed bounty and affability, and being of his own country, they were, by his order, lodged in his palace. With this prince lived the famous B6b6, who was till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen.

From Luneville Boruwlaski proceeded with his benefactress to the gay metropolis of France, where they were received in the most flattering manner by the queen, herself a native of Poland and daughter of King Stanislaus. At this time Count Oginski, grand general of Lithuania, resided at Paris, and showed particular regard for Boruwlaski. He even carried his complaisance so far as to teach him the rudiments of music, and conceiving that his pupil had a taste for that art, he prevailed on the Countess Humieska to engage for his master the celebrated Gavinies, who taught him to play on the guitar, an amusement which has since often solaced him in moments of trouble and inquietude.

Count Oginski took a great pleasure in having his little countryman near him. One day when he gave a grand entertainment to several ladies of high distinction, he put Boruwlaski into an urn placed on the middle of the table. He said that he would treat them with an extraordinary dish, but forbearing for a considerable time to uncover the urn, the curiosity of the company was excited to the highest pitch. At length the cover was removed, and out sprung Boruwlaski to the no small astonishment and diversion of the ladies, who did not at first know him.

Our travellers passed more than a year at Paris, in all the pleasures which that capital afforded. They were visited and entertained by all the principal nobility and persons of opulence. Among the rest, M. Bouret, the farmer-general, so renowned for his ambition, his excesses, and his extravagancies, gave an entertainment, and to show that it was in honour of Boruwlaski, he caused every thing, even the plate, the knives, forks, and spoons, to be proportioned to his size. The ortolans, becaficos, and other small game of that kind, of which the entertainment entirely consisted, were served up on dishes adapted to their dimensions.

Having first exchanged the frivolous levity of France for the phlegmatic sedateness of Holland, the Countess Humieska returned with her little companion through Germany to Warsaw. He was preceded in that capital by the reputation he had acquired at Paris no small portion of that graceful ease and politeness, which give such charms to the most common things; he had the satisfaction of finding that his company was courted, not merely as an object of curiosity, but for the pleasure of his conversation.

Boruwlaski had now attained the age of twenty-five; he began to feel new emotions, which are in general experienced at a much earlier period of life. Love did not disdain the conquest of his little heart: he became enamoured of an actress, belonging to the company of French comedians at Warsaw. Having procured an introduction to his mistress, he mustered sufficient courage to declare his passion, and for some time was happy in the belief that she cherished similar sentiments towards him. He devoted to her every moment that he could with decency steal from the duty imposed upon him by the bounty of his benefactress, making his little excursions when he was supposed to be asleep, for which purpose he was obliged to bribe the porter and the servant by whom he was attended. This intrigue, however, was not of long continuance; he soon found that it was a subject of public notoriety, that his charmer, whom he thought most interested in secrecy, openly laughed at

and generally obliging him to play deep, she always took care to lose, and thus joined the pleasure of doing good to that of avoiding the expression of his gratitude. It is impossible to say how far her sensibility would have carried her, had she not been seized with the small-pox during an excursion to Leopoldstadt. The disease baffled all the powers of art, and in two days she expired with the utmost tranquillity and composure. This event made such a deep impression on her patroness, that for many days her health was in danger; she would not suffer the name of her dear Anastasia to be mentioned, nor her brother to visit her, lest his presence should revive her affliction.

Borowlaski continued, meanwhile, to bask in the sunshine of the Countess Humieska's favour, through whose means he enjoyed universal consideration and regard. But, at the age of forty, love again interposed to disturb his happiness. His patroness had taken into the house, as a companion, a young lady named Isalina Barboutan, descended from French parents settled at Warsaw. Her beauty, her sparkling eyes, and the elegance of her shape, made, at first sight, an indelible impression on his heart. Long was this fair one deaf to all the protestations of his passion, which naturally enough she treated with ridicule. Undaunted by every repulse, he still pressed his suit with all the ardour of an intoxicated lover. No sooner was the Countess Humieska informed of his sentiments, than she remonstrated with him, in the hope of bringing him to reason, but as he paid no attention to her arguments, she directed him to be confined in his own apartment. This was but the prelude to greater severity, for finding that he continued obstinate in his resolution, she ordered him to leave her house, with the injunction never to return, and sent Isalina home to her parents.

Turned adrift in the world, without money, or resource of any kind, Borowlaski was at first under no small embarrassment how to proceed. He [illegible] applying to the Lieutenant Prince Clement [illegible] a part of the [illegible] in the place. The prince, being [illegible]

him so strongly to the king, that his majesty promised to make a provision for him.

The little lover still continued his unremitting addresses to the object of his passion, who at length consented to make him happy. It is not improbable that her acquiescence was in a great measure determined by the prospect of the royal favour, as well as by the apprehension that she could never have a husband after their amour had become the public talk of the city. Be this as it may, the king approved the match, and settled an annuity of one hundred ducats on the happy Boruwlaski.

It was not long before he found that the king's favours would scarcely be sufficient for the support of himself and his wife, who, to the great astonishment of all, apprised him, within six weeks after their marriage, that he was destined to be a father. This intelligence only served to increase his anxiety relative to their future subsistence. It was absolutely necessary to take some step to improve his finances, and his patrons suggested that a second visit to the courts of Europe could not fail of answering the purpose, and of procuring him the means of leading, on his return, a life of ease and tranquillity. Seduced by such a dazzling prospect, he immediately acquainted the king that Kaunitz had supplied him with a convenient carriage, and being furnished with letters of recommendation, he left Warsaw on the 21st of November, 1780.

At Cracow his wife was taken ill. This circumstance obliged them to continue some time in that city, where, after a long and painful labour, she was delivered of her first child, a girl. On her recovery, they set out for Vienna, where they arrived on the 11th of February, 1781. Unfortunately for Boruwlaski, death had just snatched away his illustrious patroness, Maria Theresa, and profound sorrow pervaded the whole city. He experienced, however, the same marks of benevolence from Prince Kaunitz as on his former visit, and became acquainted with the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray Keith, who was the principal cause of his subsequent voyage to England. After giving a concert, which was attended by almost all

the nobility of Vienna, he left that metropolis, provided with letters of recommendation to many princes of Germany.

The next place he visited was Presburg, the capital of Hungary, whence he proceeded to Linz. Here he gave a concert, for which Count Thierheim, governor of Lower Austria, and son-in-law to Prince Kaunitz, lent his band of musicians. During the performance, the young Countess, then between six and seven years of age, never took her eyes off Boruwlaski, and when it was over, she ran to her father, earnestly entreating him to buy the little man for her. "But what would you do with him, my dear?" said the Count. "Besides," added he, "we have no apartment for him."—"Never mind that, papa," replied the child with the greatest simplicity, "I will keep him in mine; I will take the utmost care of him, having the pleasure of dressing and adorning him, and of loading him with caresses and dainties."

After visiting Teschen, Munich, and other places, where he was treated in a very flattering manner, by the most distinguished personages, he proceeded to Triersdorff, the residence of the Margrave of Anspach, where his reception exceeded everything he had yet experienced. Through the recommendation of the celebrated French actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, the Margrave was so strongly interested in his behalf, that he loaded him with favours, and even undertook to provide for his infant daughter, whom he prevailed upon the parents to leave behind in his care.

On his departure from Triersdorff, Boruwlaski passed rapidly through Frankfort, Mentz, and Mannheim, to Worms; and then directing his course to Brussels and Ostend, embarked for England. After a tempestuous passage of four days, during which the vessel lost her masts and sails, he landed with his wife at Margate, and after a few days, set out for London, where he arrived without accident.

He had brought with him a number of recommendatory letters to many of the first nobility, and immediately made use of those directed to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. In those

involved in difficulties, from which he was generously relieved by his countrywoman, the Princess Lubomirska, who hearing that he was exposed to the vexations of creditors, inquired the amount of his debts, and nobly discharged them. His mind being now relieved from anxiety, he, at the request of his friends, began to write the history of his life, which undertaking was patronized by the Prince of Wales, and a long list of nobility. It forms an octavo volume, and was published in 1788.

An erroneous report having reached his native country, that he had laid out several thousand pounds in the funds, he was thought no longer to want the king's favours, and his annuity of one hundred ducats was cut off. This circumstance is supposed to have been the occasion of his leaving England, and visiting Poland in the year 1792.

His absence was not of long duration; he soon returned to this country, where his exhibitions were so successful, that he was enabled to save a handsome competence, with which he retired to Durham there to spend the remainder of his days.

ANN MOORE.
THE FASTING WOMAN

THIS IMPOSTOR, who pretended she could live without food, was born at Royston, otherwise Roslington, near Ashbourne, in the county of Derby, in the year 1761. Her parents were poor, of the name of Peg. At the age of twenty-seven she married James Moore, a labourer, from whom she soon parted; after which she had two children by her master, a girl and a boy.

About the beginning of 1807, residing then at Tutbury, a village in Staffordshire, she first excited the public attention, by declaring she could live without food. An assertion so repugnant to reason and nature, was of course rejected; she therefore offered to prove the truth of her statement by submitting to be watched for a considerable time.

In order to satisfy the public, she was removed from her home to the house of Mr. Jackson, grocer, of the same village, and all the inhabitants were invited to join in watching her. A Mr. Taylor, surgeon, superintended the watching, which continued sixteen days, during which time she was allowed a little water on the three first days. When the watch had ended, she was removed to her own house, and Mr. Taylor published an account, declaring that she had lived for thirteen days without taking any food, liquid or solid. This account, so attested, was believed by numbers, who flocked to see her, and few visited her without leaving some proof of their credulity or pity. By this means she collected about £250.

In order to give additional weight to her case, she professed to be very religious: the Bible was laid on her bed, and her conversation was such as led the ignorant to imagine her to be a person of extraordinary piety. But this mask was thrown off whenever she was pressed too hard by pointed questions from those who still doubted. On such occasions she would vent such virulent language as would fully evince the absence of any religious principle in her.

As her object appeared to be the acquisition of money, she thought proper to assert, that since the time she was watched, she had not taken anything whatever.

Though the declaration of the persons who formerly watched her, in addition to her own assertions, had obtained considerable credit, yet there were many who thought her an impostor, and demanded that she should be again watched: this for some time she refused: at length, most unwillingly she consented; and a committee was formed of the neighbouring magistrates and clergymen. They met on Tuesday, the 20th of April, 1813. And the length of time which they determined she should be watched was one month. This she vehemently refused to submit to, but as no shorter time would satisfy the medical part of the committee, she at last was obliged to assent.

Her bed was filled with chaff, and the clothes examined in the presence of the committee. The watch entered on their office at two o'clock on Wednesday. She received the watchers with as much

good manners as she was capable of, though she had been crying bitterly before they came.

The first watch, which continued four hours, was begun by Sir Oswald Mosley and the Rev. Legh Richmond, and followed by several other gentlemen. At the end of seven days the public was informed that she had during that time taken no food whatever. Great confidence was now expressed by her advocates, that she would endure the ordeal with credit. But when the machine for weighing her was put under the bed, it was found that she lost weight rapidly. At last, on the ninth day, she insisted on the watchers quitting the room, declaring that she was very ill, and that her daughter must be sent for. She was now greatly reduced, and the watchers who attended her were much alarmed, lest she should expire, and, apprehensive of being implicated in the charge of murder, they quitted the room and admitted the daughter. It was thought that she could not live two hours longer, but after the watchers had left her, and the daughter admitted, and had administered what she thought proper, the mother began to recover.

One remarkable circumstance was, that on Friday, the 30th of April, after the watch broke up, she desired to take a solemn oath that she had not, during the time she was watched, taken any food whatever; which oath was administered unto her. This she did in hope, notwithstanding all, still to impose upon the public. But as her clothes gave evidence against her, to her utter confusion, she was brought at last to make the following confession:

"I, Ann Moore, of Tutbury, humbly asking pardon of all persons whom I have attempted to deceive and impose upon, and above all, with the most unfeigned sorrow and contrition, imploring the divine mercy and forgiveness of that God whom I have greatly offended, do most solemnly declare that I have occasionally taken sustenance for the last six years.

"Witness my hand this fourth day of May, 1813.

"The mark of × Ann Moore.

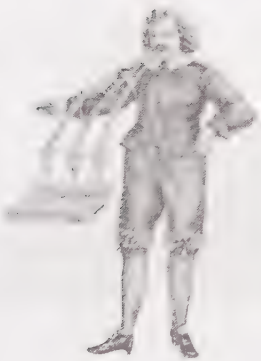
"The above declaration of Anne Moore, was made before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Stafford.

"THOMAS LISTER.

"Witness to the above declaration and signature of my mother, ANN MOORE.

MARY MOORE."

This juggler was committed to prison in February, 1816, for falsely collecting money under the pretence of charity. Since this it is unknown what became of her, and the name of Ann Moore is only remembered as that of an impostor of the vilest description.



FLORAM MARCHAND
THE GREAT WATER-SPOUTER

IN THE SUMMER OF 1650, a Frenchman named Floram Marchand was brought over from Tours to London, who professed to be able to "turn water into wine, and at his vomit render not only the tincture, but the strength and smell of several wines, and several waters." He learnt the rudiments of this art from Bloise, an Italian, who not long before was questioned by Cardinal Mazarin, who threatened him with all the miseries that a tedious imprisonment could bring upon him, unless he would discover to him by what art he did it. Bloise, startled at the sentence, and fearing the event,

made a full confession on these terms, that the Cardinal would communicate it to no one else.

From this Bloise, Marchand received all his instruction; and finding his teacher the more sought after in France, he came by the advice of two English friends to England, where the trick was new. Here—the cause of it being utterly unknown—he seems for a time to have gulled and astonished the public to no small extent, and to his great profit.

Before long, however, the whole mystery was cleared up by his two friends, who had probably not received the share of the profits to which they thought themselves entitled. Their somewhat circumstantial account runs as follows;—

"To prepare his body for so hardy a task, before he makes his appearance on the stage, he takes a pill about the quantity of a hazel nut, confected with the gall of an heifer, and wheat flour baked. After which he drinks privately in his chamber four or five pints of luke-warm water, to take all the foulness and slime from his stomach, and to avoid that loathsome spectacle which otherwise would make thick the water, and offend the eye of the observer.

"In the first place he presents you with a pail of lukewarm water, and sixteen glasses in a basket, but you are to understand that every morning he boils two ounces of Brazil thin-sliced in three pints of running water, so long till the whole strength and colour of the Brazil is exhausted: of this he drinks half a pint in his private chamber before he comes on the stage; you are also to understand that he neither eats nor drinks in the morning on those days when he comes on the stage, the cleansing pill and water only excepted; but in the evening will make a very good supper, and eat as much as two or three other men who have not their stomachs so thoroughly purged.

"Before he presents himself to the spectators, he washes all his glasses in the best white-wine vinegar he can procure. Coming on the stage, he always washes his first glass, and rinses it two or three times, to take away the strength of the vinegar, that it may in no wise discolour the complexion of what is represented to be wine.

"At his first entrance, he drinks four and twenty glasses of luke-warm water, the first vomit he makes the water seems to be a full deep claret: you are to observe that his gall-pill in the morning, and so many glasses of luke-warm water afterwards, will force him into a sudden capacity to vomit, which vomit upon so much warm water, is for the most part so violent on him, that he cannot forbear if he would.

"You are again to understand that all that comes from him is red of itself, or has a tincture of it from the first brazil water; but by degrees, the more water he drinks, as on every new trial he drinks as many glasses of water as his stomach will contain, the water that comes from him will grow paler and paler. Having then made his essay on claret, and proved it to be of the same complexion, he again drinks four or five glasses of the luke-warm water, and brings forth claret and beer at once into two several glasses: now you are to observe that the glass which appears to be claret is rinsed as before, but the beer glass not rinsed at all, but is still moist with the white wine vinegar, and the first strength of the Brazil water being lost, it makes the water which he vomits up to be of a more pale colour, and much like our English beer.

"He then begins his rouse again, and drinks up fifteen or sixteen glasses of luke-warm water, which the pail will plentifully afford him: he will now bring you up the pale Burgundian wine, which, though more faint of complexion than the claret, he will tell you is the purest wine in Christendom. The strength of the Brazil water, which he took immediately before his appearance on the stage, grows fainter and fainter. This glass, like the first glass in which he brings forth his claret, is washed, the better to represent the colour of the wine therein.

"The next he drinks comes forth sack from him, or according to that complexion. Here he does not wash his glass at all; for the strength of the vinegar must alter what is left of the complexion of the Brazil water, which he took in the morning before he appeared on the stage.

"You are always to remember, that in the interim, he will commonly drink up four or five glasses of the luke-warm water, the better to provoke his stomach to a disgorgement, if the first rouse will not serve turn. He will now (for on every disgorge he will bring you forth a new colour), he will now present you with white wine. Here also he will not wash his glass, which (according to the vinegar in which it was washed) will give it a colour like it. You are to understand, that when he gives you the colour of so many wines, he never washes the glass, but at his first evacuation, the strength of the vinegar being no wise compatible with the colour of the Brazil water.

"Having performed this task, he will then give you a show of rose-water; and this indeed, he does so cunningly, that it is not the show of rose-water, but rose-water itself. If you observe him, you will find that either behind the pail where his luke-warm water is, or behind the basket in which his glasses are, he will have on purpose a glass of rose-water prepared for him. After he has taken it, he will make the spectators believe that he drank nothing but the luke-warm water out of the pail; but he saves the rose-water in the glass, and holding his hand in an indirect way, the people believe, observing the water dropping from his fingers, that it is nothing but the water out of the pail. After this he will drink four or five glasses more out of the pail, and then comes up the rose-water, to the admiration of the beholders. You are to understand, that the heat of his body working with his rose-water gives a full and fragrant smell to all the water that comes from him as if it were the same.

"The spectators, confused at the novelty of the sight, and looking and smelling on the water, immediately he takes the opportunity to convey into his hand another glass; and this is a glass of Angelica water, which stood prepared for him behind the pail or basket, which having drunk off, and it being furthered with four or five glasses of luke-warm water, out comes the evacuation, and brings with it a perfect smell of the Angelica, as it was in the rose-water above specified.

"To conclude all, and to show you what a man of might he is, he has an instrument made of tin, which he puts between his lips and teeth; this instrument has three several pipes, out of which, his arms a-kimbo, and putting forth himself, he will throw forth water from him in three pipes, the distance of four or five yards. This is all clear water, which he does with so much port and such a flowing grace, as if it were his masterpiece.

"He has been invited by divers gentlemen and personages of honour to make the like evacuation in milk, as he made a semblance in wine. You are to understand that then he goes into another room, and drinks two or three pints of milk. On his return,, which is always speedy, he goes first to his pail, and afterwards to his vomit. The milk which comes from him looks curdled, and shows like curdled milk and drink. If there be no milk ready to be had, he will excuse himself to his spectators, and make a large promise of what he will perform the next day, at which time being sure to have milk enough to serve his turn, he will perform his promise.

"His milk he always drinks in a withdrawing room, that it may not be discovered, for that would be too apparent, nor has he any other shift to evade the discerning eye of the observers.

"It is also to be considered that he never comes on the stage (as he does sometimes three or four times in a day) but he first drinks the Brazil water, without which he can do nothing at all, for all that comes from him has a tincture of the red, and it only varies and alters according to the abundance of water which he takes, and the strength of the white-wine vinegar, in which all the glasses are washed."

JANE LEWRSON
AN ECCENTRIC OLD LADY

MRS. LEWSON (commonly called Lady Lewson, from her very eccentric manner of dress) was born in the year 1700, in Essex Street in the Strand, of reputable parents of the name of Vaughan, and was married at an early age to Mr. Lewson, a wealthy gentleman, then living in the house in which she died. She became a widow at the age of twenty-six, having only one daughter living at the time. Mrs. Lewson being left by her husband in affluent circumstances, preferred to continue single, and remained so, although she had many suitors. When her daughter married, being left alone, she became fond of retirement, and rarely went out, or permitted the visits of any person. For the last thirty years of her life

she kept no servant, except one old female, who died after a servitude of twenty years, and was succeeded by her granddaughter, who marrying shortly after, was replaced by an old man, who attended the different houses in the square to go on errands, clean shoes, &c. Mrs. Lewson took this man into her house, and he acted as her steward, butler, cook and housemaid; and, with the exception of two old lap-dogs and a cat, he was her only companion. The house she occupied was large, and elegantly furnished, but very ancient: the beds were kept constantly made, although they had not been slept in for about thirty years. Her apartment being only occasionally swept out, but never washed, the windows were so crusted with dirt that they hardly admitted a ray of light. She used to tell her acquaintance, that, if the rooms were wetted, it might be the occasion of her catching cold; and as to cleaning the windows, she observed, that many accidents happened through that ridiculous practice: the glass might be broken, the person might be wounded, and the expense would fall upon her to repair them. A large garden in the rear of the house was the only thing she paid attention to; this was always kept in good order; and here, when the weather permitted, she enjoyed the air, or sometimes sat and read, of which she was particularly fond, or else chatted on times past, with any of the few remaining acquaintances whose visits she permitted. She seldom visited, except at a grocer's in the square, with whom she dealt. She had for many years survived every relative within many degrees of kindred. She was so partial to the fashions that prevailed in her youthful days, that she never changed the manner of her dress from that worn in the time of George I being always decorated

"With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things."

She always wore powder, with a large tache made of horse hair, upon her head, over which the hair was turned up, and a cap over it which knotted under her chin, and three or four curls hanging down her neck, she generally wore silk gowns, and the train long, with a deep flounce all round; a very long waist, and very tightly

laced up to her neck, round which was a kind of ruff or frill. The sleeves of her gown came down below the elbow, from each of which four or five large cuffs were attached; a large bonnet quite flat, high-heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak, trimmed round with lace, and a gold-headed cane, completed her every-day costume for the last eighty years, and in which she walked round the square.

She never washed herself, because those people who did so, she said, were always taking cold, or laying the foundation of some dreadful disorder; her method was, to besmear her face and neck all over with hog's-lard, because that was soft and lubricating; and then, because she wanted a little colour on her cheeks, she used to bedaub them with rose pink!

Her manner of living was so methodical, that she would not drink her tea out of any other than a favourite cup. She was equally particular with respect to her knives, forks, plates, &c. At breakfast she arranged in a particular way the paraphernalia of the tea-table; at dinner, she also observed a general rule, and always sat in her favourite chair. She always enjoyed excellent health, assisted in regulating her house, and never had, until a short time before her decease, an hour's illness. She entertained the greatest aversion to medicine: and what is remarkable, she cut two new teeth at the age of 8-, and was never troubled with the tooth-ache. She lived in five reigns, and was supposed the most faithful living historian of her time ', events of the year 1715 being fresh in her recollection. A few days previous to her death, an old lady, who was her neighbour, died suddenly, which had such an effect upon her, that she frequently said her time was also come, and she should soon follow. She enjoyed all her faculties until that period, when she became weak, took to her bed, and refused medical aid. Her conduct to her few distant relations was exceedingly capricious, and she would never see any of them; and it was not until a few hours before her dissolution, that any alteration was observed in her temper.

She died on Tuesday, May 28, 1816, at her house in Cold Bath Square at the advanced age of 116; and was buried in Bunhill-fields burying ground.

PETER THE WILD BOY
OF THE WOODS OF HAMDIN

On the continent of Europe, the regions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have at different times been discovered in a state no better than that of the brute creation. With nearly all of them this has been the case to such a degree, that it has been found impossible to obtain from them any information respecting the circumstances which reduced them to such a deplorable situation, or of the manner in which they contrived to preserve their lives amidst the numerous perils by which they were surrounded. Most of these unfortunate beings were so completely brutalized as to be utter strangers to the faculty of speech

and totally incapable of acquiring it—a fact which demonstrates how much man is indebted to the society of his fellow-creatures for many of the eminent advantages possessed by him over the other classes of animated nature.

One of the most singular of these human brutes, as they may justly be denominated, was Peter the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must, from the reasons already mentioned, remain for ever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hamelin, about twenty-five miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the House of Correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I. then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provision as he seemed best to like, and such instructions as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been baptized, but notwithstanding all the doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech, or the pronunciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small

distance from town, and a pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.

The ill success of these efforts seems to have laid curiosity asleep, till Lord Monboddo again called the public attention to this phenomenon. That nobleman had been collecting all the particulars he could meet with concerning Peter, in order to establish a favourite but truly whimsical hypothesis. The plan of his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language," necessarily involved the history of civilization and general knowledge. His Lordship carried his researches to a period far beyond the records of history, when men might be supposed to possess no means of the vocal communication of their thoughts but natural and inarticulate sounds. Abstracting, in imagination, from the rational superiority of man, whatever seems to depend on his use of artificial language, as a sign of thought, he represents the earlier generations of the human race as having been little, if at all, exalted in intelligence above the ape and the orangoutang, whose form bears a resemblance to the human. The spirit of paradox even inclined him to believe that those rude men who wanted articulate language must have had tails, of which they might gradually have divested themselves, either by attentions to the breed, like those of a Cully or a Bakewell, or by continual docking, till the tail was utterly extirpated.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece, by Dean Swift, entitled, "It cannot rain but it pours," he gives an account of this wonderful wild man, as he calls him, replete with satire and ridicule, but containing many particulars concerning him that were undoubtedly true. Lord Monboddo, therefore, concluded that the other facts mentioned by that witty writer, though nowhere else to be found, are likewise authentic, whatever may be thought of the use and application he makes of them: such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the king, and laid hold of the Lord Chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself, and particularly that he neighed something

like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of land-and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing sometimes. These facts, his lordship contends, the dean must have known, for he was at London at the time, and of Swift's integrity in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humour, his lordship has no doubt. The dean farther said, that it was evident, by several tokens, that this wild boy had a father and mother like one of us. "This," says Lord Monboddo, "I believe also to be true, because I was told by a person yet living, that when he was caught he had a collar about his neck with something written upon it."

In Peter the Wild Boy, Lord Monboddo conceived that he had discovered a corroboration of his eccentric opinion. His lordship, accordingly, went to see him, and the result of his inquiries is thus stated in his "Ancient Metaphysics":—

"It was in the beginning of June, 1782, that I saw him in a farm-house called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, kept there on a pension of thirty pounds, which the king pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches, and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable, and he has a look that may be called sensible or saracenic for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once at large was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been during the thirteen last years where he lives at present, and before that he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and the name of King George, both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is, for the man happened not to be at home, told me he understood everything that was said to him concerning the

common affairs of life, and I saw that he readily understood several things she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which he accordingly did, and another tune that she named. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do, but, as I was told by an old woman, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be about fifty-five years before, he then fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbage, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present he not only eats flesh, but has acquired a taste for beer, and even for spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. The old farmer with whom he lived before he came to his present situation, informed me that Peter had that taste before he came to him. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not acquired a liking for money, for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-telling of bad weather, growing and howling, and showing great disorder before it comes on."

His Lordship afterwards requested Mr. Burgess, of Oxford, to make further inquiries for him on the spot, concerning Peter, and that gentleman transmitted him an account, which was in substance as follows:—

Peter, in his youth, was very remarkable for his strength, which always appeared so much superior, that the stoutest young men were afraid to contend with him. His vigour continued unimpaired till the year 1781, when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side. I met with an old gentleman, a surgeon of Hempstead, who remembers to have seen Peter in London, between the years 1724 and 1726. He told me, when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of

raw flesh and bones, and was always dressed in fine clothes, of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retains his passion for finery; and if any person has anything smooth or shining in his dress, it soon attracts the notice of Peter, who shows his attention by stroking it. He is not a great eater, and is fond of water, of which he will drink several draughts immediately after breakfasting on tea, or even milk. He would not drink beer till lately, but he is fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin, and likewise of onions, which he will eat like apples. He does not often go out without his master, but he will sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop, where the people know his errand, and treat him. Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do anything with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor, and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice. He cannot bear the sight of an apothecary, who once attended him, nor the taste of physic, which he will not take but under some great disguise.

If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing it. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it. He understands everything that is said to him by his master and mistress; while I was with him, the farmer asked him several questions, which he answered rapidly, and not very distinctly, but sufficiently so as to be understood even by a stranger to his manner. Some of the questions and answers were as follows:—" "Who is your father?" "King George." "What is your name?" "Pe—ter," pronouncing the two syllables with a short interval between them. "What is that?" "Bowwow," (the dog). "What horse will you ride upon?" "Cuckow." This is not the name of any of their horses, but it is his constant reply to that question; so that it may probably have been the name of one of the horses belonging to his former master. His answers never exceed two words, and he never says anything of his own accord. He has likewise been taught, when asked the question

"What are you?" to reply, "Wild Man." "Where were you found?" "Hanover." "Who found you?" "King George." If he is desired to tell twenty, he will count the numbers exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number; but after another person, he will say, one, two, three, &c. pretty distinctly.

Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned uj) towards it in a strained attitude, and he likes to be out in a starry night, if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the inquiry, whether he has, or seems to have any idea of the great Author of all these wonders. I thought this a question of so much curiosity, that when I left Broadway, I rode back several miles to ask whether he had ever betrayed any sense of a Supreme Being. I was told, that when he first came into that part of the country, different methods were taken to teach him to read, and to instruct him in the principles of religion, but in vain. He learned nothing, nor did he ever show any feeling of the consciousness of a God.

He is very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fire-place would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney-corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place.

He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would

Peter was born in the year 1[illegible] at Kirkcudbright. He was a boy of [illegible] when he was removed with his parents to the farm of [illegible] in the parish of [illegible] in Galloway. His father was a small farmer, and Peter was brought up as a boy from childhood to the work of the farm. He was a boy of [illegible] and [illegible] and was a favourite with all the people in the neighbourhood. He was [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

ANECDOTE OF STEVENSON

THE EXTRAORDINARY MAN was born at Dunlop, and bred a miner, but during many of the latter years of his life, he wandered about as a common beggar. In 1788, he and his wife separated upon [illegible], and [illegible] the first that proposed a settlement should forfeit £100. This singular pair never met again, and it is not known what became of the woman.

Stevenson was much affected during the two last years of his life with the stone. As his disease increased, he was fully aware of [illegible]. [illegible] and [illegible]. The following [illegible] preparation for the event. He sent for a baker, and ordered twelve dozen of burial cakes, and a great profusion of sugar biscuit, together with a corresponding quantity of wine and spirituous liquors. He next sent for the joiner, and ordered a coffin decently mounted, with particular instruction that the wood should be quite dry, and the joints firm and impervious to water. The [illegible] was next sent for, and asked if he thought he could get a place to put him in after he was dead. The spot fixed on was in the churchyard at Rocraston, a village about half a mile distant from Glasgow. He enjoined the sexton to be sure and make his grave room; and he might rest assured that he would be well remembered for his care and trouble. Having made these arrangements, he ordered the old woman who attended him, to go to a certain nook, and bring out nine pounds to be appropriated to defray his funeral expenses. He told her at the same time not to be grieved, for he had not forgotten her in his will. In a few hours afterwards, in the full exercise of his

JOHN BROUGHTON
A NOTORIOUS PUGILIST

JOHN BROUGHTON, who has been styled "the founder of the British School of Boxing," was born in 1704, and for many years followed the profession of a waterman, and was the first man who worn Dogget's coat and badge, which is rowed for annually, on the first of August. He however, abandoned his wherry for the more profitable, though less honourable, employment of pugilism.

About the middle of the last century boxing began to obtain notoriety, through the encouragement afforded by some gambling and vitiated noblemen, and others, headed by the well-known Duke of Cumberland; who drew in their train numbers of weak-minded and dissipated persons, who are always found ready to mix

among nobility, for the honour of boasting an acquaintance with lords and dukes.

About this time one George Taylor erected a booth at Tottenham Court, where he invited the professors of the art to display their skill, and the public to be present at its exhibition. The entrance-money at times amounted to £100 or £150; two-thirds of which There generally given to the champion, and the remaining third to the loser; though sometimes, by an express agreement of the parties, the money was shared alike between the conqueror and conquered. Taylor's booth being complained of as inconvenient, Broughton, who was then rising into note as the first bruiser in London, was prevailed on to build a place better adapted for such exhibitions, near Oxford Street, which was opened on the 10th of March, 1743, under the name of "Broughton's New Amphitheatre."

But the foundation of the "British School of Boxing," for which Broughton is notorious, was his opening an academy, which was first announced by the following advertisement in the Daily Advertiser, February 1, 1747:—

> Mr. Broughton proposes, with proper assistance, to open an academy at his house, in the Haymarket, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the majesty of boxing, where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c., incident to the combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and, that persons of quality and distinction may not be debarred from entering into a *course of those lectures* they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffles (*boxing gloves*) are provided, that will effectually secure them from the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses.

This invitation had the desired effect; the academy was numerously attended, and was a source of great profit to its proprietor.

Broughton, after fighting several years, and maintaining his ascendency, was at length vanquished by Slack, in April, 1750, at Broughton's Amphitheatre. Some thousands were lost on the

unexpected defeat; and nearly £150 was taken at the door, besides many tickets being sold at a guinea and a half each, all of which went to Slack, who is supposed to have gained nearly £600 by his victory. After this defeat Broughton never fought again; and his amphitheatre was shortly after shut up.

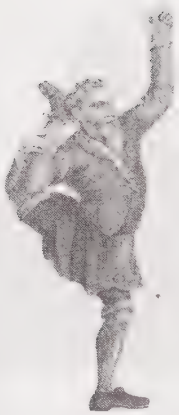
It is said he accompanied his *worthy* patron, the Duke of Cumberland, to the Continent, and upon his being shown the fine regiment of grenadiers at Berlin, belonging to Frederick the Great, so distinguished for their martial appearance and great valour, was asked by the duke what he thought of any of them for a *set-to*, when Broughton replied, "Why, your royal highness, I should have no objection to fight the whole regiment, only be kind enough to allow me a breakfast between each battle." *

Broughton died, January 8, 1789, at Walcot Place, Lambeth, in his 85th year. He was buried at Lambeth Church on the 21st, and his funeral was attended by several of the principal professors of his art. It was supposed he died worth £7000.

A Captain Godfrey, who wrote a "Treatise on the *useful* Science of Defence," thus eulogizes Broughton.

"Advance, brave Broughton! Thee I pronounce Captain of the Boxers. As far as I can look back, I think I ought to open the characters with him: I know none so fit, so able, to lead up the van. This is giving the living preference to the rest. What can be stronger than to say that, for seventeen or eighteen years, he has fought every able boxer that appeared against him, and has never yet been beat? This being the case, we may venture to conclude from it: but, not to build alone on this, let us examine further into its merits. What is it that he wants? Strength equal to what is human, skill and judgment equal to what can be acquired, undebauched wind, and a bottom spirit never to pronounce the word 'Enough!' He fights the stick as well as most men, and understands a good deal of the small-sword. This practice has given him the distinction of time and measure beyond the rest. He stops as regularly as the swordsman, and carries his blows truly in the line; he steps not

back, distrusting of himself, to stop a blow, and piddle in the return, with an arm unaided by his body, producing but a kind of fly-flap blows, such as pastry-cooks use to beat those insects from their tarts and cheese-cakes. No; Broughton steps bold and firmly in, bids a welcome to the coming blow; receives it with his guardian arm; then, with a general summons of his swelling muscles, and his firm body seconding his arm, and supplying it with all its weight, forces the pile-driving force upon his man."



JOSEPH CLARK
THE POSTURE-MASTER

THIS MAN was a very extraordinary posture-master who resided in Pall Mall. Though well-made, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of the shoulders: when the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garment as expeditiously as possible: but, upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short,

this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He dislocated the vertebr88 of his back, and other parts of the body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but entirely alter the figure of his countenance. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He would assume all the uncouth grimaces that he saw at a quaker's meeting, the theatre, or any other public place. He died about the beginning of King William's reign, as it appears from Evelyn's Numismata that he was not living in 1697.

THOMAS WOOD
THE ABSTEMIOUS MILLER

THOMAS WOOD was born in the 30th of November, 1719, of parents who were apt to be intemperate in their manner of living; he was subject to various disorders, particularly the rheumatism, until he attained the age of thirteen years. He then had the small-pox, and from that time became healthy, to the age of about forty-three years. From his attaining the state of manhood to this period, but especially during the latter part of the time, he indulged himself, even to excess, in fat meat, of which he used to eat voraciously three times a day, together with large quantities of butter and cheese. Nor was he more cautious with respect to strong ale, which

was his common drink. About his fortieth year, he began to grow very fat, but finding he had a good appetite, and digested his food without difficulty, and that his sleep was undisturbed, he made no alteration in his diet. It was in his forty-fourth year that he first began to complain of the heart-burn, want of sleep, frequent sickness at his stomach, pains in his head, &c. He had now almost a constant thirst, a great lowness of spirits, violent rheumatism, and frequent attacks of the gout. He had likewise two epileptic fits: but the symptom which appeared to him to be the most formidable, was a sense of suffocation, which often came on him, particularly after his meals. Under such a complication of diseases, every day increasing, he continued till the month of August, 1764. At this time the Rev. Mr. Powley, a worthy clergyman in the neighbourhood, observing his very ill state of health, and the extreme corpulence of his person, recommended to him an exact regimen; and pointed out the *Life of Cornaro*, as a book likely to suggest to him a salutary course of living. This work convinced him that intemperance was the principal cause of all his complaints, and he therefore determined to try whether the cause being removed, the effects might not cease. However, he thought it prudent not to make a total change in his diet suddenly; accordingly he at first confined himself to one pint of ale every day, and used animal food sparingly. This method he soon found to answer to his satisfaction, for he felt easier and lighter, and his spirits became less oppressed. These good effects encouraged him to proceed in his experiment, and therefore after he had pursued the regimen before mentioned, during two months, he deducted from his allowance half the former quantity of ale, and was still more sparing of gross animal food. In this course he continued till the 4th of January, 1765, when he entirely left off all malt liquor; and in the following month he began to drink only water, and to eat none except the lighter meats. Under this degree of abstinence, although some of his complaints were relieved, yet some of them remained in full force. The rheumatism tormented him; he then used the cold bath; and next the

An account of him was likewise drawn up by Sir George Baker, and inserted in the second volume of the Medical Transactions.

Thus, by extreme abstinence and regularity, he prolonged an impaired constitution, and died in the year 1783, aged sixty-three

NATHANIEL BENTLEY
THE WELL-KNOWN "DIRTY DICK"

NATHANIEL BENTLEY, late the proprietor of a hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, known by the characteristic appellation of the *Dirty Warehouse*, and himself distinguished by that of *Dirty Dick* was the son of a gentleman of the same name, who carried on the same business in those premises. The elder Bentley here lived in considerable style, keeping his carriage, and also a country-house. He gave his son a good education, but being of a tyrannical disposition, treated him, as well as his servants, in the most unreasonable manner, in consequence of which young Bentley ran away from his father, and was absent several years; during which time it is supposed that he contracted that peculiar turn of mind which afterwards manifested itself in such an eccentric manner.

His frugality seems to have been an hereditary endowment, for his father, who possessed considerable property in houses at Islington, married a lady for the sake of her fortune, which enabled him to save his own money; and laid down his own coach, making use of hers. Though a dissenter, he gave a bell to the church of St. Catherine Cree, in which parish he resided, on condition that a peal should be rung on his birth-day, as long as he lived.

Bentley's father died about the year 1760, leaving all his property to his son, who, perhaps, desirous at that time to relinquish business, at first intended to dispose of the stock, trade, and lease of the premises, for which he was in treaty with a Mr. Bliss, of Pall-mall. The latter proposed to pay half the purchase money and to give undeniable security for the remainder, but these terms were rejected by Bentley. At that time the premises formed two distinct shops; these he now threw into one, and in 1764 set out for Paris. During his absence he left a person to attend to his business, who being a cleanly and industrious man, placed every article in proper order, little thinking it would be the last time that some of them would ever be cleaned and dusted.

Previous to the death of his father, and for some years after that event, young Bentley was called the beau of Leadenhall Street, and was seen at all public places dressed as a man of fashion. At this period his favourite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the highest style of fashionable extravagance. He paid several visits to Paris, and was present at the coronation of Louis XVI., to whom he was personally introduced, and was considered one of the most accomplished English gentlemen then at the French court. He spoke several languages, particularly French and Italian, with great fluency, and associated with characters of the highest respectability. The last time he went to Paris, he committed the care of his shop to two persons whom he thought he could trust, and on his return paid their demands, without requiring any vouchers, observing he was most likely to obtain correct accounts by having none.

At what time he began to assume that appearance from which he derived the familiar appellation of *Dirty Dick*, is uncertain. Though he occasionally appeared at masquerades, assemblies, and other public places, in the most elegant attire, yet his appearance at home was such as fully to justify the above epitaph. He generally attended in his shop -without a coat, while the remainder of his dress and his whole person exactly corresponded with the appearance of his warehouse. A gentleman once venturing to give him some advice respecting the propriety of a little more attention to personal cleanliness, he replied, "It is of no use, sir; if I wash my hands to-day they will be dirty again to-morrow." On returning from any place of public entertainment, his elegant attire was immediately thrown aside for his shop clothing, which he mended himself, and it was also said that he made no secret of washing and mending his own linen, and of purchasing his shoes at Rag-fair. Before the hair-powder tax was introduced, Bentley frequently paid a shilling for dressing that head which he afterwards seemed to think unworthy even of a comb. On one occasion he sent for a puff, but would not have it when told that the price was sixpence. "Why!" cried he, "they used to be two shillings a dozen, and that's only two-pence a piece," and rather than give the sum demanded he made shift with the foot of an old stocking.

Formerly he did not go out more than once or twice in a year, on account of his being so tormented by the gaping multitude, who were all in uproar after him, that he has frequently been obliged to have the assistance of the beadle, or a constable to disperse them. He once played these idle folks a curious trick, by placing a lighted candle in one of his windows, and slipping out unperceived, while the expecting throng remained several hours opposite the house in hopes of seeing him, but were obliged at last to disperse without satisfying their curiosity. He, however, latterly appeared very often in the street, and frequently went to market for himself, carrying the provision home in his pocket, which he always cooked himself. He once bought a live goose for the sake of the wings to clean his

goods, on which occasion he employed a woman to go to market for him, with a particular charge to buy a young one, and gave her three-pence for her trouble. The goose, however, proved to be old, which he did not discover while eating the flesh, but by endeavouring to crack the breast-bone, on which he sought the woman, in order to recover the threepence he had paid her. He often sent in the name of Dirty Dick for very small quantities of vegetables, and was seldom known to have any fresh meat, though he would occasionally indulge himself with small pieces, called cuttings. His chief diet was lean bacon, as he remarked that fat was wasteful; and he allowed himself half a gallon of table-beer every three days. In his living, it is reported that he never exceeded eighteen-pence a day, for he observed that if he had followed the examples of many other people, or even his own former custom of living, he should inevitably have involved himself in a state of bankruptcy or have spent the remainder of his days in prison. "When told that other people could not live as he did, he would reply: "Every one can that pleases"—insisting that, it was no hardship to him, though, in his earlier days, he had seven dishes on his table at a time, and three servants to attend him.

Being applied to for his vote during the contest of Sir Francis Burdett and Mainwaring, for Middlesex, he refused it for either, as he had never taken an oath in his life, and declined even the affirmation of a Quaker, alleging the hurry of business as his excuse.

It seems that Mr. Bentley was the only one in his family that was governed by these strange propensities; he had a sister, a very accomplished lady, who for elegance and neatness was quite the contrast of himself; she was the wife of a Mr. Lindegreen, a considerable merchant of Mincing Lane, after whose decease she took up her residence at Durham Place, Chelsea, near the Hospital. She once paid her brother a visit, and bespoke some articles, which she requested him to send her. Bentley desired a person in his neighbourhood to take them home, observing, that if he went himself, he should not get payment on delivery of the goods. The

messenger was surprised at the respectable appearance and polite behaviour of his sister, who desired him to give her love to her brother, that she would call to see him, and then settle with him; on this message being communicated to Bentley, he exclaimed—"Aye, aye—I was afraid how it would be." She often visited her brother in her chariot, but never alighted, in consequence of the extreme filthiness of the shop.

Having once invited some persons of high respectability to supper, after transacting business with them to a considerable amount, they came to appointment, and found him in his shop. He received them with great politeness, requesting them to excuse him a few minutes, and went out. He soon returned with a pound of cheese, a loaf, and two pots of porter, which he placed on his dirty counters, saying "There, gentlemen, is your supper, and it is the best which the business we have been transacting will afford." He thought they would have partaken of it just as it was; but with equal politeness they declined his offer.

At one time he had the misfortune to hurt his leg, while rummaging about his mass of goods in his shop in search of an article; having undertaken his cure he engaged with an old woman, at fourpence a day, to supply him with poultices, &c., but his leg getting worse, a surgeon was called in, who declared a mortification must ensue, if proper remedies were not applied, to which he, after great hesitation, consented, and his removal to the doctor's house in Houndsditch being deemed expedient, the shop was shut up, and a poor woman commissioned to watch it by day, and a man by night.

Bentley's house, which was of a large size, had originally a front of white plaster, which time had converted into a dingy black. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of its extraordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black, and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke, as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows, scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which

several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters, and tea-trays, which were always chained to the window frames. Though this method of proceeding may appear to have arisen from parsimony, yet notoriety, rather than avarice, seemed to be his ruling principle. By the adoption of this dirty system he found, by experience, that he excited much curiosity, and attracted considerable notice. He has been heard himself to relate, that a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see him as the most remarkable character she had ever heard of, and it is certain that other ladies have been equally curious. Several of his neighbours, especially those on the opposite side of the street, frequently offered to defray the expense of painting and repairing the front of his house, but this he constantly refused, alleging that his shop was so well known abroad, as well as at home, by the denomination of the Dirty Warehouse of Leadenhall Street, that to alter its appearance would ruin his trade with the Levant and other foreign parts.

The confusion which prevailed in the interior of this place was not less remarkable than its ruinous appearance without. Gold ear-rings, trinkets, and other valuable articles, lay buried among his goods in various parts of the house. Nothing, perhaps, can convey a better idea of the disorder of Bentley's shop and business than the following anecdote. The traveller of a mercantile house at Birmingham called upon him, and obtained an order to a considerable amount, which was duly executed. About two years afterwards he waited upon him for payment for the goods, when Bentley, not recollecting his person, was astonished at the demand, and declared his total ignorance of the transaction. The traveller, after repeated application, attributing the cause to the apparent confusion of the place, requested permission to search for the goods, which he thought he should know. After spending much time and trouble, he at length discovered the bale of goods, unpacked, exactly as it was sent from Birmingham, and Bentley, being convinced, immediately settled the account.

The ignorant circulated a report that he had in his house a blue room, for the same purpose as that mentioned in the popular story of "Blue-beard;" but this is thought to have been set on foot by himself, for the purpose of checking impertinent curiosity. It is, however, a fact, that he had a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great number of years. Of this singular fancy the following circumstance is said to have been the cause. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared everything for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered, bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him, that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

In this capacious habitation Bentley lived alone, without servant or domestic of any kind. For more than twenty years before he quitted business, he had not kept a servant of either sex, and if asked the reason he would reply that he was once robbed by a servant, and was therefore determined never to keep one again. To a person who inquired whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy any vermin he might have in the house, he answered with a smile: "No sir, they only make more dirt and spoil more goods than their services are worth. And as to rats and mice," added he, "how can they live in my house when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?"

Though he kept no servant in his house, he employed a poor man by the hour to watch his door, to prevent the intrusion of impertinent people, carry out his goods occasionally, buy provisions, and hand the shutters, which he himself put up and down every night and morning. This man had directions, when Bentley was above, shaving or otherwise employed, to call him on the entrance of any customer, when he would come down just as he was, half shaved, or perhaps half naked. Notwithstanding

his oddities, he was remarkably polite to his customers, and the ladies in particular were loud in their praises of the elegance of his manners.

Amid the mass of filth which a long series of years had accumulated in his habitation, Bentley led the kind of life we have already described, till his lease of the premises expired, and in February, 1804, he quitted them with great reluctance, being under articles to his successor, Mr. Gosling, to relinquish business in his favour. For thirty years he had invariably refused admittance to every one, the ground landlord not excepted, declaring that he would not suffer a saint from heaven to go over his house. His lease terminated at Christmas, 1802, and during the next year he was the tenant of Mr. Gosling, and to him also he denied access till he could no longer withhold it.

Mr. Gosling, on obtaining possession of the premises, indulged the curious with a few of the apartments. This permission attracted a great number of visitors, by one of whom the following description of the interior of this extraordinary mansion is given.

The first objects that attracted attention were the ponderous folding-doors of the shop, and the rusty bolts, bars, and chains for securing them. The ceiling in the hall exhibited traces of former elegance, and the staircase displayed much workmanship. On the first flight of stairs hung the remains of a long extinguished lamp. The first room on the first floor had been a kitchen, where was seen a jack, spit, &c., the rusty condition of which demonstrated that it had not moved for many years. It had long been deprived of its chain, with which Bentley secured the tea-trays placed against the broken panes of his shop-windows. Here also was a clock, which was once handsome, and no doubt regulated the movements of his father's family, but now so disguised with dirt as to be much better calculated to inform the spectator how many years' filth it had accumulated, then to point out the fleeting hours and minutes. The kitchen range, once equally good and useful, had only been used to support a frying-pan without a handle, curiously mended

with pegs, in which Bentley used to burn a mixture of small coal and charcoal for cooking his provisions. The furniture of this place consisted of a dirty round table, and a bottomless chair made useful by the cover of a packing-box. Except a few articles of broken earthenware, the shelves and dressers exhibited nothing but old shoes, a masquerade wig, cocked hat, and sword. Beside the tin flour-vessel, the cleanest article in the house, stood a chemist's pipkin supplied with soap for shaving, a brush of his own manufacture, and a piece of broken looking-glass curiously inlaid in wood. This was evidently the only dressing and sitting room, and here also its extraordinary inhabitant reposed, wrapping himself up in an old coat, and lying upon the floor, which from the accumulated dirt and rubbish must have been softer than the bare boards.

Next to the kitchen was a small study, apparently long inhabited by spiders. The closet was full of dirty bottles, from which it was conjectured that Bentley had formerly been engaged in chemical pursuits. The ceiling of this room had been elegant, and the ground being blue, he gave it the name of the blue-room, by which it has already been mentioned in this narrative. The secretary and book-case contained some valuable works; the counter-part was his jewellery casket, from which he used to indulge his female customers with little ornaments as presents, which never failed to be very productive in his way of business.

The dining-room contained a large round mahogany table, at which, as Bentley related, the company were entertained at his christening. Here the looking glasses and pictures could not be distinguished from the sable walls. The antiquated grate, once of highly polished steel, but for many years a prey to consuming rust, contained nothing combustible, but seemed to groan under an immense burden of mortar and rubbish blown down the chimney. The marble sideboard, relics of chairs, the chimney-piece elegantly carved, and the shades of lustres hung round the ceiling, indicated the former respectability of the place. The carpet in this room was a curiosity, for except the corner was turned up, the

visitor imagined that he was treading on dirty boards. One of the closets was full , of pipkins and phials, of which Bentley charged his successor to be particularly careful as they contained poison enough to destroy half London.

The second floor was truly a repository of rubbish and filth. In one of the rooms was a heap of feathers, which had been the contents of a bed that had fallen to pieces on being moved, and adjoining to this was a small apartment, once his mother's favourite dressing-room, but long converted into a workshop, and which contained the remains of a forge, work-bench, tools for jewellery, smith's work, japanning and other operations. In the passage lay all the account books of his father, who no doubt would have been equally mortified and irritated could he have returned to witness his son's proceedings. In one of the garrets were found fragments of a four-post bedstead, relics of blankets, pillows, and bedding, but no description can convey any idea of their rotten and filthy condition. This had evidently once been Bentley's chamber. It also contained a heap of old shoes and several baskets of foul cast-off linen. In another of the garrets was a table covered with globes and astronomical instruments, telescopes, compasses, and books, and here Bentley is said to have spent much time in the study of the heavens.

Such was the appearance of the interior of this building, which remained for twenty years the wonder of every spectator. Bentley, before he quitted the premises, was at length obliged to submit to the disagreeable necessity of putting them in repair. To avoid any legal discussion on the subject of dilapidations, he paid down without hesitation the sum at which the surveyor estimated the expense of the repairs; but in this business he manifested his accustomed singularity, not suffering the labourers to enter the ground-floor but compelling them to descend into the cellar through its window, and to go up to the top and other parts by a ladder raised against the front, so as not to interrupt the business of his shop.

In February, 1804, as we have already mentioned, Bentley finally quitted that house, in which for forty years he had conducted

business in a manner so truly extraordinary. He then took a house in Jewry Street, Aldgate, where he lived for three years, but the landlord, not willing that it should fall a sacrifice to his filth, declined the renewal of the lease, and Bentley was again compelled to find another abode.

From Jewry Street he removed to Leonard Street, Shore-ditch, taking with him a stock of spoiled goods to the amount of £10,000, which he soon afterwards sold in the lot for only £1000. With this added to £400, which he then had in the Bank, he might have secured an income fully adequate to his wants for the remainder of his life; but of this prospect ho was soon deprived, being robbed of a considerable sum by a woman of loose character, with whom he was imprudent enough to form a connexion in his old age, after having, for upwards of forty years, not even allowed himself a female servant. Here he lived for about twelve months, when, probably to divert his mind from the contemplation of his misfortune, he quitted it, and commenced a perambulation from one country place to another, more in the habit of a beggar than a traveller for pleasure. In this pedestrian excursion he journeyed as far as Musselburgh in Scotland, and put up at a small inn, where he was seized with a fever. After some time, finding his disorder relax, he proceeded to Haddington, a distance of ten miles from Musselburgh, through the exertion of which a relapse ensued. Quite penniless, and suffering severely from his indisposition, he took up his abode at the Crown Inn, where he wrote a letter to a friend at Sheffield, requesting a remittance of £5, which he soon after received.

Although getting worse and worse he refused any medical aid, till the landlord, fearing his disorder might prove fatal, called in assistance; but it was too late, for after lingering some time he expired, about the close of the year 1809, and was buried at Haddington church, under the superintendence of the magistrates, by part of whom, together with the land-lord of the Crown, and several of the inhabitants, his remains were attended to the grave.

The whole of the expenses, including lodging, medical attendance, and burial, did not amount to £10. His £400 was administered to soon after his death.

MAYOR OF GARRAT

JEFFREY DUNSTAN, or as he was significantly called since his appointment to the mayoralty of Garrat, Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, was found in the year 1759, wrapped up in a cloth, at the door of a church-warden of the Parish of St. Dunstan in the East; and from the superiority of the mantle he had on, it is likely he was the child of some respectable person who did not choose to own him, which is most probably the case; but certain it is, no one did ever father him. When *honour* and fortune smiled on Sir Jeffrey, he never troubled himself to search into the secrets of the Herald's Office for family arms; but in opposition to them, formed his own

which is always full of popular sentiments and promises. The following is the speech of Sir Jeffrey Dunstan.

TO THE WORTHY ELECTORS OF THE ANCIENT BOROUGH OF GARRAT

"My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

"A landed property being the only unexceptionable qualification that entitles me to a seat in the august parliament of Great Britain, I presume my estate in the Isle of Mud will, in point of property, secure to me your votes and interests, to represent you in the ensuing parliament. Now ladies and gentlemen, I propose for the good of mankind, to anticipate a few promises like other great men, but which I will strictly adhere to, that is, as long as I find it my interest so to do. First, in regard to his Majesty's want of money, I am determined to make him easy on that point. God bless him! by abolishing the use of it, entirely, and reducing the price of gold, it being the worst canker to the soul of man, and the only expedient I can think of to prevent bribery and corruption, an evil which all the great bigwigs of Westminster cannot prevent, notwithstanding all their gravity and knowledge, as the late proceedings against governor Green Peas can fully testify. Now, as my worthy constituents may be assured, I shall use all my honest endeavours to get a majority in the house, I shall always take the popular side of the question, and yet to do all I can to oblige that jewel of a man, Sugar Plumb Billy, particularly to assist him in paying off the national debt, without wetting a sponge. My scheme for this, ladies and gentlemen, is to unmarry all those who choose it, on such terms as the minister shall think fit. This being a glorious opportunity for women of spirit to exert themselves, and regain their long lost empire over their husbands, whom they could only cuckold now and then, I hope they will use all their coaxing arts to get me elected in their husbands' place, and this will greatly increase the influence of the crown, and vastly lower India bonds.

"As I detest the idea of a placeman, I pledge myself not to accept of anything less than the government of Duck Island, or the bishopric of Durham, for I am very fond of a clean shirt, and lawn sleeves I think look well,

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[illegible]

[illegible]

during four parliaments, though not without experiencing violent opposition in the persons of Squire Osborn the Bill-stroker, Lord Goring the ministerial butcher, and others. The following is a copy of his address to his constituents, at the general election, 1807 —

TO THE WORTHY, FREE, AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE ANCIENT BOROUGH OF CARRAT.

"Gentlemen,

"Once more you are called on to exercise your invaluable rights, the Elective Franchise, for your ancient and honourable borough, and once more your faithful representative, for the last three parliaments, offers himself as a candidate.

"Gentlemen – As all the talents were lately dismissed, disgracefully, it is impossible I should declare to you I held no place under them. I am, Gentlemen, no mill's and water patriot – I am no summer insect – I have always been a champion for the rights and privileges of my constituents – and as we have now an entire change of ministry, I hope, as they are called to many of the blocks, they will see the necessity of calling to their aid and assistance men who have long been tried in constitutional – men, whose virtue and integrity may shine at the awful crisis. And, Gentlemen, should they at length see their interest so clear as to call me not to place under them, I declare I am ready to accept any place under them, but I am determined to act on independent principles, as my worthy colleague Lord Cochrane, so loudly and sweetly swore on the hustings, at Covent Garden.

"Gentlemen – I congratulate you on the defeat of Sixpenny Jack,* he was obliged to hop off and leave the laurel at victors to Sir Francis Burdett and my worthy colleague, Lord Cochrane, and should any Quixotic candidate be harsh enough to contest with me, the high honour of representing your ancient borough, I have no doubt, by your manly exertions, you will completely triumph over my opponent. In times past, you have

* Alluding to John Elliot, Esq., brewer, who was a candidate with Sir F. Burdett and Lord Cochrane, for the city of Westminster—at which time portrait was superior over

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

In addition to his office of mayor, he was nominated as a proper person to be opposed to the then all-powerful Bonaparte, whereupon he was elected Emperor. His garb now assumed all the show of royalty; but unlike most monarchs, he carried his crown in his hand, it not being correct, he said, for him to wear it till he had ousted his more powerful rival. In this character, Sir Harry levied pretty handsome contributions on the good people of London; but the novelty of his person at length lost most of its attractions, he became neglected; illness seized him, and he died in the year 1811, in the 53rd year of his age.

By his death the boys were deprived of an object of ridicule, and the compassionate man spared the painful task of witnessing so harmless a being tormented and ill-used by the unfeeling and the heedless.

On the demise of Sir Harry, the mayoralty of Garrat was invested on Sir John Coke, a well-known and eccentric coster-monger, of Tothill Fields, Westminster.

The greatest acquirement necessary to qualify a candidate for the representation of this most *noble and ancient borough*, appears to be some great deformity, idiotism, or professed lunacy, for at a late election we observed in a hand-bill of one of the candidates, that his principal recommendation was his being "*The tried friend of Hedges' Best!!!*" and in another, "*The tried friend of Barclay and Coombe's!!!*"

conducted with prudence, he retired from the world in disgust, and educated his family in that obscurity to which the narrowness of his circumstances confined him.

George in his infancy is said to have manifested a predilection for the art; and it is certain, that in the exhibitions of the society of artists, to which his father belonged, were shown drawings by his son, when only four, five, and six years old, which would have done credit to youths who were learning the art as a profession. From this time his father obliged him to study, without intermission, the practice of every department of the art.

He was at this period confined to an upper room, copying drawings, or pictures, and drawing from plaster casts. Being almost entirely restricted from society, all the opportunities he had for amusement were obtained by stealth, and his associates were a few boys in the neighbourhood. The means of enjoyment were obtained by such close application to his business as to produce a few drawings or pictures more than his father imagined he could complete in a given time. These he lowered by a string from the window of his apartment to his youthful companions, by whom they were converted into money, which they spent in common when opportunities offered. In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland, and to this unremitted diligence and application he was indebted for the extraordinary power he possessed over the implements of his art. Avarice was the ruling passion of his father; and this passion was so insatiable, that he kept his son incessantly at work, and gave him little, if any, other education. To this cause must doubtless be attributed all the irregularities of his subsequent life.

Morland's first original compositions were dictated by his father. They were small pictures of two or three figures taken from the ballads of the day. These his father put into frames, and sold at different prices, from one guinea to three, according to the pockets of his customers. These, though infinitely inferior to his later productions, were much admired; many fell into the hands

of engagement, and the strength made from them, first brought Morland into notice.

Some gentlemen, to whom the elder Morland was known, wished to patronize the youthful artist. From one he borrowed two capital pieces of Vernet, which George copied in an admirable style. Mr Sargeaunt permitted him to take a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy; and on this occasion the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition was strikingly displayed. The original was at Beachcroft's, whither the two Morlands used to repair. Mr Sargeaunt allowed to prince the youth and to observe the progress of the work, but he refused to begin his picture till he had obtained a solemn promise that he should be overlooked by no person whatever. The promise was given: he painted the picture associated with the servants, while he remained in the house; and no encouragement or entreaties could bring him into the company of the generous and public-spirited proprietor.

A friend who was going to pass the summer at Margate advised old Morland to send his son to that place to paint portraits. The plan appeared a good one, and was adopted. George, with his picture of Garrick and some others, took lodgings for the season; customers flocked to him; his portraits pleased, and he began a great number. Unfortunately, the society of accomplished women of rational men made him feel his own ignorance and insignificance; hence every one who sat to him was an object of disgust. The pig-races, and other elegant amusements projected for the lower order of visitors at Margate, engaged the whole of his attention, and the portraits were thrown aside to be completed in town. Instead of returning home with his pockets full of money, he only brought a large cargo of unfinished canvases, and as the engagements of the watering place are forgotten in the capital, very few of them were afterwards completed.

Through in this expedition he obtained very little pecuniary advantage, he gained several points that were of considerable consequence. He acquired the reputation of being an artist who

possessed considerable talents, he emancipated himself from paternal authority, and instead of handing a sketch slily out of the window to raise a few shillings, he did what he pleased, and fixed what price he thought proper on his labours. By means of the money thus obtained, he was enabled to make many acquaintances, who unfortunately contributed to fix his character for life. The lowest among the professors of his art now became the companions of Morland. To these he was equal in intellect, and superior in talent, he was likewise superior to them in a circumstance which will always obtain from such persons what ignorant men covet, the adulation of their associates. A ride into the country to a smock-race or a grinning-match, a jolly dinner, and a drinking bout after it, a mad scamper home with a flounce into the mud, and two or three other et ceteras, formed the sum of their enjoyments. Of these Morland had as much as he desired, and as he was the richest of the sect, by the community of property among such jolly dogs, he commonly paid for them more than his share.

About this time Morland married, and became acquainted with J. E. Smith the engraver, who then dealt largely in prints, for whom he painted many pictures of subjects from the familiar scenes of life. Every one was acquainted with the subjects, and felt the sentiments they conveyed, so that the prints which Mr. Smith made from those paintings had an unprecedented sale, and extended Morland's fame, not only throughout this kingdom, but even over the continent. The subjects were probably suggested by Smith, as they displayed more sentiment than Morland ever seemed to possess. His peculiar talent, as it now burst forth with full splendour, was landscape, such as it is found in sequestered situations, and with appropriate animals and figures. He was extremely fond of visiting the Isle of Wight, and there is scarcely an object to be met with along the shore, at the back of the island, that his pencil has not delineated. His best pictures are replete with scenes drawn from that spot. A fine rocky shore, with fishermen mending their nets, careening their boats, or sending their fish to

the neighbouring market-towns, were scenes he most delighted in, when he attempted sea-shore pieces, and the Isle of Wight afforded him abundant opportunities to gratify [illegible] and fancy. In this, his constant summer excursion, he was once recognised at a place called Freshwater Gate, in a low public-house, known by the name of the Cabin. A number of fishermen, a few sailors, and three or four rustics formed the homely group: he was in the midst of them, contributing his joke, and partaking of their noisy merriment, when [illegible] and [illegible] company for an hour. Morland, with some reluctance, withdrew from the Cabin; and the next day, when his friend began to remonstrate on his keeping such company, he took from his pocket a sketch-book, and asked him where he was to find a true picture of humble life, unless in such a place as that from which his friend had taken him. The sketch was a correct delineation of everything in the Cabin tap-room, even to a countenance, a stool, a settee, or the position of a figure. This [illegible] after leaving the house, and one of his best pictures is the very scene he then sketched, a proof that his mind was still intent on its favourite pursuit, the delineation of nature in her homeliest attire, though his manners at the moment betrayed nothing further than an eagerness to partake of the [illegible] surrounding companions.

During one of these excursions, a friend at whose house he resided, having gone to London, left an order at his departure with an acquaintance at Cowes, to give Morland his own price for such drawings or pictures as he should think proper to send. The gentleman intrusted with this commission, though highly respectable both in his moral and professional character, had nevertheless a very incompetent knowledge of, and as little real relish for the fine arts. Morland's pictures were always sent in with an accompanying solicitation for cash according to the nature of the subject. These demands were regularly complied with, until at length a small but highly finished drawing was transmitted with

a demand, as usual, for a sum proportionate to its merit. Struck with the apparent disparity between the size of the drawing and the sum required, which seemed out of all proportion, the conscientious agent positively refused to advance a shilling until he had transmitted the drawing to his friend, who was then in London. This was accordingly done, and instructions were immediately sent back to take the drawing and as many others as the artist might offer at the same price. On the receipt of this liberal and explicit order, the agent at Cowes hastened to find out Morland and instantly paid the money, but not "without observing that he thought his friend deranged in his intellect.

During Morland's stay at Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, he and his fellow travellers were apprehended as spies, when the former in his vindication produced several drawings which he had just finished at Cowes, but these the officers ingeniously construed into confirmations of their guilt. They were accordingly escorted by a numerous body of soldiers and constables to Newport, where, after being separately examined before the bench of justices, they were at length discharged with a strict injunction to paint and draw no more during their stay in the island.

The manner in which he painted rural subjects obtained so much notice, that his fortune might now have been made; purchasers appeared who would have taken any number of pictures he could have painted, and paid any price for them he could have demanded, but here the low-bred dealers in pictures stepped in, and completed that ruin the low-bred artists had begun. His unfortunate peculiarity assisted them much in this plan; the dislike he had for the society of gentlemen made him averse to speak to one who only wished to purchase his pictures. This peculiarity his friends the dealers took care to encourage to such a degree, that men of rank and fortune were often denied admittance to him when he was surrounded by a gang of harpies who pushed the glass and the joke apparently at the *quiz* who was refused admittance, but in reality at the fool who was the dupe of their artifices. They,

in the character of friends, purchased of him all his pictures, which they afterwards sold at very advanced prices. This was carried to such an extent, that gentlemen who wished to obtain Morland's pictures ceased to apply to him for them, but applied to such of his *friends* as had any to sell; so that he was entirely cut off from all connexion with the real admirers of his works, and a competition took place among those by whom he was surrounded, each striving to obtain possession and to exclude all the rest from a share in the prey.

For this reason all Avere anxious to join in his country excursions and his drinking-parties, and to haunt his painting-room in the morning, glass in hand, to obtain his friendship. Thus his original failing was increased, his health and his talents were injured, and by the united efforts of the crew, his gross debauchery produced idleness and a consequent embarrassment of his circumstances, when he was sure to become a prey to some of this honest set. It frequently happened, that when a picture had been bespoken by one of his friends who advanced some money to induce him to work, if the purchaser did not stand by to see it finished, and carry it away with him, some other person, who was lurking about for the purpose, and knew the state of Morland's pocket, by the temptation of a few guineas, obtained the picture, and carried it off, leaving the intended purchaser to lament his loss, and to seek his remedy by prevailing on Morland to paint him another picture; that is, when he was in the humour to work for money he had already spent; in making which satisfaction he certainly was not very alert. Thus all were served in their turn, and though each exulted in the success of the trick, when he was so lucky as to obtain a picture in this way, yet they all joined in exclaiming against Morland's want of honesty in not keeping his promises.

Mr. Hassell, himself an artist and the biographer of Morland, had once sold one of his pictures to a gentleman, who it was stipulated should have the companion within a given time. Notwithstanding half the price of the latter was paid in advance, and the subject had

been dead-coloured, yet convinced that all remonstrances on the necessity of honour and punctuality in his engagements would have been ineffectual, the following stratagem was employed. Morland was an early riser, and in summer would frequently be at his easel by six in the morning and sometimes even sooner. Aware of this, Mr. Hassell procured two of his acquaintances to personate sheriffs' officers, whom he stationed at the White Lion, opposite to Morland's house at Paddington, with instructions that they should take their breakfast in a room of the inn directly facing his painting-room, and occasionally walk to and fro before the door. This plan being arranged, he obtained admission into the artist's study, where he found him as he expected, already at work, and requested he would then finish what he had so repeatedly promised; but so far from producing any effect by his entreaties, the more he urged them, the more jocular Morland became on the occasion. After waiting some time Hassell carelessly opened a part of the shutter, as if to see the state of the weather, and pretended to express some surprise at two men who appeared to be watching the door of Morland's house. The artist, who was easily alarmed, and perhaps, at that moment, had sufficient cause for apprehension, now went to the window himself to reconnoitre, and instantly affirmed that they were waiting for him. He was deeply impressed with this idea, which his companion endeavoured to confirm; and accordingly recommended that the door should be kept closely shut, till it was ascertained whether these persons were actually waiting for him, or there was some probability of their going away. He then renewed his solicitations that Morland would finish the picture, which he enforced by showing him the other moiety of the price in hard cash, care having been previously taken to secure the entrance of the house, and orders given that all comers should be answered by the servant out of a two pair of stairs window, that Morland had not been at home all night. This had the desired effect. No interruption occurred, and all supplies for that day being apparently cut off, the artist made a virtue of necessity, and finished a landscape

and figures, one of the best pictures he ever painted, in less than six hours after he had dead-coloured it. Having now succeeded, Hassell, in order to remove his friend's apprehensions, pretended to recollect the countenance of one of the persons in waiting, and in a few minutes demonstrated to Morland the truth of his observations, by taking the picture, wet as it was, and transferring it to one of them to carry home.

About the year 1790, Morland lived in the neighbourhood of Paddington. At this period he had reached the very summit of his merit and also of his extravagance. He kept at one time no less than eight saddle horses at livery, at the sign of the White Lion, opposite to his house, and was absurd enough to wish to be considered as a horse-dealer. Frequently horses for which one day he would give thirty or forty guineas, he would sell the next for less than half that sum; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear for a short time in cash, until the day of payment came, when a picture was produced as a douceur for the renewal of the notes.

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was remarkable, nor his talents were by any means adequate to counterpoise. His wine-merchant, who was also a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds for the renewal of a bill. By this conduct he heaped folly upon folly to such a degree, that a fortune of ten thousand a year would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

No man was more accessible to flattery than Morland, and the more gross was the mode in which it was served up, the more highly was it relished. If an ostler or post-boy applauded his observations he was sure to be touched in the palm with half-a-crown, or perhaps to receive a pair of leather breeches little the worse for wear. His acquaintances of this cast were so numerous, that there was scarcely a driver on the north road, within fifty miles of

London, that was not known to him; nor was there a blood-horse of any note whose pedigree and performances he could not relate with astonishing facility.

An inn at Highgate, where the sovereign judges of the whip generally stopped on their return to the country, to refresh themselves and their horses, was a favourite resort of Morland's. There he used to take his stand, and there indeed he was completely at home; receiving the compliments of every one that offered them, in return for which he always considered it his duty to pay the reckoning. With a pipe in his mouth he would frequently parade before the door of this house, and hail the carriages as they passed in succession before him; and from being so well known he was generally greeted in return with a familiar salute from the postilion. The consequence he attached to this species of homage, as an illustration of his great merit, was such as almost to exceed belief.

Among other instances of his eccentricity the following is given by Mr. Hassell.—"A lady, whose sister the writer afterwards married, went with her husband, in consequence of ill health, to reside at Paddington, and had been promised a sucking pig by Morland, who was intimate with the family. As the writer was walking towards Paddington, one summer's morning, to inquire concerning the health of his relative, he observed a man posting before him with a pig, which he held in his arms as if it had been a child. The piteous squeaks of the little animal, unaccustomed to such a mode of conveyance, attracted the notice of numerous spectators, both from the doors and windows, as he passed along. Struck with the laughable conduct of the bearer of the pig, the writer determined to follow him, as the adventure promised some humour, and the more so as the pig-bearer would set the pig down to every dog that barked, and there were not a few, and pitt him against the dog. From this a chase would sometimes ensue, and the pig-hunter having overtaken the animal, would hastily snatch it up and jog on as before. In this manner he pursued his course through several of the streets of Marylebone till he reached the house of the

writer's friend, where to his no small surprise, the man with the pig knocked and readily obtained admittance. Conceiving him to be some person connected with the people of the house, the writer thought of nothing but creating a laugh by reciting the singularity of the adventure; but how great was his astonishment upon entering the dining-room to find this original character, with the pig yet under his arm, introduced to him as Mr. Morland the painter."

It was about the year 1790 that our artist, who was lineally descended from Sir Samuel Morland, an eminent mathematician of the seventeenth century, was assured by his solicitor that he was the undoubted heir to the dormant baronetage, and was advised to assert his claim. He, however, sagaciously remarked, that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures as well, and obtain him as much respect, as if *Sir* was prefixed to it; for there was more honour in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman. George's aversion to fashionable life was probably a strong motive for his renouncing this honour.

Mr. Hassell, in his memoirs of the life of this eminent artist, relates two circumstances in which his love of low company subjected Morland's pride to sensible mortification.

One day Mr. J. R. Smith, by whom Morland was then employed, called in company with Mr. J. Bannister to see what progress he had made in a picture which was upon the easel. Satisfied with what he saw, Mr. Smith was about to take his leave, when Morland proposed to accompany him in his morning's ride, which Mr. Smith declined, saying, in an abrupt and emphatic tone, "I have an appointment with a *gentleman* who is waiting for me." Morland immediately felt the keenness of the shaft levelled at him, and understood the insinuation that he was not a fit companion for Mr. Smith or Mr. Bannister, and gave vent to his splenetic humour in the most vulgar and indecent language.

The other was a more humorous occurrence, and originated in an invitation which Morland had received from a gentleman who resided at Hadley, and who agreed to meet him at High-gate. There

were some other gentlemen in company, and among the rest Mr. Hassell, who relates the anecdote. On their way to Barnet they had reached the turnpike-gate at Whetstone, when a kind of lumber or jockey-cart intercepted their progress, and two persons seated in the vehicle were seen disputing with the gate-keeper about the toll. In consequence of this interruption there was only room for one horse to pass at a time. Morland was endeavouring to make good his way, when one of the gentlemen in the cart, looking up, vociferated; "*Vat, Mr. Morland von't you speak to a body?*" It was particularly observed that the artist endeavoured to shun this greeting, and wished to pass on in silence; but his old friend was not to be put off so easily, and still continued bawling out to him, until at length he was obliged to recognise his companion and crony, Mr. Hooper, the tinman and celebrated pugilist, who by this time had extended his hand to give Morland a hearty fraternal shake. He had no sooner done this, than turning to his comrade, the charioteer, he introduced a chimney-sweeper to Morland's notice, calling out, "*Vy, Dick, don't you know this here gemman? 'Tis my friend Mr. Morland.*" The sooty knight instantly put out his hand and forced the officious welcome upon Morland, notwithstanding the latter made many awkward attempts to avoid the squeeze. The chagrin he manifested upon this occasion clearly evinced that his pride was very sensibly hurt, if, indeed, he ever possessed what may be termed virtuous and commendable pride, for he always endeavoured to clear himself from the imputation of this rencontre with his brother of the brush, by declaring that the tinman had forced his company upon him, and that the chimney-sweeper was a perfect stranger to him; which, however, considering Morland's habits, was not a very probable case, nor was it easily accredited.

Morland's dress and equipage at this period were completely changed from the affectation of excessive foppery to the appearance of extreme neatness. Scarcely a week elapsed but he sported a pair of new gloves and leather breeches, so that on the last-mentioned occasion it was ludicrous to observe him with a clean glove

on one hand and the marks of the sooty squeeze on the other. This was a joke which he never liked to hear repeated, though, for a considerable time afterwards, *sweeps, your honour* was a standing jest among his friends, and never faile'd to make the laugh go round.

In one of Morland's excursions from London, he was surprised by a friend seated in the midst of the smuggling crew of the celebrated Johnson. In the centre of this motley group was placed a half anker of gin, into which each of the company, dipping a glass tumbler, drank off his quota, and then passed it to his neighbour. Morland also, when it came to his turn, quaffed his portion with as much pleasure as any of the rest, nor was it till the keg was drained that he left his associates. It was a sort of hobby-horse that led him into this 'ow company. He was extremely vain when he could be thought a person of consequence among such rabble; but in the end he smarted for his weakness. He endeavoured to assume the same character as his associates, and the liberty and coarse freedom with which he was in consequence greeted, frequently made him ridiculous.

In the course of the years 1790—1792, when Morland's best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity at borrowing without scruple or hesitation, embraced their offers indiscriminately, for there was scarcely one of these liberal friends whose purse he did not make free with, and that, too, almost at the same time and on the same occasion.

Having received an invitation from Claude Lorrain Smith, Esq., to visit him at his seat at Enderby, in Leicestershire, the purse he had thus collected very opportunely served his purpose. Accompanied by one of his trusty friends, commonly known by the appellation of Dirty Brookes, a notorious debauchee, who fell a sacrifice to his excess, away he set out upon this rural excursion. This journey was kept a profound secret from his accommodating friends the picture dealers, and his absence consequently excited

a considerable deal of alarm, which was not a little augmented by a report industriously circulated, as a good joke, by one of his waggish companions, that he was gone to France. The sudden shock which this intelligence occasioned, proceeded less from the apprehension of losing the sums they had lent him, than from the disappointment of their speculative schemes. It would require the spirit of Hogarth's pencil correctly to depict the lengthened countenances of these outwitted speculators when they first compared notes together. It was, however, unanimously agreed to make all possible inquiries about the artist, who meanwhile was priding himself on having thus taken in the knowing ones.

No sooner had he returned from this excursion, than he found his picture and horse-dealing friends very solicitous to renew their visits. This, however, he would not encourage, but from this moment studiously avoided all society, and with only a single crony to hawk his pictures about the town, was invisible for months together.

So strongly was the mind of this ill-fated artist impressed with the idea that he should become an inhabitant of a gaol, that he actually visited the King's Bench Prison *incog*, to ascertain how he should like confinement; yet, so great was his dread of the apprehended evil, that he declared nothing but absolute necessity should ever compel him to a surrender of his liberty.

It was now that he began to feel the ill effects of having involved himself in debt. If he walked the streets, he was sure to be dogged, or to imagine himself dogged by some lurking creditor, before he could reach his habitation, where, notwithstanding all his precautions, he was frequently discovered. Whenever he surmised this to be the case, he would suddenly decamp, and in a few days his trusty dependents would be despatched to fetch away his implements.

The consequences attendant on the imprudence of Morland's conduct were frequent distress, the spunging-house, and the gaol, except he had the good fortune to escape into a retirement unknown to all but some trusty dealer, who, for the time, took

all his works, and paid him a stipulated sum for his support. On one occasion, to avoid his creditors, he retired from public observation, and lived in great obscurity near Hackney. Some of the neighbours, from his extreme privacy and other circumstances, entertained a notion that he was either a coiner or a fabricator of forged Bank notes, which suspicion being communicated to the Bank, the directors sent some police-officers to search the house, and if any indications of guilt should appear, to take the offender into custody. As they approached they were observed by Morland, who, naturally concluding them to be a bailiff and followers in quest of himself, immediately retreated into the garden, went out at a back door, and ran over the brick-fields towards Hoxton, and then to London. Mrs. Morland, trembling, opened the front door, when the police-officers entered, and began to search the house. An explanation took place, she assured them, with unaffected simplicity, evidently the result of truth, that they were mistaken, and informed them of the cause of his flight. As they discovered in the house little more than some excellent unfinished pictures, which excited in them some respect and admiration, they said they were convinced of the mistake, and retired. On communicating the result of their search to the directors, and informing them that they had made no discovery of bank notes, but that it was the retreat of Morland the painter, and giving them an account of his flight to avoid them as bailiffs, the directors commiserating the pecuniary embarrassment of this unfortunate genius, and to compensate the trouble they had unintentionally given, generously presented him with forty pounds.

It has been related that at another time he was found in a lodging in Somers-town, in the following extraordinary circumstances. His infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin in one corner of the room; an ass and her foal stood munching barley-straw out of the cradle; a sow and pigs were solacing themselves in the recess of an old cupboard, and he himself was whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel,

with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting, or rather kicking, for his portrait on the other. This story has, however, been positively contradicted by his biographer, who says: "As for that part of it which relates to the child, we can positively assert that he never had one: the rest of the story may in some parts be true; for when he lived in the Lambeth Road, he had an inmate of the long-eared tribe, and a few other singular lodgers: but that any person who ever knew Morland could have supposed him bold enough to stay in a room with a corpse by himself is perfectly ridiculous. He was remarkably timid, and so nervous that he never attempted to exercise his profession till he had drunk sufficient to subdue the irritability resulting from his over-night's excess."

The department of his art in which Morland shone forth in all his glory, was picturesque landscape. For about seven years that he painted such subjects he was in his prime, and though the figures he introduced were of the lower order, yet they were consistent with the scenes, and had nothing that created disgust; but when his increasing irregularities led him from the woodside to the ale-house, his subjects assumed a meaner cast, as they partook of the meanness of his society, for he still painted what he saw. Stage-coachmen, postilions, and drovers drinking, were honoured by his pencil; his sheep were changed for pigs; and at last, with the true feeling of a disciple of Circe, he forsook the picturesque cottage, and the woodland scenery, and never seemed happy but in a pig-stye. At this time one of his most favourite resorts was the top of Gray's Inn Lane, where it opens into the fields; there he might be seen for hours together, amidst the accumulations of ashes and filth, quaffing copious draughts of his ordinary beverage, and sketching the picturesque forms of nightmen, dustmen and cinder-wenches, pigs, half-starved asses, and hacks in training for the slaughter-house.

Morland's embarrassments were far from producing any change of his conduct, and at length conducted him, through the hands of a bailiff, into that confinement of which he had entertained such

well-grounded" apprehensions. This, however, did not render him unhappy, but rather afforded him an opportunity of indulging, without control, all his favourite propensities. There he could mingle with such companions as were best adapted to his taste; there, in his own way, he could reign and revel surrounded by the very lowest of the low. His constant companion in this theatre of indolence and dissipation was a person who went under the familiar appellation of *My Dicky*. This *Dicky*, a waterman by occupation, was his confidant and picture salesman. If accident detained the purchaser of a bespoke picture beyond the time he had stipulated to send for it. *My Dicky* was always at hand to carry it forthwith to the pawnbroker's. To one of these places Morland once despatched this man with the picture of a farm-yard, on which he demanded three guineas, and as the picture was wet from the easel, he requested that particular care should be taken not to injure it. Too much care sometimes defeats its intention; this might possibly have been the case in the present instance, for while the pawnbroker was going up stairs to convey the picture to a place of security, his foot unfortunately slipped, and his clothes coming in contact with the canvas, totally obliterated the head and fore-part of a hog. The dealer in money, unable to remedy this accident, returned the painting with a polite note, apologising for the accident, and requesting the artist to restore the head of the animal and retouch the damaged parts. This, to use Morland's language upon the occasion, was a *good one*. No sooner was the picture again in his possession, than he made a peremptory demand of five guineas for complying with the request of the pawnbroker, accompanying this demand with an intimation that if the picture was not returned in as perfect a state as when it was sent, he should commence an action against the pawnbroker for the recovery of thirty pounds, the value at which he estimated it. In this dilemma, the latter thought it most prudent to comply with the demand, and in less than an hour the whole business was adjusted to their mutual satisfaction.

Morland, when distressed, was never barren in expedients, as the following whimsical circumstance will serve to demonstrate. He had been making sketches of the coast near Deal, and was returning to town on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Ward, the engraver. The extravagant humours of the preceding evening had drained their exchequer of every shilling. Morland began to feel the calls of nature for refreshment, but the difficulty was how to procure it. Observing a low-built house by the road side, over which was placed an animal intended for a bull, our artist, who was seldom at a loss for a pretext to enter a public-house, went in, and under the plea of inquiring the way, expressed his surprise to the landlord that he did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. Boniface alleged his inability to get it repaired on account of the charge, observing that it was good enough for his humble dwelling; but Morland offering to paint him a new one for five shillings, he immediately acquiesced, and commissioned him to make a trial of his skill. A new difficulty now occurred. Morland was without implements, which could not be procured at a smaller distance than Canterbury, to which place the landlord was, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to send. In the mean time the travellers had bespoken a dinner, exhausted several pitchers of good ale, and taken at least a quantum sufficit of spirits, all which could not be paid for by painting the sign. Instead of five shillings, the sum contracted for, the reckoning amounted, before the bull was finished, to ten, and the chagrined landlord reluctantly suffered the travellers to depart on Morland's explaining who he was, and promising to call and pay on a future day. Their host had, however, no reason to repent of his bargain; for Morland, on his arrival in London, having related this adventure at one of his usual places of resort, the singularity of the story induced a gentleman, who entertained the highest opinion of his performances, to set off privately in quest of the Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas.

About three years before his death Morland received a severe stroke from the palsy, which gave so rude a shock to his whole frame, intellectual and corporeal, that, sometimes while in the act of painting he would fall back senseless in his chair, or sleep for hours together.

When in confinement, and even sometimes when he was at liberty, it was common for him to have four guineas a day and his drink, an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor had completely overcome him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for that day. This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, to keep him in a state fit for work, and to carry off the day's work when it was done; otherwise some eaves-dropper snapped up his picture, and he was left to obtain what redress he could.

By this conduct, steadily pursued for many years, he ruined his constitution, diminished his powers, and sunk himself into general contempt. He had no society, nor did he wish for any, but that of the lowest of those beings whose only enjoyment is gin and ribaldry, and from which he was taken by a Marshalsea writ for a trifling sum. When removed to a place of confinement, he called for a large quantity of spirits, which he hastily swallowed, and soon became delirious, in which state he lay some days, raving violently, and the subject of his exclamation was his deep regret for his domestic misconduct. In this dreadful state, he expired in agony on the 29th October, 1804, in the fortieth year of his age. His remains were removed to the house of Mr. W. Ward, who, with Mr. J. Ward, at the request of his relations, accompanied them to the grave.

All of them had often witnessed his declaring for "a short and a merry one." A short life he had, but merriment was by far its smallest portion -, his death was such as such a life commonly ensures.

The death of the amiable and unfortunate Mrs. Morland was not less afflicting. She had been used to say, "I know my friends wish

George dead, and think that I shall be happy, but they do not know what they wish for: whenever that happens I shall not live three days after." A prediction which was but too completely realized.

Thus perished George Morland, whose best works will command esteem so long as any taste for the art remains; whose ordinary productions will please so long as any love for a just representation of what is natural can be found; and whoso talents might have ensured him happiness and merited distinction, if his entrance into life had been guided by those who were able and willing to caution him against the snares which are continually preparing by interested knavery for the inexperience of youth.

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JOANNA SOUTHCOTT

AN EXTRAORDINARY FANATIC

THIS WOMAN was born at Gettisham in Devonshire. She was the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott, her father was in the farming line, and both her parents were professed members of the Established Church.

The first forty years of her life were passed in honest industry, sometimes as a servant, at others working at the upholsterers' business, without any other symptom of a disordered intellect than that she was zealously attached to the methodists. She mentions in one of her books a preacher who frequented her master's house, and, according to her account, lived in habits of adultery with the wife, trying at the same time to debauch the daughter, while the husband vainly attempted to seduce Joanna herself. This preacher

used to terrify all who heard him in prayer, and to make them shriek out convulsively. He said that he had sometimes, at a meeting, made the whole congregation lie stiff upon the floor till he had got the evil spirits out of them; that there never was a man so highly favoured of God as himself; that he would not thank God to make him anything, unless he made him greater than any man upon earth, and gave him power above all men; and he boasted, upon hearing of the death of one who had censured him, that he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights, beseeching God to take vengeance upon that man, and send him to eternity. Where such impious bedlamites as these are allowed to walk abroad, it is not to be wondered at that madness should become epidemic. Joanna Southcott lived in a house which this man frequented, and where, notwithstanding his infamous life, his pretensions to supernatural gifts were acknowledged, and he was accustomed to preach and pray. The servants all stood in fear of him. Joanna says, he had no power over her, but she used to think the room was full of spirits when he was in prayer; and he was so haunted that he never could sleep in a room by himself, for he said his wife came every night to trouble him. She was perplexed about him, fully believing that he wrought miracles, and wondering by what spirit he wrought them. After she became a prophetess herself, she discovered that this gentleman was the false prophet in the Revelation, who is to be taken with the beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Four persons wrote to Joanna upon the subject of her pretended mission, each calling himself Christ! One Mr. Leach, a methodist preacher, told her to go to the Lord in his name, and tell the Lord that he said her writings were inspired by the devil. These circumstances show how commonly delusion, blasphemy, and madness, are to be found in this country, and may lessen our wonder at the frenzy of Joanna and her followers. Her own career began humbly, with prophecies concerning the weather, such as the popular English Almanacs contain; and threats concerning the fate

of Europe, and the successes of the French, which were at that time the speculations of every newspaper, and of every alehouse politician. Some of these guesses having chanced to be right, the women of the family in which she then worked at the upholstering business, began to lend ear to her; and she ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of one Mr. Pomeroy, the clergyman whose church she attended in Exeter. He listened to her with timid curiosity, rather wanting courage than credulity to become her disciple; received from her certain sealed prophecies which were at some future time to be opened, when, as it would be seen that they had been accomplished, they would prove the truth of her inspiration; and sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world. But in this publication his own name appeared, and that in such a manner as plainly to imply, that, if he had not encouraged her to print, he had not endeavoured to prevent her from so doing. His eyes were immediately open to his own imprudence, whatever they may have been to the nature of her call; and he obtained her consent to insert an advertisement in the newspaper 'with her signature, stating that he had said it was the work of the devil. But here the parties were at issue: as the advertisement was worded, it signified that the clergyman always said her calling was from the devil; on the other hand, Joanna and her witnesses protest that what she had signed was merely an acknowledgment that he had said, after her book was printed, the devil had instigated her to print his name in it. This would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the very extraordinary situation into which this gentleman brought himself. Wishing to be clear of the connexion in which he had so unluckily engaged, he burnt the sealed papers which had been entrusted to his care. From that time all the Joannians regarded him as the arch-apostate. He was the Jehoiakim who burnt Jeremiah's roll of prophecies; he was their Judas Iscariot, a second Lucifer, son of the Morning. They called upon him to produce these prophecies, which she boldly asserted and they implicitly believed, had all been fulfilled, and therefore

would convince the world of the truth of her mission. In vain did Mr. Pomeroy answer that he had burnt these unhappy-papers: in an unhappy hour for himself did he burn them! Day after day long letters were despatched to him, sometimes from Joanna herself, sometimes from her brother, sometimes from one of her four-and-twenty elders, filled with exhortation, invective, texts of Scripture, and denunciations of the law in this world, and the devil in the next; and these letters the prophetess printed for this very sufficient reason—that all her believers purchased them. Mr. Pomeroy sometimes treated them with contempt; at other times he appealed to their compassion, and besought them, if they had any bowels of Christian charity, to have compassion on him and let him rest, and no longer add to the inconceivable and irreparable injuries which they had already occasioned him. If he was silent it was no matter: still they sent him letters, and continued printing copies of all which they wrote; and when he was worried into replying, his answers also served to swell Joanna's books. In this manner was this poor man, because he had recovered his senses, persecuted by a crazy prophetess and her four-and-twenty crazy elders, who seemed determined not to desist, till one way or other they had made him as ripe for Bedlam as they were themselves.

The books which she sent into the world were written partly in prose, partly in rhyme, all the verse and the greater part of the prose being delivered in the character of the Almighty! It is not possible to convey an adequate idea of this unparalleled and unimaginable nonsense by any other means than literal transcript. Her hand-writing was illegibly bad; so that at last she found it convenient to receive orders to throw away the pen, and deliver her oracles orally; and the words flowed from her faster than her scribes could write them down. This may be well believed, for they were words and nothing else: a mere rhapsody of texts, vulgar dreams and vulgar interpretations, vulgar types and vulgar applications—the vilest string of words in the vilest doggerel verse, which has no other connexion than what the vilest rhymes have suggested, she

vented and her followers received as the dictates of immediate inspiration. A herd, however, was ready to devour this garbage as the bread of life.

The clergy in her own neighbourhood were invited by her, in private letters, to examine her claims, but they treated her with contempt. The bishop also did not choose to interfere; of what avail, indeed, would it have been to have examined her, when they had no power to silence her blasphemies ? She found believers at a distance. Seven men came from different parts of the country to examine—that is, to believe in her; these were her seven stars; and when at another time seven more arrived upon the same wise errand, she observed, in allusion to one of those vulgar sayings from which all her allusions are drawn, that her seven stars were come to fourteen. Among these early believers were three clergymen, one of them a man of fashion, fortune, and noble family. It is not unlikely, that the woman at first suspected the state of her own intellect: her letters appear to indicate this; they express a humble submission to wiser judgments than her own; and could she have breathed the first thoughts of delusion into the ear of some pious confessor, it is more than probable that she would have soon acknowledged her error at his feet, and the frenzy which infected thousands would have been cut off on its first appearance. But, when she found that persons into whose society nothing else could have elevated her, listened to her with reverence, believed all her ravings, and supplied her with means and money to spread them abroad, it is not to be wondered at if she went on more boldly;—the lucrativeness of the trade soon silencing all doubts of the truth of her inspiration.

Some of her foremost adherents were veterans in credulity; they had been initiated in the mysteries of animal magnetism, had received spiritual circumcision from Brothers, and were thus doubly qualified for the part they were to act in this new drama of delusion. To accommodate them, Joanna confirmed the authenticity of this last fanatic's mission, and acknowledged him as King of

the Hebrews,—but she dropped his whole mythology. Her heresy in its main part is not new. The opinion that redemption extended to men only, and not to women, had been held by a Norman in the sixteenth century, as well as by the fair English heretic already mentioned. This man, in a book called Virgo Veneta, maintained that a female Redeemer was necessary for the daughters of Eve, and announced an old woman of Venice, of his acquaintance, as the Saviour of her sex. Bordonius, a century ago, broached even a worse heresy. In a work upon miracles, printed at Parma, he taught that women did not participate in the atonement, because they were of a different species from man, and were incapable of eternal life. Joanna and her followers were too ignorant to be acquainted with these her prototypes in blasphemy; and the whole merit of originality in her system must be allowed her, as indeed she exceeded her forerunners in the audacity of her pretensions. She boldly asserted that she was the woman in the Revelations, who has the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; the twelve stars being her twelve apostles, who with the second dozen of believers make up her four-and-twenty elders. In her visitation it was told her, that the angels rejoiced at her birth, because she was born to deliver both men and angels from the insults of the devil. The scheme of redemption, she said, was completed in her, and without her would be imperfect; by woman came the fall of man, by woman must come his redemption; woman plucked the evil fruit, and woman must pluck the good fruit; if the tree of knowledge was violated by Eve, the tree of life was reserved for Joanna. Eve was a bone from Adam; she was a bone from Christ, the second Adam. She was the bride, the promised seed who was to bruise the serpent's head; she also claimed the promise made at the creation, that woman should be the helpmate of man; and by her the Creator fulfilled that promise, and acquitted himself of the charge of having given to man the woman in vain. The evening-star was placed in the firmament to be her type. While she arrogated so much to herself, she was proportionally liberal to her

followers; they were appointed to the four-and-twenty elderships: and to one of them, when he died, a higher character was more blasphemously attributed; she assured his relations that he was gone to plead the promises before the Lord; that to him was to be given the key of the bottomless pit, and that the time was at hand when he should be seen descending in the air,—for they knew not the meaning of Our Saviour's words when he said, "Ye shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds, in power and great glory."

The immediate object of her call was to destroy the devil: of this the devil was aware; and, that it might not be said he had had foul play, a regular dispute of seven days was agreed on between him and Joanna, in which she was to be alone, and he to bring with him as many of the Powers of Darkness as he pleased: but he was not to appear visibly, for as he did not choose to make his appearance on a former occasion when some of her elders went to give him the meeting, but had disappointed them, he was not to be permitted to manifest himself bodily now. The conditions were, that, if she held out her argument against him for seven days, the woman should be freed and he fall; but, if she yielded, Satan's kingdom was to stand, and a second fall of the human race would be the consequence. Accordingly, she went alone into a solitary house for this conference. Joanna was her own secretary upon this occasion, and the process verbal of the conference was printed, as literally taken down; for she was ordered to set down all his blasphemies, and show to the world what the language of hell is. It is by no means a polite language, — indeed the proficiency which Satan displays in the vulgar tongue is surprising.

Of all Joanna's books this is the most curious. Satan brought a friend with him, and they made up a story for themselves, which has some ingenuity. "It is written," said they, "Be still, and know that I am God;" this still worship did not suit Satan; he was a lively cheerful spirit, full of mirth and gaiety, which the Lord could not bear, and therefore cast him out of heaven. This, according to Apollyon's account of heaven, could have been no great evil.

"Thou knowest," he says, "it is written of God, He is a consuming fire, and who can dwell in everlasting burnings? Our backs are not brass, nor our sinews iron, to dwell width God in Heaven." The heaven, therefore, which men mistakenly desire, is in its nature the very hell of which they are so much afraid; and it is sufficient proof of the truth of all this, that the devil invites them to make themselves happy and lead a gay life, agreeably to his own cheerful disposition; whereas, religion enjoins self-denial, penitence, and all things which are contrary to our natural inclinations. Satan accounted to Joanna for her inspiration by this solution: an evil spirit had loved her from her youth up; he found there was no other access to her heart than by means of religion; and, being himself able to foresee future events, imparted this knowledge to her in the character of a good spirit. This spirit, he said, was one which she had been well acquainted with; it was that of one Mr. Follart, who had told her, if she would not have him for a husband, he should die for her sake; and he died accordingly. But this deception had now been carried so far, that Satan was angry, and threatened, unless she broke her seals and destroyed her writings, he would tear her in pieces.

The conference terminated like most theological disputes. Both parties grew warm. Apollyon interfered, and endeavoured to accommodate matters, but without effect, and Joanna talked Satan out of all patience. She gave him, as he truly complained, ten words for one, and allowed him no time to speak. All men, he said, were tired of her tongue already; and now she had tired the devil. This was not unreasonable; but he proceeded to abuse the whole sex, which would have been ungracious in any one, and in him was ungrateful. He said no man could tame a woman's tongue—the sands of an hour-glass did not run faster—it was better to dispute with a thousand men than with one woman. After this dispute she fasted forty days; but this fast, which was regarded by her believers as so miraculous, was merely a Catholic Lent, in which she abstained from fish and flesh.

Once, when the Lord made her the same promise as Herod had done to Herodias, she requested that Satan might be cut off from the face of the earth, as John the Baptist had been. This petition she was instructed to write, and seal it with three seals, and carry it to the altar when she received the sacrament! and a promise was returned that it should be granted. Her dreams were usually of the devil. Once she saw him like a pig with his mouth tied; at another time skinned his face with her nails after a fierce battle; once she bit off his fingers, and thought the blood sweet—and once she dreamt she had fairly killed him. But neither has the promise of his destruction been as yet fulfilled, nor the dream accomplished.

This frenzy would have been speedily cured in Spain; bread and water, a solitary cell, and a little wholesome discipline, are specifics in such cases. Mark the difference in England. No bishop interferes; she therefore boldly asserted that she had the full consent of the bishops to declare that her call was from God, because, having been called upon to disprove it, they kept silent. She, who was used to earn her daily bread by daily labour, was taken into the houses of her wealthy believers, regarded as the most blessed among women, carried from one part of England to another, and treated everywhere with reverence little less than idolatry. Meantime, dictating books as fast as her scribes could write them down, and publishing them as fast as they were written, the Joannians bought them as fast as they were published. This was not her only trade. The seals in the Revelations furnished her with a happy hint. She called upon all persons "to sign their names for Christ's glorious and peaceable kingdom, to be established and to come upon earth, and His will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and for Satan's kingdom to be destroyed, which is the prayer and desire of Joanna Southcott." They who signed this were to be sealed. Now if this temporal sealing, which is mentioned by St. John in the Revelation, had been understood before this time, men would have begun sealing themselves without the visitation of the Spirit; and, if she had not understood it and explained it now, it would

have been more fatal for herself and for all mankind than the fall of Eve was. The mystery of sealing was this; whosoever signed Ms name received a sealed letter containing these words: "The Sealed of the Lord, the Elect, Precious, Man's Redemption, to inherit the Tree of Life, to be made Heirs of God, and Joint-heirs with Jesus Christ." Signed, *Joanna Soutlicott.*

In 1792 she opened her commission and declared herself to be the woman spoken of in the Revelations, "the Bride, the Lamb's wife, and the woman clothed with the sun." Previous to this, while sweeping her master's shop, she found or pretended to find a seal, on which were the initials J. S.; this of course was applied to her own name, and here she began to show the cloven feet. This seal was for a time thrown aside, probably while she was conjecturing what use to make of it, till at length she informed the few who reposed confidence in her, "The Spirit one day ordered her to look for it," when she found, not only the letters J. S., but what was much more convenient for her purpose, the initials J. C. engraved in addition on it, accompanied with two stars! This miracle was soon blazoned around, and this ridiculous assertion was the groundwork on which she built her mummery, of being visited by God.

Shortly after opening her mission she published the following declaration:—

"I, Joanna Southcott, am clearly convinced, that my calling is of God, and my writings are indited by His spirit, as it is impossible that any spirit but an all wise God, that is wondrous in working, wondrous in wisdom, wondrous in power, wondrous in truth, could have brought round such mysteries, so full of truth, as in my writings; so I am clear in whom I have believed, that all my writings came from the spirit of the most high God.

"Joanna Southcott."

In December 1813, she declared her pregnancy, and in her third and fourth book of wonders, she said she should have a son that year by the power of the Most High. Her followers now increased

rapidly and she amused them with very interesting visions and dreams; and chapels were opened for promulgating her doctrine.

This infatuated woman not only promised her believers a child, but assured them of a private marriage; the following is a letter, which she addressed, on this occasion, to her friends:—

"Many of my believers in my visitation, as I have been informed, begin to grow impatient in the expectation, as to the marriage spoken of, not having taken place and been published a long time before the child should be born; and seeing the harvest nearly ended, 'they appear ready to sink in the great deep,—the seas before them, and the Egyptian host behind them;' so that, "Where is the promise of either the marriage or the child? will soon be the cry of the public; and the believers themselves will be ready to say,—'the harvest is over; the day is ended, and we are not saved.' From this I see clearly, that my enemies will soon boast and triumph; while the believers would be ready to sink and despair, if the way they are stumbled in remained without being answered and explained. In order, therefore, to do away such a state of mind in the believers, I take this opportunity of informing them, that when the marriage was first proposed to me, it was before I had any knowledge of what would follow; was warned that a private marriage should first take place in my own house, which afterwards was to be granted to be realized in public.

"This circumstance stumbled me, and also my friends who were made acquainted with it, because at that time there appeared no necessity for such a private marriage to take place in haste; but now I see cause enough, from the dangers which begin to appear; so that from my present situation, and my own feelings, I can judge of the truth of the words that are already in print. For if there be 'no son,' there will be 'no adopted father,' and no marriage to be binding; because it will be but a temporary marriage, from which death must soon release me. But who the bridegroom is, must not publicly be made known, after the marriage has taken place, until the child is born. Thus, taking the whole into consideration, it is clear to me, that the marriage and the birth of the child may, and will most likely, take place within, perhaps, less than a day, the one before the other; therefore the believers may, from this hint, be able to form a correct judgment, and

check their impatience, not to look for the *Sixth Book* immediately after the marriage shall have taken place, but that the *Sixth* and *Seventh Books*, to complete the wonders, as before said, will be in order, and in right time, both after the birth of the child shall have taken place.

(Signed) "JOANNA SOUTHCOTT."

October 21, 1814.

As soon as the wished-for day approached for the alleged delivery, presents of all descriptions, as they pretended, came in unasked. Some one sent a crib for the expected Messiah, made in all the taste of elegant design, and manufactured with a bed, by Seddons, a cabinet-maker, of Aldersgate Street; and that nothing might be wanting at this accouchement, laced-caps, bibs, robes, mantles, pap-boats, caudle-cups, and everything necessary for such an occasion, so poured in for the use of the expected Shiloh, as at length to oblige them, as they stated, to refuse further presents. A Bible also, in the most costly decoration, was not forgotten among the offerings of the *wise men*.

Further to strengthen the fraud, it was unblushingly asserted, that a number of medical men of the highest reputation were called in, who had expressed their opinion of her pregnancy. Dr. Sims, however, in the "Morning Chronicle" of September 3, 1814, published a statement, declaring as follows:—

"I went to see her on August 18, and after examining her, I do not hesitate to declare, it is my firm opinion that the woman called Joanna Southcott, is not pregnant; and before I conclude this statement, I feel it right to say, that I am convinced the poor woman labours under strong mental delusion. Having observed in the newspapers, assertions repeatedly made, that eminent accoucheurs have declared this woman to be pregnant, I am desirous I should not be considered in that number,"

At length it seems that Joanna Southcott, when approaching to her end, either *recovered her senses* or *repented of her sins*. The following letter appeared in the "Observer," October 30, 1814.

"TO THE EDITOR.

"Having been requested by Joanna to acknowledge her former wicked errors, I presume no publication better adapted to give publicity to this subject than 'The Observer.' I have therefore, on the part of Joanna, respectfully, and with sincere contrition to state, that for some considerable time past she has been in a state of delirium, but at length having become, as it were, herself again, being now calm and collected, and fearing that she is approaching to her latter end, she hereby renounces all the wicked incantations of her former distempered brain; and she hopes that a generous public will forget the impositions and errors that she has of late endeavoured to impose upon their understanding. And she further hopes, that all good Christians will not only forgive, but will fervently join in her prayers to the Almighty, for a forgiveness of her late blasphemous doctrines and past sins.

"I. TOZER."

Even after the death of Joanna Southcott, her simple believers expected a sudden resurrection. The following letter appeared in a second edition of the "Sunday Monitor," which had for some time past degraded itself as the vehicle of this poor wretch's infatuation or imposture, for the sake of selling a few copies to those silly people who would buy such trash. It appeared that the scandalous delusion which had for several months disgraced the metropolis, and even the character of the times we live in, was now at an end:

"Death of Mrs, Southcott. Tuesday afternoon.

"TO MR. STOKES.

"SIR —Agreeably to your request, I send a messenger to acquaint you, that Joanna Southcott died this morning precisely at four o'clock. The believers in her mission, supposing that the vital functions are only suspended for a few days, will not permit me to open the body until some symptom appears, which may destroy all hopes of resuscitation.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Piccadilly, Dec. 27, 1814. "RICHARD REECE."

The most zealous of the followers did not hesitate even then to pronounce their positive conviction of her re-animation during the day—these predictions, however, to the mortification of the deluded multitude, were destined to disappointment. The prescribed period of four days and nights elapsed, and so far was the body from exhibiting appearances of a temporary suspension of animation, that it began to display a discoloration, which at once brought home to conviction the fact, that the wretched Joanna was but mortal, and like other mortals, subject to decay. The hopes of her friends being thus frustrated, preparations were made to perform that operation which she had herself directed, namely, to dissect her remains, which was done by Doctors Keece and Want, when all question respecting her pregnancy was finally settled, and the real cause of her appearing in that state instantly seen.

On the 2nd of January, 1815, her remains were privately interred in Marylebone Upper Burying-ground, near Kilburn, and a stone bearing the following inscription placed over her grave:

IN MEMORY OF JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

Who departed this life, December 27, 1814, aged 60 years.

While through all my wondrous days,
Heaven and earth enraptured gaze,
While vain sages think they know,
Secrets *thou* alone canst show.
Time alone will tell what hour
Thou'lt appear in greater power!

THOMAS LAUGHER
COMMONLY CALLED "OLD TOMMY"

THOMAS LAUGHER, better known by the name of "Old Tommy," is a striking instance of the good effect of temperance on the human constitution, for to this cause his venerable age must undoubtedly be in a great measure ascribed. He was born at the village of Markley, in the county of Worcester, and was baptised, as appears by his register, in January, 1700. His parents were natives of Shropshire, and were themselves examples of unusual longevity, his father dying at the age of 97, and his mother at 108. In the year following that of his birth they removed with him to London.

Laugher was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he remained nearly twelve years. From thence he made a tour on

the Continent, visiting many parts of Turkey, &c., and was absent seven years.

In the early part of his life Laugher followed for some years the profession of a liquor merchant, in Tower Street. This, however, he was obliged to relinquish, in consequence of a heavy loss which he experienced, through the failure of Neele, Fordyce, and James, at that time a very considerable house in the city, to the amount of £195,000. This affair took such effect upon him that he immediately became blind and speechless, and his skin peeled from the whole of his body. He was now reduced from affluence to a state of extreme poverty. Though in a line of business in which wines and spirits of every kind presented themselves freely and plentifully, he never drank any fermented liquor during the first fifty years of his life, his chief beverage being milk and water, coffee and tea.

His strength of memory was such that he could remember most of the principal occurrences of the last century, and would relate with pleasure, to those who visited him, his seeing Queen Anne going to the House of Peers, on horseback, in the year 1705, seated on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor; and also, when a little boy, the death of King William. He likewise could recollect bread at twopence farthing the quartern loaf, fresh butter at twopence halfpenny per pound, and butchers' meat at one penny per pound.

He resided latterly in Kent Street, in the Borough, from which he used to walk every Sunday morning, when weather permitted, to the Rev. Mr. Coxhead's chapel in Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and a short time previous to his death he walked as far as Hackney and back again.

To all appearance "Old Tommy" had been a remarkably well-made man, and rather above the middle stature. Although at that extreme age, his lungs were very strong and sound. It is not less surprising than true, that after a severe fit of illness, at the age of eighty, he had a fresh head of hair, and new nails both on his fingers and toes; a contraction took place at the same time in the finger of each hand, which never left them. His hair was thick and

flowing, not thoroughly white, but grey on the outside and brown underneath, as were also his eyebrows.

This venerable man had been for some time supported by the donations of charitable and well-disposed persons. From a spirit of independence, he used, for several years, to sell laces for stays, garters, and other little articles of that nature, for which he found customers among his friends, who always liberally encouraged his industry.

Laugher had a son who died at the age of eighty. This son, whom he called his "poor Tommy," had the appearance of being considerably older than himself, which occasionally produced curious mistakes. Among others the following anecdote is related on this subject: Walking some years since in Holborn with his son, the difficulty which the latter found to keep up with him, drew the attention of a gentleman, who went to old Laugher and began to expostulate with him for not assisting his father. When informed of his mistake, he would not give credit to the old man till convinced by some person who knew them both, of the truth of his testimony.

This inversion in the order of nature was attributed by the old man to his son's having lived freely. He has been often heard to say, "If the young fool had taken as much care of his health as I have, he might now have been alive and hearty."

As far as his memory went "Old Tommy "was extremely willing to answer any questions that were proposed, and had not that austerity and peevishness which so frequently accompany extreme age. He was much pleased to hear of Old Jenkins and Old Parr, and said his family came from the same county as the latter. His inoffensive manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness gained him the respect both of old and young in the neighbourhood of his residence.

He died in 1812, at the surprising age of 112 years.

MARGARET M'AVOY
THE BLIND GIRL

THE PECULIAR FACULTIES which this astonishing young lady, although quite blind, possessed, in telling the various colours, and reading every word with her fingers' end, excited universal attention, as she was supposed by many to be an impostor, like Joanna Southcott, or Ann Moore. Several learned statements and narratives have been written, particularly one by Dr. Renwick, who was her physician. She was born at Liverpool, June 28, 1800, and from her birth to nine months old, was a healthy girl, and able then to walk alone; but during the following nine months was often indisposed. Her complaint increased till June 7th, 1816, when she became totally blind.

The first public notice of this extraordinary lady, was thus communicated by Mr. Egerton Smith, to the editor of the "Liverpool Mercury:—

"At my first interview, I learnt from herself what I had indeed previously been told by others, that she had recently acquired the faculty of distinguishing not only the colours of cloth and stained glass, but that she could actually decipher the forms of words of a printed book; and, indeed, could read, if the phrase may be permitted, with tolerable facility. To put these pretensions to the test, she permitted a shawl to be passed across the eyes in double folds, in such a way that all present were convinced that they could not, under similar circumstances, discern day from night. In this state a book was placed before her, and opened indiscriminately, when, to our extreme surprise, she began to trace the words with her finger, and repeat them correctly. She appeared to recognise a short monosyllable by the simple contact of one finger, but in ascertaining a long word she placed the fore-finger of her left hand on the beginning, whilst with that of her right hand she proceeded from the other extremity of the word; and when the two fingers, by having traversed over all the letters, came in contact with each other, she invariably and precisely ascertained the word. By my watch I found that she read about thirty words in half a minute, and it very naturally occurred to us, that if, notwithstanding her supposed blindness and the double bandage over her eyes, she could still see, she would have read much more rapidly, if her motive had been to excite our astonishment. And here it may not be amiss to state, that there does not appear to be any adequate motive for practising a delusion upon the public. Her situation in life is respectable; and her mother disavows any intention of ever exhibiting her daughter as a means of pecuniary remuneration.

"According to her own statement, her powers of touch vary very materially with circumstances; when her hands are cold she declares that the faculty is altogether lost, and that it is exhausted also by long and unremitted efforts; that she considers the hours

of from ten until twelve of each alternate day the most favourable for her performance. Her pulse during the experiments has varied from 110 to 130 degrees.

"One circumstance which has created much doubt and suspicion, must not be concealed, which is, that if any substance, for instance a book or a shawl, be interposed between her hands, and the object she is investigating, she is much embarrassed, and frequently entirely baffled. She explains this, by saying that it is necessary there should be an uninterrupted communication between her fingers and her breath.

"I took from my pocket-book an engraved French assignat, which was hotpressed and smooth as glass; she read the smallest lines contained in this with the same facility as the printed book. A letter received by that day's post was produced, the direction and postmark of which she immediately and correctly deciphered.

"She also named the colour of the separate parts of the dresses of the persons in company, as well as various shades of stained glass which were purposely brought.

"Not the slightest objection was offered to my proposal of the candle being extinguished; her mother stationed herself before the fire, which was extremely low, and afforded so little light, that I could not have read one word of moderate-sized print, if it had been brought almost in contact with the bars of the grate. I then took from my pocket a small book, the type of which was very little larger than that of an ordinary newspaper, observing at the time that I was afraid the print was too minute; to which she replied, that her fingers were in excellent order, and that she had no doubt but she should be able to make it out. Miss M'Avoy sat in the farthest part of the room with her back towards the grate, in such a situation that I could barely discern even the leaves of the book which lay open before her, the title of which she proceeded to read with complete success, with the exception of one very minute word.

"I then presented to her a small piece of smooth writing-paper, which was ruled with horizontal faint blue lines, between each of

which were traced lines with a pen and black ink; there were also perpendicular red lines, between which were scored black lines; all these, with their direction and order, she determined without any apparent difficulty. "Gogglers were next tried, in this manner:—"They are intended to be worn by travellers to guard the eyes against the wind or the dust, and consist of two glasses, sometimes green, fitted into a bandage of leather, which is passed horizontally across the face, and is tied with ribbons round the back of the head. The gogglers provided for Miss M., instead of glasses were fitted up with opaque pasteboard, lined with paper, and not an aperture was left through which a single ray of light could penetrate. One part of the performance was so truly astonishing, that I should almost hesitate to relate it, if two gentlemen had not been present to vouch for the truth. I had furnished myself with a set of stained landscape glasses, usually termed Claud Lorrain glasses. They were seven in number, contained in a frame. She ascertained the precise shade of each correctly; one glass, however, appeared to embarrass her, and after considerable scrutiny, she said it was not black, nor dark blue, nor dark brown, but she thought it was of a very deep crimson. We did not know whether the conjecture was correct or not, as we could not ourselves ascertain the shade. By reflected light it appeared to us to be perfectly black; nor was the flame of the fire, which was stirred for the occasion, visible through it in the faintest degree. We had abandoned all expectation of determining this point, when the sun suddenly emerged from behind the clouds, and by that test, and that alone, were we enabled to discover that she was correct, as we could just discern the solar image of a very deep crimson.

"Miss M'Avoy, it appears, had recently found out that this extraordinary faculty was not confined to her fingers, and that she could also distinguish the colour of an object which was brought into contact with the back of her hands. This was immediately made the subject of experiment, and she was completely successful upon this occasion.

"I have now given a faithful narrative of what I have actually witnessed, and what has been the subject of notoriety and astonishment probably among thousands in this town.

"She had also begun to tell the hour and minute through the watch-glass, without opening the case! But the most wonderful of all, and which forms an appropriate climax to the other mysteries, was the newly acquired power of ascertaining objects at a distance, with her back towards them, and by simply stretching out the fingers in the direction of such objects."

Shortly after the publication of Mr. E. Smith's statement, Dr. Renwick favoured the public with a very interesting and erudite narrative of Miss M'Avoy's case, from which we copy the following extraordinary facts: On the 7th June, 1816, Miss M'Avoy became totally blind; her health declined; and the immediate termination of her life was daily looked for by her friends. In this distressing state she continued till the middle of the following month, when she begun to recover her health and spirits, and in a short time was able to amuse herself by knitting and sewing; and it was at that period she gave evidence of her extraordinary powers of reading, as mentioned by Mr. Smith. She also endeavoured to amuse herself in making small baskets of coloured paper. It was curious to observe her passing the paper through the interstices of the basket-work. She was often foiled by the point of the paper being turned inward or outward. K she found she did not succeed, after two or three attempts, she used her fingers to straighten it, and it then passed through. A basket thus made by Miss M'Avoy is in the possession of the Countess of Derby.

In the presence of Dr. Brandreth and Mr. Shaw, she read the maker's name in Dr. Brandreth's hat, "Capon, Hat-maker, London," with her hands behind her. The eyes were covered with black velvet and gold beater's skin, with a silk handkerchief tied over the whole. She traced with her fingers a landscape which consisted, among other objects, of two cocks fighting; she said they were like two peacocks: the tails of the cocks were very full.

A few days after, several gentlemen who had heard of Miss M'Avoy's very extraordinary powers, wished to be introduced to her. Dr. Renwick accordingly proceeded with them to her residence. He covered her eyes "with sticking-plaister and black silk, in so complete a manner to all appearance, that it was agreed by the gentlemen present it could not be more secure. A silk handkerchief was then tied over the whole, crossed at the eyes, and pinned over the ears. Several pieces of silk were given her, all of which she named correctly. Twelve square pieces of glass were provided, between each piece a small portion of silk was enclosed; they were sealed together by sealing-wax, and were given in the folio-wing order:—

1. Light blue	*answered*	Light blue.
2. Straw colour	"	Light yellow, or straw colour
3. Two pieces of glass, without silk	"	Nothing. The glasses of a greenish colour.
4. Scarlet	"	Scarlet,
5. Dark ruby, poppy or mulberry	"	Ruby, or dark poppy
6. Pink, with white spots on one side, and white with pink spots on the other	"	Whitish

She told the colour of two seals belonging to the watch of one of the gentlemen, also the colour of the metal of his watch, and of the riband attached to it, which was red, with a black border: she told the time of the day exactly to half a minute, in two different watches. A piece of paper was given her, cut out from the covering of Ormerod's History of Cheshire, and she read with her fingers, "Ormerod's History of Cheshire, Part III., subscriber's copy, No. 200, collated and perfect. Dr. Renwick, Liverpool." A copy of one of the laws of the Athenaeum, printed in a very small type, was given to her, which, with the help of a magnifying glass, she read part of correctly.

On July 30, 1817, Dr. Renwick having blindfolded Miss M'Avoy, made the following, among many other experiments:—

With her hands upon the window, she perceived two newly-cut stones, of a yellow colour, lying one on the other against the wall on the other side of the street, distance about twelve yards: also a heap of cast iron railings, piled upon each other. One of the company being despatched to place himself on the ground, stones, rails, &c., she mentioned whenever he moved his position; perceived him jump off the railing; mentioned the colours of his dress correctly, only said that a plum-coloured coat was black; mentioned two children accidentally passing by at the time. She said they appeared very small indeed; the person who was thus sent, appeared about two feet high, when at the distance of twelve yards; as he came nearer, she observed, that she felt him grow bigger. All the objects appeared to her as if painted on the glass.

With her fingers on the window, she described a workman in the street, distance ten yards; a cart loaded with barrels of American flour; another with two loaves of sugar; a third, empty; a girl with a small child in her arms, &c., all exactly true, except that there were three loaves of sugar in the second cart.

With her hand placed behind her upon the window, opposite to the communion end of the church, she told the figures of different people passing, and sometimes mentioned the colour of the clothes, or of anything that might be on the head, or in the hand, or upon the shoulder or back of the person. She told also, the positions of four different workmen in the churchyard, one by one, as they sat down; she stated one to be reading a paper or book; the second to have his hands in his breeches pocket; and the third to have his hands folded across his breast, and her description of the position of the fourth is not recollected.

She traced the outline of a very irregular figure, formed by squeezing the portions of two wafers, one black, the other red, between two plates of glass. She read common print easily by touching a piece of window glass held twelve inches from the book:

at a greater distance she could not read, but could read much easier when the glass was brought nearer to the book. In like manner, and at the same distance, she discovered a sixpence, half-guinea, three-shilling-piece, &c. She mentioned which had the head, which the reverse upwards, read the dates; pointed out on the sixpence the position of the harp, lions, crown, &c. She observed, unasked, that one half-guinea was crooked; said it did not lie flat on the paper, that the crown was downward, that it was not a brass counter; did not think it was the shadow of the half-guinea which made her know it to be crooked.

She could not discover the colour by the tongue; but closing between her lips the red, yellow, blue, and white petals of flowers, she told each distinctly.

On October 24th, 1817, with the goggles on, covering the face, she named the colour of several silks, the time of the day in two watches, the colour of a green, and of a whitish seal. She felt the reflected image of Dr. Freckelton, who had just come into the room with Dr. Brandreth, when feeling through plain glass, and named him. She described in a similar manner the face and colour of Lady Mary Stanley, and of Mrs. Hesketh, and the colour of the hair of each, but she did not describe Miss Hornby, who afterwards looked into the glass. She traced the figure of an old man upon Dr. Brandreth's snuffbox. She read, through a magnifying-glass, a word or two only in a book. It was observed, that both the box and the book, as held in her hands at the time, were totally out of the line of vision, if even she had the most perfect command of sight, and could have seen, as it had been asserted, down the sides of the nose.

The red and orange rays of the solar spectrum being thrown by a prism upon her hand, she said it appeared as gold. All the colours being thrown on the back of her hand, she distinctly described the different parts of her hand. She marked the moments when the colours became faint, and again vivid, by the occasional passage of a cloud, without being desired to do so. The prismatic colours

afforded her the greatest pleasure that she had experienced since her blindness. She never saw a prism in her life. She felt the spectrum warm. The violet rays were the least pleasant. She observed that the red rays appeared warmer and more pleasant than the violet, which opinion coincides with that of Dr. Herschell, who proved the great difference of heat between the different prismatic rays.

These questions were put to Miss M'Avoy, which she answered in the following manner:—

Q. Did you ever knit a stocking before you were deprived of sight? — A. Yes.

Q. When your mother gave you the knitting, did you find it difficult to execute? — A. I found it very difficult at first, and did not know well how to begin; but I soon learnt it, and felt gratified that I had succeeded.

Q. Were you more expert in sewing? — A. I experienced much the same feeling as in knitting.

Q. What sensation did you feel when you first were asked and told the colour of my coat? — A. At first it was a sensation of astonishment, and then of pleasure.

Q. Do you prefer any colour? — A. I prefer the brightest colours, as they give a pleasurable feeling; a sort of glow to my fingers, and, indeed, all through me. Black gives me rather a shuddering feel.

Q. Is the feeling similar when they are enclosed in a phial bottle, or when you feel through the plain glass? — A. Yes, it is similar, but not exactly so, if the bottle be cold.

Q. Do you feel the colour equally well if two glasses are placed before the object? — A. If the glasses are very close to each other, as if there were only one glass, I feel the colour, but it appears more faint; but if they are placed at a distance from each other, I do not feel the object.

Q. If coloured glasses are given to you, what sensation do you feel? — A Much the same as when silks are put into my hand.

Q. How do you tell glass from stones? — A. The stones feel harder and more solid, and the glass softer.

Q. Did you not lately feel a seal which you declared was neither stone nor glass? — A. Yes; I did say so, and it felt softer than glass.

Q. In what way was the impression made upon the fingers, when you felt the figures reflected from the mirror through the plain glass? — A. I feel the figures as an image upon each finger.

Q. How do figures or letters feel through the glass? — A. As if they were raised up to the finger.

Q. How do they feel through the magnifying glass? — A. In a similar way, but larger.

Q. How do they feel through the short-sighted, or concave glass, similar to that which the Reverend George Hornby gave you? — A. The object is smaller in proportion, as it is held at a distance; but placed upon the paper, the letters feel the same as through common glass.

Q. What is the feeling you have of different metals? — A. I feel gold and silver to be more pleasant than brass, copper, or steel.

Q. What is the feeling you have of different fluids? — A. Similar to my feeling of silks.

Q. How do you know the difference between water and spirits of wine? — A. By the spirits of wine feeling warmer than water.

Q. How do you know that a person is putting out his hand, or nodding to you? — A. If any one puts out his hand upon entering, or going out of the room, I feel as if air, or wind, was wafted towards me, and I put out mine. If a nod is made pretty near to my face, a similar sensation is felt; but if a finger be pointed at me, or a hand held before me in a gentle manner, I do not feel it unless I am about to read or tell colours, and then I very soon tell if there be any obstruction between the mouth, the nostrils, and the object.

Q. How do you calculate the height of persons entering the room? — A. By a feeling, as if less or more wind was wafted towards me, according to the height of the person.

Q. Can you distinguish persons who have visited you since your blindness, or whom you have known before? — A. Generally

speaking, I can by the tread of the foot; but almost certainly by the voice, and sometimes by the breathing.

Q. If a person passes you quickly, do you feel any additional sensation? — A. Yes, I feel a greater sense of heat, according to the quickness with which a person passes me, or comes into the room.

Q. Is your sense of feeling as strong upon any other part of the body as in the fingers, upon the hand, or upon the cheek? — A. Upon the foot, elbow and leg, and upon the lip; but it is not so sensible upon the foot, or leg, or elbow, as it is upon the lip; nor upon the lip, hand, or cheek, as in the fingers.

Q. Is your sense of hearing more acute than before your illness?— A. Much more acute.

Q. Is your sense of smell increased also? — A. It is very much increased.

Q. Can you distinguish colours by smelling them? — A. No.

Q. Is your taste also more acute? — A. Very much more acute.

Q. Have you preference to any sorts of food? — A. I prefer those which are sweetest.

Q. Do you prefer any particular kind of meat? — A, Yes; I prefer lamb to any other sort of meat; but I never was fond of it before my illness.

These extraordinary and unheard-of powers of Miss M'Avoy, were not credited by many people, among whom was a Mr. Joseph Saunders, who published a pamphlet, entitled "Hints to Credulity," which was ably answered by Dr. Renwick, in his "Continuation of the Narrative of Miss M'Avoy's Case, &c., 8vo. 1820." From this publication we extract the following interesting additional matter.

"On August 2, 1816, I was induced to call upon Miss M'Avoy with Mr. Thomas, who told me she had become very expert in sewing. I found her in the act of sewing, which she appeared to execute with considerable neatness. She put into my hands a stole, which she had assisted in finishing for the Rev. Edward Glover, her confessor, to whom she was under considerable obligation for his kindness and attention during her illness. She also made several

neckerchiefs, and a frock for her little sister, and darned a pair of black silk gloves with great neatness. It appeared from the account of her mother, Mrs. Hughes, that before Miss M'Avoy was able to leave her bed after the first attack, she complained of weariness and anxiety, particularly in the night, which, from not sleeping well, appeared long and dull. Miss M'Avoy requested her mother to give her a needle, that she might try to thread it. The first time [illegible] and the second time she threaded the needle after two trials. She then asked for sewing, and her mother gave her a coarse towel. She was awkward at first, and this awkwardness was much increased by not looking at her work, and her eyes seemed to be wandering in every direction, about the room, but where they ought to be. Her mother desired her to fix her eyes as if she were looking intently at her work. Miss M'Avoy endeavoured to follow this advice, and [illegible] this point, but sewed much better than ever she had done before her illness. Mr. Thomas and I particularly examined her eyes, exposed to the light of a candle, as near to the eye as [illegible] her head, without observing the slightest variation in the eye. Mr. Thomas assured me he had more than once put his finger upon the cornea itself, which there appeared insensible. But when he touched the eyelid or eyelash, she was instantly sensible of it. I have sat a considerable time attending to her sewing, but apparently indifferent about it, and during [illegible] I have examined her eyes as minutely as possible, and I have been satisfied she could not see. In threading her needle it sometimes required only one effort, but often three or four, before she was successful. It was curious to observe her, when by accident

the point of the thread was bent; she would try to thread the needle three or four times, and if she did not succeed, would put it into her mouth and bite off a part, or take her finger and feel whether the thread were straight or not. More than once I have given her the needle with the point upwards, when she accidentally dropped it; she attempted, but finding, after a few trials, that she could not thread it, she would put her finger upon the needle, and feeling the point, would turn and thread it: once, also, I broke the eye of a needle in drawing the thread hastily out, but was not aware of the circumstance until Miss M'Avoy had made several attempts to thread it; but failing, she felt the eye with her finger, and told me it was broken, which, upon examination, I found to be the case.

"In the general business of the house she was more active than ever she had been, assisting in making the beds, attending upon her half brothers and sisters, and was cheerful and agreeable in her manners to every body about her, and more particularly to those who visited at the house.

"I shall now give an account of the manner in which it is stated Miss M'Avoy found herself possessed of certain powers of an extraordinary nature, and the relation of which excited the curiosity as well as the criticism of many individuals. It was very early in September, 1816, that her stepfather, Mr. Hughes, was reading a few pages in a small book belonging to one of his children, in which a history was given of the life of St. Thomas k Becket, not very favourable to his general character. He mentioned it to his wife and daughter, and said he recollected having read once a very different account in another book. Miss M'Avoy told him she had, before she was taken ill, seen an account of his life in a book entitled the 'Lives of the Saints,' and, if she had the book could point out the place where it was. The book was put into her hand, and in turning over the leaves she pointed out the place, passed her fingers over it, and read a few words. In a jocular manner Mrs. Hughes asked her if she could feel the letters with her fingers. She said she felt the words she had read, and would try again if her father would

give her a book. A number of a folio bible, of tolerably large print, was given, and she read several verses to the great astonishment of her father and mother. Upon hearing this account I was induced to visit her again, with Mr. Thomas, and took considerable pains in examining the eyes; but we found little or no alteration in their general appearance except that the pupil was not quite so dilated as before, but the light of a candle appeared to have no influence upon it. We found her father's account very accurate, and that she really could read by the application of the fingers to the letters, with considerable fluency. As it was probable any other person, who had not the same opportunity of judging of her blindness with Mr. Thomas and me, might think it possible she could see, I thought it right to bind something over the eyes, and I made use of a Manchester cotton shawl, which went twice round the head, crossed the eyes, and was tied at the back of the head as firmly as she could bear it. I placed in her hand a number of the Bible above mentioned, and she read very correctly one verse of a chapter in Genesis. I then requested to have another book, which happened to be a volume of the 'Annals of the Church.' I opened it, and she read to me several lines, with the alteration in a proper name of only one letter, which, upon being desired to read over again, she corrected. I then turned to a few lines of errata, and she read them correctly, only reading the letter L as an I and a dot. The mode she follows is to place her fingers upon the letters, to proceed from the beginning to the extremity of the word, and back again, until she names it, and so on to the next word. She often makes use of the fingers of both hands, particularly the fore fingers, and when they are in good order she will read from twenty-five to thirty words in half a minute.

"On the following day I mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who was anxious to see a phenomenon of this kind, and he met me in St. Paul's Square. Miss M'Avoy again read over to us a verse in the Bible, a few lines in the 'Annals of the Church,' and the title-page, mottos, and several lines in a 12mo. edition of 'Grahame's

Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with many young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of young Carew's residence at Tiverton school, his close application to his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in the profession which his father became so well, and for which he was designed. He actually made very considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three other young gentlemen, his most intimate companions, attached themselves with such ardour to the sport of hunting, that their studies were soon neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three friends at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done to the fields of standing corn was so great, that the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers came with heavy complaints to Mr. Rayner, the master of the school, who threatened young Carew and his companions so severely, that through fear they absconded and joined a gang of gipsies who then happened to be in the neighbourhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gaiety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gipsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies, and the administration of the proper oaths, for these people are subject to a form of government and laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay obedience to one chief who is styled their king.

Young Carew was soon initiated into some of the arts of the wandering tribe, and with such success, that besides several exploits in which he was a party, he himself had the dexterity to defraud a lady near Taunton of twenty guineas, under the pretext of discovering to her, by his skill in astrology, a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more, for though they had repeatedly advertized his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length after an interval of a year and a half, hearing of their grief and repeated inquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to his parents at Bickley. Being greatly disguised both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings both in Bickley and the neighbouring parish of Cadley.

Everything was done to render his home agreeable, but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gipsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once more eloped from his parents, and repaired to his former connexions. He now began to consider in what manner he should employ himself. The first character he assumed for the purpose of levying contributions on the unsuspecting and unwary, was that of a shipwrecked seaman, in which he was very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer, who, living in the isle of Sheppey in Kent, had the misfortune to have all his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Every scheme which he undertook, he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised considerable sums. So artful were the disguises of his dress, countenance, and voice, that persons who knew him intimately did not discover the deception, and once on the same day, he went under three different characters to the house of a respectable baronet, and was successful in them all.

Some time after Carew's return to the vagrant life, we find him on a voyage to Newfoundland, from motives of mere curiosity. He acquired, during his [illegible] was highly useful to him, [illegible] assume the character of [illegible] the same ship to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art peculiar to himself.

At Newcastle, Carew, pretending to be the mate of a collier, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. They proceeded to Dartmouth, and though he undeceived her with respect to his real character, she was soon afterwards married to him at Bath. They then visited an uncle of Carew's, a clergyman of distinguished abilities, at Dorchester, who received them with great kindness, and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him to leave the community of the gipsies.

Again associating with them, his disguises were more various and his stratagems not less successful. He first equipped himself in a clergyman's habit, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad-brimmed hat. His whole deportment was agreeable to his dress, his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his eyes turned on the ground, from which, as if employed in secret ejaculations, he would raise them to heaven: every look and action spoke his want; but, at the same time, the hypocrite seemed overwhelmed with the shame which modest merit feels when obliged to solicit the hand of charity. This artful behaviour excited the curiosity of many people of fortune to inquire into his circumstances, but it was with much reluctance that he acquainted them, that he had for many years exercised the sacred office of a clergyman, at Aberystwith, a parish in Wales, but that, the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several small children) to taking an oath contrary to his principles. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, and warm expressions of his trust in Providence; and, as he perfectly knew those persons it was proper to apply to, this stratagem succeeded beyond his expectations. But, hearing that a vessel, on board of which there were many Quakers, bound for Philadelphia, had been cast away on the coast of Ireland, he laid aside his gown and band, clothed himself in a plain suit, and with a demure countenance applied to the Quakers, as one of those unhappy creatures, with

great numbers, and hearing that there was to be a meeting of them from all parts, at Thorncombe, in Devonshire, he made the best of his way thither, and, joining the assembly, with a seeming modest assurance, made his case known, and, satisfying them by his behaviour that he was one of the sect, they made a considerable contribution for his relief.

With such wonderful facility did he assume every character, that he often deceived those who knew him best, and were most perfect in not being able to impose upon them. Going one day to Mr. Portman's, at Brinson, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side, he boldly marched up to the door in this disguise, though his person was known to all the family; and, meeting in the court with the Rev. Mr. Bryant and several other gentlemen, whom he well knew, he asked if their honours had any rats to kill. Mr. Portman asked him if he knew his business, and, on his answering in the affirmative, he was sent in to get his dinner, with a promise that, after he had dined, they would make a trial of his abilities. Dinner being over, he was called into the parlour among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. "Well, Mr. Rat-catcher," said Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes, yes," replied Carew, "I shall lay my composition where even the rats cannot climb to reach it."—"And what countryman are you?" "A Devonshire man, an't please your honour." — "What's your name?" Carew, perceiving by some smile and whispers that he was known, replied by telling the letters of which his name was composed. This occasioned a good deal of mirth, and Mr Pleydell, of St. Andrew's Milbourn, who was one of the company, expressed some pleasure at seeing the famous Bampfylde Moore Carew, whom he said he had never seen before. "Yes, but you have," said he, "and given me a suit of clothes." Mr. Pleydell was surprised, and desired to know when it was. Carew asked him if he did not remember being met by a poor wretch with a stocking

round his head instead of a cap, an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulders, no shirt to his back nor stockings to his legs, and scarcely any shoes to his feet, who told him that he was a poor unfortunate man, cast away near the Canaries, and taken up with eight others by a Frenchman, the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being drowned, and that after having asked him some questions he gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. Thus Mr. Plevdell acknowledged, and Carew replied: "He was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you." At this the company laughed very heartily; and Mr. Plevdell and several others offering to lay a guinea that they should know him again, let him come in what form he pleased, and others asserting the contrary, Carew was desired to try his ingenuity; and some of the company following him out, let him know that on such a day the same company, with several others, were to be at Mr. Plevdell's.

[illegible] himself like an old woman, put a high-crowned hat on his head, borrowed a little hump-backed child of a tinker and two others of a beggar, and with the two last at his back and the former by the hand, marched to Mr. Plevdell's, when coming up to the door he put his hand behind him, and pinching one of the children, set it a-roaring, and gave the alarm to the dogs, who came out with open throats, so that between the crying of the child and the barking of the dogs the family was sufficiently annoyed. Thus brought out the maid, who desired the supposed old woman to go about her business, telling her she disturbed the ladies. "God bless their ladyships," replied Carew, "I am the unfortunate grandmother of these poor helpless infants, whose dear mother, and all they had, was [illegible] for God's sake bestow something on the poor [illegible]." This [illegible] the company [illegible] and the maid going in, soon returned with half a crown and a mess of broth, which Carew [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

had not seen them for some years. The Duke treated him with the utmost humanity, and, calling a servant, had him conducted into an inner room, where, being shaved by his grace's order, a servant was sent to him with a suit of clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and everything necessary to give him a genteel appearance. He was then called in to the Duke, who was sitting with several other persons of quality. They were all taken with his person and behaviour, and presently raised for him a supply of ten guineas. His grace, being engaged to go out that afternoon, desired him to stay there that night, and gave orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his gentleman to keep him company. But the Duke was scarcely gone when Carew found an opportunity to set out unobserved towards Basingstoke, where he went to a house frequented by some of the community. He treated the company, and, informing them of the bold stratagem he had executed, the whole place resounded with applause, and every one acknowledged that he was most worthy of succeeding to the throne of the mendicant tribe on the first vacancy that should occur.

In the same disguise he imposed upon several others, and having spent some days in hunting with Colonel Strangeways at Melbury, in Dorset, the conversation happened one day at dinner to [illegible] several who were so well acquainted with him should have been so deceived, asserting that he thought it impossible for Carew to deceive him, as he had thoroughly observed every feature and line in his countenance, on which he modestly replied, it might be so, and some other subject being started, the matter dropped. Early the next morning Carew being called upon to go out with the hounds, [illegible] to the field without him. Soon after, Carew went down stairs, [illegible] a wheel cart, and going to a house frequented by the community [illegible] for a ragged habit, made a most miserable appearance, [illegible] and disguised his face

Having thus eluded their search, as he was entirely ignorant that none were allowed to travel there without proper passes, or that there was a considerable reward granted for apprehending a runaway, he congratulated himself on his happy escape, and did not doubt but he should find means to get to England; but going one morning through a narrow path, he was met by four men, when not being able to produce a pass, he was seized, carried before a justice of peace, and thrown into prison. But here obtaining information that some captains to whom he was known were lying with their ships in the harbour, he acquainted them with his situation, on which they paid him a visit, and told him that as he had not been sold to a planter, if the captain did not come to demand him, he would be publicly sold the next court day, and then generously agreed to purchase him among themselves, and to give him his liberty. Carew was so struck with their kindness, that he could not consent to purchase his liberty at their expense, and desired them to tell the captain who brought the transports where he was. They at last agreed to his request; the captain received the news with great pleasure, sent round his boat for him, had him severely punished with a cat-of-nine-tails, and a heavy iron collar fixed to his neck, and with this galling yoke he was obliged to perform the greatest drudgery. One day, when his spirits were ready to sink with despair, he saw the captains Harvey and Hopkins, two of those who had proposed to purchase his liberty. They were greatly affected with the miseries he suffered, and having sounded the boatswain and mate, prevailed on them to wink at his escape; but the great obstacle was the penalty of forty pounds and a half-year's imprisonment for any one that took off his iron collar, so that he must be obliged to travel with it on. The captains acquainted him with all the difficulties he would meet with, but he was far from being discouraged, and resolved to set out that night; when directing him what course to take, they gave him a pocket-compass to steer by, a steel and tinder-box, a bag of biscuits, a cheese, and some rum. After taking an affectionate leave of his benefactors, he set out; but

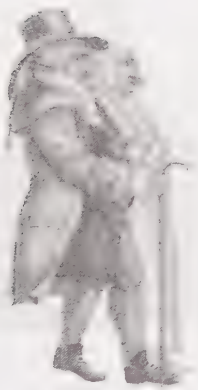
he had not travelled far before he began to reflect on his wretched condition: alone, unarmed, unacquainted with the way, galled with a heavy yoke, exposed every moment to the most imminent dangers; and a dark tempestuous night approaching, increased his terror; his ears were assaulted by the yells of the wild beasts; but kindling some sticks he kept them all night at a distance, by constantly swinging a fire-brand round his head. When daylight appeared, he had nothing to do but to look for the thickest tree he could find, and climbing into it, as he had travelled hard all night, he soon fell asleep. Here he staid all day, eating sparingly of his biscuits and cheese, and night coming on, he took a large dram of rum, and again pursued his journey. In this manner travelling by night, and concealing himself by day, he went on till he was out of danger of pursuit, or being stopped for want of a pass, and then travelled by day. His journey was frequently interrupted by rivers and rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through or swim over. At length he discovered five Indians at a distance; his fear represented them in the most frightful colours, but as he came nearer, he perceived them clothed in deer-skins, their hair was exceedingly long, and, to his inexpressible joy, he discovered they had guns in their hands, which was a sure sign of their being friendly Indians; and these having accosted him with great civility, soon introduced him to their king, who spoke very good English, and made him go to his wigwam, or house, when observing that he was much hurt by his collar, the king immediately set himself about freeing him from it, and at last effected it by rapping the steel of Carew's tinder-box into a kind of ear, his majesty sweating heartily at the work. This being done, he set before Carew some Indian bread and other refreshments. Here he was treated with the greatest hospitality and respect, and scarcely a day passed in which he did not go out with some party on a hunting match, and frequently with the king himself.

One day, as they were hunting, they fell in company with some other Indians near the river Delaware, and when the chace was

over, sat down to be merry with them. Carew took this opportunity to slip out, and going to the river side, seized one of their canoes, and though entirely unacquainted with the method of managing them, boldly pushed from shore, and landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania.

Carew now transformed himself into a quaker, and behaved as if he had never seen any other sort of people. In this manner he travelled to Philadelphia, meeting everywhere with the kindest treatment and the most plentiful supply. From hence he went to New York, where going on board a vessel belonging to Captain Rogers, he set sail for England; and after having prevented his being pressed on board a mail of war, by pricking his hands and face, and rubbing them with bay-salt and gunpowder, to give him the appearance of the small-pox, safely landed at Bristol, and soon rejoined his wife and begging companions.

What became of him afterwards is unknown, but he is said to have died about the year 1770, aged 77.



THOMAS COOKE.
THE NOTORIOUS ISLINGTOFI MISER

THOMAS COOKE was born in the year 1726 at Clewer, a village near Windsor. His father, an itinerant fiddler, got his living by playing in ale-houses and at fairs, but dying while Thomas was an infant, his grandmother, who lived at Swanmington, near Norwich, took care of him, till he was able to provide for himself; at which time he obtained employment in a manufactory, where there were a number of other boys, who were paid according to the work they did. These boys always clubbed some money from their weekly earnings for the establishment of a mess: young Cooke, however, resolved to live cheaper, and when the other boys went to dinner,

he retired to the side of a brook, and made his breakfast and dinner at one meal, upon a half-penny loaf, an apple, and a draught of water from the running stream, taken up in the brim of his hat.

His economy and industry at this time, however, he turned to a good account, for with the money he thus saved, he paid a youth who was usher to a village school-master, to instruct him in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

When Cooke arrived at years of maturity, he was employed as porter by a Mr. Postle, at Norwich, an eminent dry Salter, and paper manufacturer. Here his sobriety and industry caused his master to make him a journeyman, and raise his wages.

From the conversation of the excisemen at the mill, young Cooke conceived their business was attended with great emolument, and intimated to his master that he should wish to become one. Mr. Postle, wishing to oblige a faithful servant, procured his appointment to a district near London, and gave him a letter of introduction to a sugar-baker. On his arrival in London, in the Norwich waggon, he had only eight shillings in his pocket.

Though appointed to a district, Cooke found there was great delay, and some expense before he could act as an excise-man; he therefore took the situation of porter to the sugar-baker, and in course of time became a journeyman. Here he did not neglect his appointment to the Excise, but reserved sufficient time to himself to give it every necessary attention. By attendance on the superior of the district in which he was to act, and by the money he saved while in the service of the sugar-baker, Cooke was at length enabled to assume the dignity to which he had so long aspired.

Being appointed to inspect the exciseable concerns of a paper-mill and manufactory near Tottenham, Cooke was exceedingly well pleased, for being already versed in some parts of the trade, from the knowledge he had acquired in the service of Mr. Postle, he was desirous of learning those secrets in the trade, to which he was still a stranger. During the time he was officially employed in this concern, the master of the paper-mills and manufactory died

The widow, however, by the advice of her friends, carried on the business, with the assistance of the foreman.

Cooke's knowledge of the business, but particularly the regularity with which he rendered his accounts to the Board of Excise, induced the Commissioners to continue him in the employ. In the mean time, he took a regular and exact account of sundry infractions of the laws, which either from design or inadvertence, were daily committed in this paper manufactory. Having calculated the value of the concern, and the several thousand pounds the penalties incurred, by frauds on the revenue, would amount to, he seized an opportunity of privately informing the widow, that these penalties, if levied, would amount to more than double the value of all her property, and expose her to beggary, and the King's Bench. He assured her, that the frauds committed at different times committed, were only known to himself, and suddenly proposed marriage to her, as the only means of insuring his secrecy. The widow, no doubt, convinced of the truth of the statement, and seeing in Cooke a man of comely countenance, and of good figure, gave him a favourable answer, but suggested the propriety of deferring the marriage till the time allotted to the mourning for her late husband had expired. Cooke agreed to this delay, having taken care to obtain her consent and promise on parchment.

At length his marriage with this lady took place, and Cooke became possessed of all her property, which was very large, and particularly of the mill, at Tottenham, which were on lease to her former husband. On the expiration of the lease, he applied to the proprietors for a renewal of it, but in consequence of a previous treaty the premises were, to his great mortification, let to another person.

He next purchased a large sugar concern in Paddington, and as he knew something of the business, flattered himself that he would be able to add rapidly to his already large fortune. Here he carried his former habits of parsimony and abstemiousness to the utmost excess with this difference, he kept no table, but gained the

With all his parsimony, however, Cooke, to his great astonishment, found that, instead of making money by his sugar-house, he had lost, at the end of twelve months, £500. In order to discover the secrets of the trade, to which he had been a stranger, he was induced to invite several sugar-bakers to dine with him, and after plying them with plenty of wine, he put questions to some of the younger and more unguarded of the trade, who, in a state of intoxication, made the desirable discoveries. His wife, astonished at his being so unusually generous, expressed her apprehensions about the expenses of the wine; but he told her he would *such as much of the brains* (his usual phrase) of some of the fools as would amply repay him.

Among the number of persons that Cooke had vainly flattered with the idea that he would remember them in his will was a papermaker, named King, who used to work with Cooke, and who had often, in his prosperity, driven Cooke in his gig to wakes and fairs. King, from the goodness of his character, had obtained many friends; and, when he applied to Cooke for assistance, he contrived to give him some plausible reasons for delaying his intended benefaction till he should have tried all his other friends. This being done, "Now, sir," says King, "I have taken your counsel in making you the last I call upon, and, as you always said you would do something handsome for me, now is the time for you to show your friendship, and give me your assistance." "How much have you got?" said Cooke. King answered, "About two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds, sir!"exclaimed Cooke; "why, sir, you ought never to want money again as long as you live! Two hundred pounds, sir! why, it is a fortune, an immense sum! You cannot want any more money with so large a sum in your possession: but, sir, I will give you a piece of advice worth double the money, and that is, if ever you buy a pint of beer again as long as you have existence, you ought to be *hanged*. There are plenty *pumps*, and I will give you nothing."

Another of Cooke's expectants was a poor man, a relation, who used occasionally to make him small presents of butter. "What

signifies sending me these driblets?" said Cooke; "a man who is to have thousands upon thousands at my death! Send a whole firkin!" To some answer which indicated that he could not afford it, Cooke replied, "Very well, sir; you may do as you please, and I will do as I please." Terrified at this threat, the poor man complied with his wishes; but it is needless to say that, like all the rest, he was first deceived and then disappointed.

Ink was an article which Cooke was very fond of, and this he used to obtain in large quantities by begging. His way was to carry a strong phial about him, that held something more than half a pint, and whenever he could get into the counting-house of any of those whom he was in the habit of calling on, he was always sure to ask for a little ink in his bottle; and if his friend chose to fill it for him he made no objection. What, it will be asked, did he do with such a large quantity of ink as he must by this means have accumulated? Why, it is true, he wrote a great deal, but he did not use it all in writing. No: to employ a poor person to clean his shoes would have cost money, and to have them cleaned at home by his maid could not be done without expense, as the ingredients for making blacking would cost something in a year. The *ink* he contrived to get *for nothing* and he blacked his shoes with that!

After he had retired from business, and went to reside in Winchester Place, Pentonville, he hit upon a notable expedient for supplying himself with his favourite vegetable, in high perfection, at a very easy charge. Annexed to his house was a spot of ground, which, when he first took the premises, was laid out prettily for the culture of flowers; but Cooke despised the foppery of flowers, and therefore lost no time in rooting them all up, for the purpose of making a cabbage-garden. He therefore dug the ground himself to avoid paying a labourer and paying the tax for a gardener, and sowed cabbage-seed all over it. He industriously applied himself to manuring the ground, for which purpose he would sally out in moonlight nights, with a little shovel and a basket, and take up the horse-dung that had been dropped in the course of the day in the City Road.

Cooke seldom passed by a pump without taking a hearty drink. In his daily visits to the Bank he regaled himself at the pump near the Exchange. He was in the constant habit of pocketing the Bank paper, as he never bought anything if he could get it for nothing.

The only indulgence Cooke allowed his wife was a small quantity of table beer; and it may naturally be supposed that a woman who enjoyed every comfort with her former husband could have little regard for the second. In short, Cooke used her so ill, that she died of a broken heart.

Notwithstanding this man's inordinate love for money, he was not without a turn for amusements: he was particularly fond of having a good horse, and contrived generally once a year to go to Epsom races. But these excursions never cost him anything; for he always made shift to fasten himself upon some of those people whom he used to buoy up with assurances of making them his heirs: thus he had his ride to Epsom in his friend's gig, and back to town; his bed, during the time of the races, his meals, and every other accommodation, at the expense of his fellow-traveller, to whom, for all this treating, he never had the generosity to offer so much as a single bottle of wine in-return.

At one time he had a horse, and, when not employing him, he kept him at livery stables; but when he rode him, he would not allow corn for him at any place where he had occasion to stop, alleging to the ostler, that "he had had his corn at the last place he stopped at, so that he wanted nothing to eat, or, at most, not more than a mouthful of hay, and a little water;" for which slender accommodation he would generously reward the ostler with a penny. Indeed, his stoppages upon the road were not very frequent, and when he did stop, it was always with a view to economy.

On his excursions, many were his expedients for feeding his horse. If he happened to fall in with a good honest farmer, or farmer's servant, travelling the same way he was going, with a load of hay, he thought himself fortunate. Being a very well informed man, he could converse on almost any subject, and could accommodate

himself to the taste of the person he conversed with; he would, of course, enter into chat with the driver of the hay-cart, on the weather, the price of hay and corn, and other topics of rural economy: thus having wormed himself into the good graces of his companion, he would carry on the conversation for miles; and, while riding after the cart's tail, would suffer his horse to pull many a sweet mouthful, and take his bellyful of the countryman's hay.

A favourite horse of his had at one time a disease in the eyes, for which Cooke wished to have a cure; but as he was too avaricious to go to a veterinary surgeon, he listened to the quackery of some silly journeyman farrier, or more probably some one who, knowing his disposition, had mind to banter him, and gave him the following as a recipe for his horse's sore eyes: "You must take thirty onions, drill a hole in each, run a string through all, and hang the onions, thus strung like a necklace, round the horse's neck, and let him wear it continually. As the onions hang on, they will draw the humour out of the horse's eyes into themselves; and by the time they are dried up and shrivelled, the eyes will get well; if not, repeat the remedy: but mark this, when the onions become withered, they will be so full of the acrimonious humour, drawn from the horse's eyes, that you must bury the onions where no hog can get at them." "Thirty onions, sir! why they would cost a great deal of money! Pray, sir, would it not do just as well if I were to buy one very large onion, and cut it into thirty pieces, and string those thirty slices, and put them round the beast's neck?" "o no, sir, for they would wither in a day and lose all efficacy, they must be *whole* onions." Cooke, however, could not find in his heart to part with so much money as would purchase *thirty* onions; half the number he supposed would do as well; but although he was so foolishly credulous as to give ear to this nonsense, his avarice would not allow him to believe in the deleterious quality of the onions. Wisely presuming, therefore, that nothing ought to be thrown away, he took the onions, when they were quite shrivelled, and he supposed they had done their duty as an amulet round the horse's neck for a fortnight, and throwing

away the string, he put them into a hand-basket and brought them into the house, as if just returned from market, desiring his servants to make a dish of onion porridge for that day's dinner. The servants, however, knowing from whence they came, peremptorily refused to obey his orders.

Cooke once bargained with the keeper of a livery-stable to let his horse have the run of a field to graze in, at so much per day. When he wanted to ride, he always took a very accurate account of the number of hours he had him out; and as soon as he intended to take away the horse finally, he desired the man to bring in his bill. On perusing it, he flew into a great passion, asking the man did he mean to be a robber to plunder him and cheat him. The stable-keeper desired him to count the number of days, from the time the horse was first taken in to graze, until the day he was taken away, and he would find the bill very correct. "Horse taken in! No, sir, it is *me* that you want to take in, and yourself that ought to be corrected for wanting to cheat me of my gold! Had I not my horse out of your field eight hours on Thursday? "Well, sir, and did I not ride him to Epsom next day, and had him out of your field eleven hours? that is nineteen hours; then, sir, five hours and a-half on Saturday: there, sir, there are two days and half an hour that you wanted to cheat me out of; in short, here is an account of as many hours that my horse has been out of your field as amounts to fifteen days; and have you the conscience, you cheating rogue, to expect me to pay you for my horse eating your grass when he has been miles and miles away from it?" As the stable-keeper swore he would make him pay dearly for calling him a cheat and a rogue, Cooke thought fit to make an apology, and pay the bill.

During the life-time of his wife he formed the determination of keeping *two* horses, and even a carriage! With this view he was for some time on the look-out for the purchase of a new horse, in addition to the one he already possessed. In these researches he fell into company with some gentlemen, among whom, one of them was bargaining with another for the sale of a horse; the price was to be

twenty guineas. Cooke, who knew the value of a horse, examined it, and said, that if the gentleman who wished to purchase him had bid his utmost price, he considered himself at liberty to offer more; the parties agreeing to this, Cooke said he would give twenty-two guineas, provided the owner would allow him, as a trial, to take a ride for five or six miles, just to know his paces, and to ascertain whether he would suit him, promising to return at an appointed hour. Cooke being well known to all the parties, this indulgence was readily granted. The hour of his promised return expired, but no Cooke. After another hour of impatient expectation, the poor horse was led in by his rider, limping, sweating through pain and anguish, the blood running in torrents down his fore legs, the skin and muscular parts of which were lacerated in a state shocking to behold. Cooke threw himself into a chair, lamenting that his dear friend should meet with such a misfortune! After requesting a few minutes to indulge his grief, he related, that after having gone on so pleasantly, never having met with a more lovely creature, and one that would so well have suited him, unfortunately, in a narrow part of the road he got between a stage coach driving furiously, and a waggon going in a contrary direction: all his efforts to avoid injury to the horse were in vain; the wheels of both carriages came nearly in contact with each other, and the poor horse had his knees broken and lacerated in this miserable manner. "Nor did I," continued he, "escape," shewing his worsted stockings, recently torn and dirtied, and a slight graze on his leg, "for I myself was near being killed; but, alas! it was an accident; however, sir, since I most unfortunately had your horse in my care at the time of the accident, I am willing that you shall not be a loser by him; nobody would now give five pounds for him, but as I was the innocent cause of this misfortune, I will give you fifteen." The gentleman, however, who was bargaining for the horse when Cooke joined their company, after examining the injury the beast had received, offered to stand to his original bargain, provided the owner, in consideration of the expense of employing a farrier to cure the horse's knees,

would throw in the saddle and bridle into the bargain. This was agreed to on the part of the owner, and the horse, under the care of a skilful farrier, was soon made as well as ever.

The gentleman who bought the horse belonged to a club of respectable tradesmen who frequented the Three Tuns chophouse, in Smithfield, and who in the summer season occasionally made an excursion to dine a few miles from town. He being one of the party, and coming rather late, the rest of the gentlemen, who were standing at the parlour window, noticed the horse, and observed, that he did not appear the worse for the severe operation he had undergone some months back. This, of course, brought on an inquiry as to what they meant, and the truth was soon discovered. Cooke, on the day he had borrowed the horse for a trial, came to this very house, and alighting, led the horse to a farrier's shop near at hand. He there made his proposal to the farrier's man to cut and mangle the horse's knees, so as to make him bleed freely, but to do it so as not to injure any of the tendons. To this act of cruelty the fellow at first objected; but upon Cooke's representing that there was a considerable bet depending on it, and saying, that if he would not do it, he should easily find some one else that would—the fellow thought he might as well earn the reward (two pots of beer) as another, and accordingly scored and lacerated the poor horse to the satisfaction of Cooke, and the disgust and horror of the bystanders, some of whom were the very men that were then assembled at the dinner party. In that condition the inhuman wretch rode the miserable animal to town, exulting in the hope that by this stratagem he should get the horse some pounds cheaper.

Being detached from the fatigues of business he determined on taking a house a little way out of town, but not at so great a distance as to prevent him from walking every day to the Bank. Accordingly he pitched on Pentonville, and until he could suit himself with a dwelling, he resided for some time at the Angel Inn, at Islington, from whence he afterwards removed into a small house in Winchester Place, Pentonville.

During the time he lived in Winchester Place, he began to think that he could maintain his horse much cheaper by having him at home than by keeping him at a livery-stable. For this purpose, he actually converted the kitchen of his house in Winchester Place into a stable, and used to curry and fodder, and do all the necessaries about his horse with his own hands, to save the expense of hiring a stable-boy. Besides, in this saving plan he had the dung, too, for his cabbages, which was no small advantage. As he had the horse, he thought it would be no very great expense to keep a chaise for this horse to draw, and he actually did at one time relax so far from his rigid system of economy, as to resolve on keeping one. Accordingly, he bargained with a coach-maker, and the chaise was sent home, with harness and everything complete. Cooke, however, in ordering home his chaise, seemed for once to have lost his foresight, and to have neglected to weigh all the expenses attending the keeping of this vehicle. He had no chaise-house to put it in, to preserve it from the weather. He saw, that although he might be able to dress his horse, the keeping the chaise and horse too, clean and in order, would be too much for him; he even forgot the tax that he would have to pay for his carriage; and he found that he could not do without a man-servant to take care of his horse and chaise: therefore, until he could hire this man-servant, he could not run his chaise. How he was to dispose of it in the meantime he had not thought of. To keep it in the open area before the house would not do: it might be stolen at night, or injured, did the rain would render it unfit for use; and the doors were not wide enough to admit of its being run through the house into the back part. He therefore had the wheels taken off, and put into the back garden, and the body was then carried through the house into the back yard, and lifted up through the window into his bed-chamber. However, that he did not entirely give up the idea of running his chaise, was evident from his attempts to hire a man-servant. On making known that he wanted one, he had several applications; but one man was too slight to do the work, another too old; one he

rejected because he was a thin, lathy-shanked fellow with a wide mouth, that he was sure would eat too much; another, because he owned he could not do without a little drop of gin once a week. But there were two grand objections to all that offered, namely, that they all declared they expected to have a sufficiency of victuals; the other, the rogues, without exception, asked a great deal more wages than he was inclined to give, and therefore he was determined to keep the chaise and wheels where they were, until he could find some more reasonable attendant. The chaise-body stood in his bed-chamber, and the wheels lay against the wall in his garden, for year after year, until they were quite rotten; and the wheels, especially, that had been exposed to all variations and inclemencies of the weather, overgrown with grass and weeds. In this state he took it into his head to try to sell them, and among other customers whom he wished to attract, he offered them to a gentleman who was afterwards his executor, telling him that he expected a good price for the vehicle, as it had never been used but once, namely, from the maker's house to his own, and of course not a bit the worse for wear and tear.

During the whole time Cooke lived in Winchester Place, which is supposed to have been from twelve to fourteen or fifteen years, he never once painted the house, inside or outside. The landlord of the house was not very well satisfied with this neglect; and finding all remonstrances vain, he was desirous of doing some repairs at his own expense, but Cooke would not suffer the workmen to come into the house. When the landlord found that he could obtain no good of Cooke, he gave him legal warning to quit. Of this warning the old man took no notice. When the time had nearly expired, at which, agreeably to notice, the landlord expected Cooke to quit his house, he waited on him to inquire if he had provided himself with another dwelling, telling him at the same time that he expected to have the house given up at the appointed time. Upon this, Cooke, with abundance of tears and lamentations, entreated him not to be so cruel as to turn him out; that he had been looking for a house,

but had not yet been so fortunate as to meet with one that would suit him, and begged hard for another month to look out. This was granted. A similar application made at the end of the month, obtained the indulgence of another. The landlord now determined to be peremptory, and wrote him word that he should certainly call on such a day, at a certain hour, at which time he should expect Mr. Cooke, without further delay, to give up the possession of the house. The old gentleman, who well knew that in all cases of law the being in possession of good and sufficient evidence was of great importance, took care to appoint one of those people whom he held in subserviency by his usual policy of promising to remember him handsomely in his will, to be in attendance at his house exactly at the hour at which he expected the landlord to call on him. On his arrival Cooke feigned himself very ill: the landlord said, "Well, sir, I hope you have suited yourself, as really the house will tumble down, and bury you in the ruins, it is so much out of repair, and as you will not repair it, I must absolutely have the key." Cooke's tears now flowing in torrents, he exclaimed, "Miserable man that I am! which way shall I turn me? can you have the heart to turn a poor old man at my time of life into the street? Oh, dear! what will become of me? I am not able to look out, and I have no friend to look out for me; I wish the house would fall on me, and put me out of my misery. Spare me! spare me, for God's sake! and upon my honour, I will, as soon as ever I can, try to provide myself, but don't turn a poor old man out to die in the street." A fresh flood of tears, with the proper accompaniment of sobbing, groans, and sighs, were now called up. The landlord being a merciful man, was melted into compassion; and the shock at seeing the old man fall into one of his usual fits (well feigned on the present occasion) completely softened his heart. He begged Cooke to dry up his tears, and assured him he would not trouble him, but trusted to his honour that he would provide himself a house as soon as he could; and he declared on his word he would not put him to distress, nor trouble him to remove until he was suited with a house. Then,

with many *real* cordial shakes of the hand on the one side, and as many *deceitful* professions of gratitude on the other, the landlord took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Cooke, turning to his associate, said, "How easily some fools are gulled in this world! Did not you remark that he gave me his promise, on his word and honour, that he would not put me to distress nor trouble me, until I should be suited with a house? Make a memorandum of that; here is pen and ink, and write it in your pocket-book, that he made this promise, and be sure you mention the day of the month, and year, and hour."

From that day Cooke troubled himself no more about a house, but rested himself very contentedly where he was, and enjoyed many a laugh at the expense of his landlord, when he recounted to his visitors the artful manner in which he had cajoled him. But the owner of the house, not intending to carry those words to the full extent of their meaning, paid Cooke many friendly visits, urging him to quit the house, but he was immovable. At last, after being kept out of the house until his patience was quite worn out, he brought an ejectment against him. Cooke suffered this to be brought to trial, and brought forward the man whom he had secured as evidence, who swore that the plaintiff, in his presence, on a certain day and hour, did actually promise that he would not turn Cooke out, *but wait until the latter should find it convenient to suit himself with another house*; on this evidence the landlord was nonsuited, and Cooke had the satisfaction of returning home in triumph. The landlord, however, brought his action *de novo*, and likewise another action for the amount of thirty pounds for dilapidations, such as turning the kitchen into a stable, &c., in both of which he succeeded, after being kept out of his house for full two years and more by the artifice and obstinacy of his refractory tenant. Cooke, who foresaw that he should not be able to stand his ground against his landlord in this second contest, was prudent enough to take timely measures to secure a retreat; accordingly, before the day arrived, on which the ejectment was to have been put in force

against him, he had removed his furniture and his domestics to the house No. 85, "White Lion Street, Pentonville, in which he afterwards resided to the time of his death.

At length, through the infirmities of age, Cooke found himself reduced to the necessity of applying from time to time for medical advice; and many were the tricks which he used to play to cheat medical men of their time and save his money. He would make no scruple to beg from some of his acquaintance whom he knew to be subscribers, a letter for a dispensary, and, clothing himself in his old, ragged, and cast-off apparel, would attend regularly, as a pauper, among others, to receive advice and medicines gratuitously, and for several successive weeks. At one time he obtained a recommendation as a patient to the dispensary for the diseases of the eye and ear, in Charterhouse Square. The natural goodness and suavity of Mr. Saunders's disposition induced him to pay every attention to Cooke, who passed himself upon him as a reduced tradesman who had seen better days; but, finding this old man would not be satisfied without engrossing a great deal more of his time than he could spare, he was at last induced to make some inquiry concerning his patient, and, learning who he was, he read him a very serious lecture on the meanness and impropriety of his conduct in thus obtaining gratuitously that which was only intended for the necessitous, and acquainted him that if he expected his future services he must give a fee, as was usual with other gentlemen. "Very well," said Cooke, "I am willing to pay anything in reason; but, mark this, I expect to be cured first, for I always go upon the maxim of *no cure no pay*." Mr. Saunders rang the bell, desired the servant to call in the next patient in rotation, and, politely wishing Cooke a good morning, directed the servant to "open the street door for the gentleman."

Another time he became so excessively troublesome to a physician, to whom he had paid about four or five half-guineas, that the doctor at last told him he had tried every remedy, and exerted all his skill, and could render him no farther service. "Then give

me back my money, sir," said Cooke; "why did you rob me of my money, unless you meant to cure me?" The doctor, whose chariot was waiting at the door for him, left the old man to vent his spleen in the study, to the no small diversion of the servants, and gave orders that he never should be admitted again.

He once rang up the domestics of a medical gentleman at Islington at four o'clock in a winter's morning. On being asked his pleasure, he answered, "My *pleasure* is to see your master, for I am in *pain*." "Sir, my master has been out at a labour all night, very much fatigued; he is not well, and has not been in bed above half an hour." "Don't tell me about his labours and his being unwell; doctors must get up at all hours, well or ill; tell him he must come down. I do not come as a pauper; I can pay for what I have." The servant went to tell his master, who sent his compliments to the gentleman, that he really was very ill, but that his assistant, a regularly bred and skilful young man, was then putting on his clothes to wait on him, and would, he was sure, supply his place to the satisfaction of the patient. "Then," said Cooke, "he may *putt off* his clothes again, and go to bed; I will have no assistant; I will see none but the master. I have plenty of money in my pocket, and am willing to pay for what I have." At length the master came, and Cooke, in his usual way, kept him three quarters of an hour, giving a detail of his complaints. The doctor said he would make him up a small draught, that should relieve him in an instant. Being asked his charge, he said, "Only eighteen pence."—"Eighteen pence!" exclaimed Cooke; "I never heard of such extortion in my life! Eighteen pence! I thought you might have made me up something for two pence!" This said, he left the doctor to go to bed again.

Soon after he went to live in White Lion Street, he sent for a Mr. Pigeon, a surgeon, who lived on the opposite side of the street, to examine an ulcer on his leg, which gave him a little temporary alarm, he being of a very gross habit of body. After the gentleman had duly inspected it, Cooke asked him if he could cure it.

"Certainly, sir," replied the surgeon. "How long do you think it will be before you can make a perfect cure of it?" "A month." "And how much must I give you?" Mr. Pigeon, who saw that the sore was not of any great importance, answered, "A guinea." "Very well," replied Cooke; "but, mark this, when I agree for sums of such magnitude I go upon the system of *no cure no pay*; so if I am not cured at the expiration of the month, I pay you nothing;" This was agreed to. After a diligent attendance of several days, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied, and would not let Pigeon see it any more. However, within two or three days of the month being expired he got some sort of plaister from a farrier, and made a new ulcer on the place where the former had been, and, sending for Pigeon on the last day of the month, showed him that his leg was not well, and that, of course, the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited*. This story the old fellow used to tell himself with great satisfaction, and called it *plucking a pigeon*.

When Doctor Lettsom was in the practice of giving audience at his own house to patients, seldom a week passed, during the space of many years, without the attendance of Cooke, not in the character of the rest of the patients, who usually applied for advice, but in that of a *pauper*. After many years, long availing himself of the doctor's liberal disposition in thus obtaining advice gratuitously, and scarcely ever going away from him without requesting a draught of the doctor's "excellent table-beer, after his fatigue of coming from Pentonville," he opened his heart one day, and presented the butler with the sum of a *shilling*! On these occasions of procuring medical advice he was often intrusive and troublesome, by attempting to force his way to an immediate access to the doctor, in precedence of others who had been longer waiting, and who, of course, had a right to admittance in succession. The butler once interfering to prevent this intrusion, Cooke, with no little heat of temper, upbraided him with his ingratitude: "Why, you ungrateful rogue! did not I give you a shilling?" The servant very coolly answered, "Yes, sir, I remember about nine months ago

you *did* give me a shilling, and here it is for you again," presenting it to him. Cooke, instantly becoming more placid, pocketed the shilling, observing that it would be of use in buying something for him in his way home.

In order to evince his gratitude, as he said, he told Dr. Lettsom that he would make an ample donation to any public charity which he should recommend. After the doctor had taken pains to explain to him the objects of different charitable institutions, he fixed upon the "Humane Society, for the recovery of the apparently dead," intimating at the same time the amplitude of his fortune, and confirming it by bringing a will in his pocket, which he submitted to the doctor's inspection. About three months before his decease he confidentially assured Dr. Lettsom that, besides the ample provision he had made for his numerous relations, friends, and his two maid servants, and still more ample bequests to almshouses, he was in possession of a surplus of *forty thousand pounds* unappropriated, and desired the doctor to specify such hospitals and dispensaries as he deemed most in want of funds for their support, with an accurate account of the state of their finances, that his forty thousand pounds might be appropriated in proportion to their wants and general utility. The doctor immediately set about procuring the necessary information, which, after having obtained with no small pains and trouble, he sent to Cooke; but these objects of his profound munificence were never noticed in the *real* will; and the disappointment could not but be felt by many of the friends of those public charities to which his attention had been recommended, whose expectations were raised by fallacious promises, never intended to be realised. Of all the institutions which the doctor had pointed out to him as deserving his support, the Humane Society alone was remembered; but the ample donation of five hundred pounds set down in the will that he showed to Dr. Lettsom turned out to be, in his last will, a paltry bequest of fifty pounds; and to the doctor himself, for the many years' plague and trouble he had with him, he left a plain gold ring!

Although Cooke was so very desirous of obtaining gratuitous advice and cheap physic for himself, he would not allow either of his females to be sick or ailing, or any medical or surgical relief to be afforded them when required. His housekeeper, Mrs. Strudwick, having a very bad ulcer on her leg, which disabled her from walking, ventured to ask the advice of a medical friend. Unfortunately, it was in the presence of her toaster, who swore there was nothing the matter with her but laziness, and would not permit the leg even to be looked at. As the woman was in great pain, the gentleman was obliged to make his visits early in the morning, before Cooke's time of rising; or else in those hours when it was known that the old gentleman was gone to the Bank to buy-in stock.

After the death of Mr. Eamsbottom, of Goswell House, the gentleman whom Cooke used to employ in the constant alterations of his wills (and to make a new one when he wanted to gain some particular point), the task was transferred to Mr. Jackson, of Bridgewater Square, whom Cooke had named one of his executors. To this gentleman he was an incessant torment; but, even from him he took great care to keep one clause in his *real* will a secret, wherein he left Mr. Jackson only *one* hundred pounds, while each of his other executors were to have *two*. Mr. Jackson, however, by accident, got sight of this clause, and on his inquiring of Cooke the reason of this difference, the old man gave him the following answer: "Why, sir, you are some years older than any of my other executors; therefore it is probable that you will die before them; now, sir, it would be very wrong that they, who would have to do the whole of the work after you were dead, should not have more than you, and therefore you must be content with one hundred pounds." "If that be your opinion," said Mr. Jackson, "strike my name out of your will entirely, for I will have nothing more to do with you." Cooke having thus lost this gentleman as his executor, after making inquiry for a fit person to place in his room, substituted the name of Mr. William Day, of Grace-church Street, in the next codicil.

Mr. Cooke was not altogether unmindful of his religious duties. Until within a very few years of his death he was a constant attendant at Divine Service on Sundays, and seldom missed attending the Sacrament. Some short time before his death, one of his executors observed to him that he had omitted to remember his two servants in his will; the one who had faithfully served him as his housekeeper and nurse for upwards of ten years; the other, who used to lead him about the streets, particularly to the Exchange-pump to regale himself, and who was also a good nurse to him during the time she lived with him; but Cooke answered, "Let them be paid their wages to the day of my death—nothing more." On the gentleman's remonstrating on the very great injustice it would be not to leave them something, all he could obtain was twenty-five pounds for one, and ten pounds for the other; and even from that twenty-five, after his friend had left the room, he took the will and struck out the word *five*!

In 1811, he took to his bed, and he sent for several medical men in the hope of obtaining some relief, but all knew him so well that not one would attend, except Mr. Aldridge, who resided in White Lion Street. Cooke permitted this gentleman to send some medicine. On his last visit the old man very earnestly entreated him to say candidly, how long he thought he might live. Mr. Aldridge answered, that he *might* last six days. Cooke, collecting as much of his exhausted strength as he could, raised himself in bed, and darting a look of the keenest indignation at the surgeon, exclaimed, "And are you not a dishonest man? a rogue! a robber! to serve me so?"—"How, sir?" asked Mr. Aldridge, with surprise. "Why, sir, you are no better than a pickpocket, to rob me of my gold, by sending two draughts a-day to a man that all your physic will not keep alive above six days! Get out of my house, and never come near me again." During the last days of his existence he was extremely weak, and employed his few remaining hours in arranging matters with his executors. He died August 26, 1811. The funeral which his executors gave him was probably more decent than the old gentleman intended it to have been.

Thus lived, and thus died, unlamented and unlamented, in the 86th year of his age, and possessed of a property of *one hundred and twenty-seven thousand two hundred and five pounds three-per cent consolidated Bank Annuities*, a man, whose life was chequered with as few good actions as ever fell to the share of any person that has lived to so advanced an age.

EVE FLEIGEN
WHO LIVED ON THE SMELL OF FLOWERS

EVE FLEIGEN, or Vliegen, was a native of the Duchy of Cleve, in Germany. She is said to have lived long upon no other nourishment than the smell of flowers. Under one of the extant portraits of her are the following lines:—

"Twas I that pray'd I never might eat more,
'Cause my step-mother grutched me my food;
Whether on flowers I fed, as I had store,
Or on a dew that every morning stood
Like honey on my lips, fall seventeen year.
This is a truth, if you the truth will hear."

Eve Fleigen would have been just the wife for a noble poet of the present century, who hated to see women eat.

This story may keep company with Pliny's relation of the Astomi, a people in East India, who have no mouths, and are supported by the smell of roots, flowers, and wild apples; and with that of the Chinese virgins, who are said to conceive by smelling at a rose.

Yet the legend has a fine poetical sentiment underlying it. Has there not for all of us been a time when our heart was so full of the spring that—

> "It seem'd awhile that bounteous Heaven
> Nought else for man's support had given
> But sky, and trees, and *flowers*

MARY ANNE TALBOT
THE FEMALE SAILOR

THE ADVENTURES of this most extraordinary woman, who was better known by the name of John Taylor, will not fail to recall to the mind of the reader the well-known ballad of Billy Taylor, whose gentle, but heroic, fair one followed him to sea; where—

> "She all bedaub'd her hands and face, sir,
> With their nasty pitch and tar."

We must premise, however, that in the narrative which we are about to present, we have nothing of originality to offer; its substance being taken from a far more extended account of Mary Anne Talbot, said to be written by herself.

According to the account here mentioned, she was the youngest of sixteen natural children, whom her mother, who died in childbirth of twins, had by the late Earl of Talbot. Of her mother's name, or family, nothing is known. She is understood to have been born in London, on the 2nd of February, 1788, in the house, since occupied in part by Mr. Gosling, the banker, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This information she derived from an elder sister. For the first five years of her life, she was kept at nurse, at a little village about twelve miles from Shrewsbury. She was then removed by the orders, as she supposes, of some friends of Lord Talbot's (that nobleman being then dead) to Mrs. Tapley's boarding-school, in Foregate Street, Chester: where she was educated, during the period of nine years, under the eye of her only surviving sister, already alluded to, who

was the wife of a Mr. Wilson, of Trevalyn, in Denbighshire. Mary Anne regarded this sister as her parent, till she was about nine years old; when the latter one day informed her of the contrary, and showed her a miniature of her deceased mother. This portrait made such an impression on her mind, that its features were never erased from her memory.

Mrs. Wilson, her sister, informed her, that, previously to her marriage, she was known as the Hon. Miss Dyer, the name of the family in which she had been brought up, and possessed a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, besides an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Mary Anne did not long enjoy the protection of her sister, who, unfortunately, died in child-birth, in the prime of life. "Within three months after her decease, a Mr. Sucker, of Newport, in Shropshire, assumed the authority of a guardian over Mary Anne, took her from school, and placed her in his own family, where he treated her with great severity, and inspired her with an absolute dread of his person. This she afterwards construed into a premeditated plan, that she might throw herself in the way of some person who would take her off his hands. We are at a loss to conjecture the motive for this conduct; but certainly it must have been a bad one. In a short time, Mr. Sucker introduced her to a Captain Essex Bowen, of the 82nd regiment of foot; whom he directed her to consider as her future guardian, appointed to superintend her education abroad. This gentleman, who professed an inviolable attachment to her family, escorted her to London, early in the year 1792. A youthful mind, like hers, was naturally delighted with the prospect of such a journey, and of arriving at such a metropolis. Captain Bowen conveyed her to the Salopian Coffee-house, Charing Cross, to the landlady of which he introduced her as his charge. He was not long before he effected the seduction of this infantine unfortunate; after which he threw off the mask of tenderness, and evinced manners of the most ruffian stamp. Without a friend to consult, or from whom to seek relief, it cannot be thought surprising that she should become the passive instrument of his will.

In consequence of an order from his regiment, this son of Mars now found himself compelled to embark for St. Domingo; but, determined on taking with him his young *protegée*, he compelled her to assume the attire of a foot-boy, remarking, that her figure was well adapted to such an office. Aware of his peremptory disposition, in a paroxysm of frenzy and despair, she yielded to the base proposal, and assumed the name of John Taylor. She accordingly sailed from Falmouth, for the West Indies, in the Crown transport, Captain Bishop, on the 20th of March, 1792. Never, from the time that she went on board, did Captain Bowen suffer her to eat with him, but compelled her to live and mess with the ship's company. During their passage out, they suffered great distress of weather; the pumps were kept constantly at work; their guns, water, and part of their provisions, were obliged to be thrown overboard; the crew were on the short allowance of a biscuit per day each; for eight days they were wholly without water, excepting what they caught in their watch-coats, &c., from the heavens; but though poor Mary Anne participated in all these hardships, she cautiously concealed her sex! Her health became visibly impaired; but after her arrival at Port-au-Prince, she soon recovered.

Her stay, however, at St. Domingo, was but short. Captain Bowen's regiment being immmediately remanded to Europe, to join the troops on the continent, under the command of the Duke of York. Under the threat of sending her up the country, and disposing of her as a slave, her *protector* now compelled her to enroll herself in the regiment, as a drummer; in which capacity she re-embarked and accompanied him to the coast of Flanders. Previously to her arrival at head-quarters, she was given to understand that she must be the drudge and foot-boy of Captain Bowen, as before, whenever the performance of her duty, as a drummer, would permit. Her feelings were dreadfully galled; but no opening yet presented itself for relief.

Subjected to all the alarms, and terrors, and hardships of a campaign; compelled, during the frequent skirmishes which took place,

to keep a constant roll upon the drum, to drown the heart-piercing cries of the wounded and of the dying, whilst her comrades were falling around her, the feeling mind may picture her sufferings, but no pen can adequately describe them. Towards the end of the siege of Valenciennes, on the very day that the Hon. Mr. Tolamache was killed, this unfortunate woman received two wounds: one from a musket ball, which, glancing between her breast and collar-bone, struck her rib; the other, on the small of her back, from an accidental stroke of an Austrian trooper's broad-sword. From the dread of her sex being discovered, she carefully concealed her wounds, the cure of which she at length effected by the assistance of a little basilicon, lint and Dutch drops.

In the attack upon the town, her tyrant was killed; but, notwithstanding the brutality with which he had treated her, she could scarcely suppress the sudden emotion which she experienced on the intelligence, or check the tear which started for his fate. She, however, searched for, and found his body; by which means she obtained the key of his desk, where she found several letters relating to herself. They were part of a correspondence between Captain Bowen and Mr. Sucker. These she carefully preserved by sewing them up under the shoulder-straps of her shirt.

Though relieved from her cruel oppressor, Mary Anne's situation was yet truly distressing. She was in a strange country, without a friend, labouring under excruciating pain, and her wounds so situated, that she could not reveal them without discovering her sex. In this dilemma, she determined to quit the regiment, and endeavour to return to England; to which resolution she was prompted, in part, by having discovered, from Mr. Sucker's letters to Captain Bowen, that she had been grossly imposed on, in pecuniary concerns, money having been remitted for her which she never had received. She accordingly threw off her drummer's dress, assumed that of a sailor-boy, which she had reserved, and at length, by a circuitous route, avoiding towns and populous places, she reached Luxembourg. That town being in the possession of

the French, she was not permitted to proceed any farther. From necessity, she here engaged with the commander of a French lugger, which she took for a trader, but soon found to be a privateer. This was in September, 1793. She was here subjected to the severest drudgery of the vessel. The Frenchman cruised about for four months, but without success, till at last he fell in with the British fleet, then in the Channel, under the command of Lord Howe. Mary Anne, with a spirit of patriotism which does her great credit, obstinately persisted in refusing to fight against her countrymen, though severely beaten by the French captain. After a slight resistance the lugger yielded; and Le Sage (the captain) and his crew were carried on board the Queen Charlotte, to be examined by Lord Howe. Being questioned by his lordship, she stated, that being without friends in England, she had accompanied a gentleman to the continent in the capacity of a footboy. On the death of her master, she had, in the utmost distress, reached Luxembourg, under the hope of obtaining a passage home; but finding that impossible, she had been forced to enter into Le Sage's vessel, having experienced, from the inhabitants of the place, no attention to her distress; chiefly, as she supposed, from being English. Her determination, she added, from the moment that she engaged with the Frenchman, was to desert on the first opportunity that appeared favourable to her design of getting to England; but, had she known that Le Sage's intentions had been hostile towards her countrymen, she would rather have perished than entered his ship.

Fortunately for our heroine, his lordship's inquiries were not too minute: she obtained a favourable dismissal, and was afterwards stationed on board the Brunswick, commanded by the late Captain Harvey, to whose memory a monument has since been erected in Westminster Abbey. Her post in the Brunswick was that of powder-monkey on the quarter-deck. She had not been long on board before her cleanliness and general manners attracted the notice of Captain Harvey, who questioned her respecting her

friends, and whether she had not clandestinely quitted school, to try the sea. Finding, by her answers, that she was not altogether what she appeared, Captain Harvey most generously solicited her confidence, and proffered his services in her behalf. She related to him such of her adventures as were consistent with the concealment of her sex: he seemed much concerned, and appointed her to serve as principal *cabin-boy*.

In the spirited action, to which the gallant Captain Harvey owed his death, Mary Anne was very actively engaged. Just before the coming up of the Ramilies, she received a severe wound above the ankle of her left leg, by a grape-shot, which struck on the aftermost brace of the gun, and rebounding on the deck, lodged in her leg. Three times she attempted to rise, but without effect; and in the last effort the shattered bone penetrated the skin, so as wholly to incapacitate her for standing, had she been able to rise. Subsequently to this a musket-ball perforated her thigh, a little above the knee of the same leg. She lay in this crippled state till the action was over, when she was conveyed to the cock-pit; but though subjected to the most excruciating pain, the grape-shot could not be extracted, through fear of injuring the tendons, amongst which it lay. On the arrival of the Brunswick at Spithead, Mary Anne was conveyed to Haslar Hospital, from which, after four months' attendance as an out-patient, having experienced a partial cure, she was discharged. During the period here alluded to, she derived her support from money which she had previously received from her benefactor, Captain Harvey.

Soon after her discharge from the hospital she entered on board the Vesuvius, commanded by Captain Tomlinson. In this ship, which belonged to Sir Sydney Smith's squadron, she sailed from Spithead, cruised for some time off the French coast, and went to Gibraltar and back, without meeting with any occurrence deserving of notice. Off Dunkirk, however, the Vesuvius fell in with a couple of privateers, and being of inferior force, she was boarded and captured, after having maintained a running fight for seven

hours. Mary Anne states that she served as a midshipman on board the Vesuvius, though she received only the pay of a common man: and that she, and another young midshipman, named William Richards, were taken on board one of the privateers, whilst the rest of the crew of the Vesuvius were conveyed on board of the other. Having been deprived of their dirks, Mary Anne and her companion were taken to Dunkirk, and confined in the prison—formerly, we presume, the convent of the Nuns of St. Clair in Church Street. There she was incarcerated for eighteen months, endured a severe illness, and was treated with much cruelty. In the earlier part of her confinement she projected a plan for escape, in conjunction with Richards. Their intention was to leap from the top of the prison, but being detected, they were afterwards confined in separate dungeons, where, Mary Anne declares, it was so dark, that, for eleven weeks, she never saw daylight, her only allowance all that time being bread and water, lowered down to her by a cord. Her bed was nothing but a little straw, which was never changed. Once she was so ill, for two days, as to be incapable of quitting her miserable pallet, and her wretched pittance of bread and water was drawn up untouched. Nature, however, performed the part of a skilful physician, and when she recovered, her sorry fare was devoured with more genuine relish than the pampered appetite of an epicure enjoys over his daintiest dish.

Mary Anne's imprisonment was not wholly unserviceable. Among the prisoners was an ingenious German, who lessened the hardships and privations of his confinement by the disposal of various trinkets which he manufactured in a peculiar manner from gold wire. By frequent and attentive observation Mary Anne acquired the art, which she turned to some account after her arrival in England. If her statement be correct, the chains of the bracelets which Queen Charlotte wore in the royal procession to St. Paul's, in commemoration of our great naval victories, were made by her, whilst she worked with a jeweller, of the name of Loyer, in Denmark Street, by order of Messrs. Gray and Constable.

An exchange of prisoners at length took place, above five weeks after her recovery, and Mary Anne obtained her liberty; but, from the time of attempting to escape, she did not see her friend Richards till she met him by chance in London.

From certain physical causes, into an explanation of which it is here unnecessary to enter, the first obtrusion of light always produces a distressing sensation in the eyes of persons who have been confined for any considerable length of time in darkness. Mary Anne experienced this sensation in a very-painful degree, particularly as she was altogether in a very weak state, and as the surrounding country exhibited a chalky appearance. The reflection of light from a white surface is far more powerful than from a superficies of any colour whatsoever, a circumstance to which, in a great measure, may be ascribed that dreadful disorder the ophthalmia. The sun's rays are reflected with accumulated brilliancy and heat from the white and burning sands of Egypt.

Mary Anne intended to return immediately to England, but chance gave her adventures another direction. Whilst passing through Church Street she overheard a gentleman inquiring for a lad who might be willing to go to America in the capacity of ship's steward, and immediately tendered her services. The person proved to be a Captain Field, of the Ariel, an American merchantman. A bargain was struck, and it was agreed that she should have fifty pounds, besides what she could make, for the passage from Dunkirk to New York, and thence to England, part of the money to be advanced to fit her out. She accordingly sailed for New York, in August, 1796. Whilst in America she resided chiefly on shore with Captain Field's family at Rhode Island. Whether the American fair ones have any peculiarity of taste in their love affairs we know not; but Mary Anne, who seems to have been a great favourite with all the family, actually made a conquest of the Captain's niece! Nor was this an attachment to be easily broken off". The young lady – the *American* young lady—went so far as to propose marriage; and, to the last hour of her beloved's residence at Rhode Island, did she

indefatigably endeavour to accomplish her object. Previously to her departure, Mary Anne was under the necessity of presenting her portrait to her *mistress*, for which she sat in the full uniform of an American officer, and paid the sum of eighteen dollars.

Mary Anne had not proceeded more than two miles from Rhode Island towards the ship, to sail for England, when she was overtaken by a servant, informing Captain Field and herself that her *inamorata* was in strong fits. Humanity, of course, compelled their return, and they found the young lady in the state described. "With great difficulty she was recovered; and our heroine, who certainly supported the male character with considerable address, soothed her with the promise of speedily returning from England, and then took her final departure, leaving the love-sick fair "to sigh alone, and think on what was past."

After a favourable passage the Ariel arrived in the Thames, in the month of November, 1796. Captain Field intended to remain in England no longer than was necessary to discharge his cargo and obtain a fresh one; and as he had behaved with great kindness towards Mary Anne, she determined to proceed with him on a trading voyage up the Mediterranean. Another inducement to this determination was, that he had frequently intimated his intention of retiring, and of resigning the command of the ship to her in the course of another voyage or two.

A fresh adventure now presented itself, which afforded additional proof that Mary Anne was by no means deficient in courage. Captain Field having engaged a couple of fresh hands, his *Steward* took their descriptions, &c., in the cabin, whilst some loose cash and bank notes were lying on the desk. The money did not escape notice. In the middle of the night a crash was heard at the upper cabin door, as though it had been forced. Alarmed at the instant, our heroine sought for the tinder-box, instead of which her hands alighted on a brace of pistols; unfortunately they were not loaded. A more violent attempt was now made at the inner door, when, recollecting the situation of a sword, she seized it, and at the instant

when the door gave way, by a third effort, she made a thrust. Neither groan nor noise was heard: the intruder retired in silence. From the difficulty she had found in drawing the sword back, Mary Anne was convinced that it must have wounded deeply. Having found the tinder-box, she obtained a light, made the door secure, and sat up till morning. One of the new hands was then found to be in bed, being unwell, as he said, from an accident which he had met with, the evening before, in getting into his berth. When Captain Field came on board, the man was examined, and was found to have received such a wound in the thigh as sufficiently revealed the nature of his accident. Being in a dangerous state, he was sent to St. Thomas's Hospital; and, as the ship sailed before he was cured, he escaped prosecution.

Some days after this she went on shore accompanied by the mate, both of them in sailors' clothes, for the sake of amusement. Just as they were about to land at St. Catherine's Stairs, they were assailed by a press-gang; and, as Mary Anne was somewhat obstreperous, she was tumbled out of the boat, and received a wound on the head from a cutlass. They were afterwards taken on board the tender, whence the mate, having his protection in his pocket, soon obtained his liberation. Our heroine was less fortunate: she had left hers in the ship; and, as the mate was violently attached to Captain Field's niece, he informed the regulating officer that his companion was an Englishman, thus thinking to rid himself of a dangerous rival. Mary Anne received her liberty only by the disclosure of her sex. After this event, she sent for her friend Captain Field, to whom also she imparted her secret. He was anxious for her to continue her disguise and return with him to America, but that she declined.

We have now arrived at what may be considered as an epoch in the life of our heroine. From the period here alluded to, her adventures were confined to *terra firma*; and we may, perhaps, find it expedient to relate the remainder of them with more brevity than we have hitherto adopted.

Finding herself at leisure, after her discharge from the tender, she made numerous applications to the Navy Pay-office, Somerset House, for money due to her for service on board the Brunswick and the Vesuvius; but, meeting with repeated disappointments, her language was one day somewhat indecorous, and she was conveyed to Bow Street. There she underwent a long examination, but was at length dismissed: and several gentlemen, commiserating her sufferings, entered into a subscription, from which she received twelve shillings a-week, till she got her money from the Navy-office, in the name of John Taylor. By the recommendation of some of the gentlemen who thus interested themselves in her behalf, she was placed in a lodging, the keeper of which was strictly enjoined to break her, if possible, of her masculine habit. This, however, would have been a task not easily to be accomplished, as will be evident from the following facts.

Whilst living on the money which she received as wages from the American captain, she used to frequent the theatres, and certain well-known houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where she was soon known as a *bon compagnon*. Thus she became acquainted with Haines, the notorious highwayman, who at a subsequent period atoned for his crimes by swinging in chains upon Hounslow Heath. Ignorant of his profession, she one evening, in a fit of low spirits, mentioned the shortness of her cash, when Haines, clapping her on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Damn it, my fine fellow, I'll put you up to the best way in the world to get the supply you stand in need of." Leaving the house together, he proposed an *excursion upon the road* and actually furnished her with money to equip herself on the occasion, her sailor's habit not being thought adapted to the purpose. She accordingly bought a pair of buckskin breeches and boots, and met Haines, with six others, at a place appointed on the following evening. There she also received a brace of pistols; but, when everything was ready for their departure, thoughts of danger, dishonour, &c., flashed across her mind, and she prudently declined the enterprise.

This adventure inspired her with serious ideas of seeking employment, and led her to apply to Mr Lover, the jeweller, whom we have already mentioned. She remained with him some time; but, not receiving pay equal to what she thought herself entitled to, she left his employ. Whilst with him, however, she became a member of a lodge of Odd-Fellows at the Harlequin, in Drury Lane, and was probably the only female belonging to that society. At the time of admission, her sex, of course, was unknown.

Mary Anne did not continue long in the lodging which had been provided for her. She considered her landlady as ungrateful for representing her as more strongly inclined to masculine propensities, such as smoking, drinking of grog, &c., though she protested that she never took more of the latter without inviting the ingrate to participate, and that the latter was never backward in taking a good allowance.

In the month of February, 1797, the grape-shot, which had remained in her leg from June, 1794, worked out of itself. This she attributed to her too free use of spirituous liquors. Her leg being in a very bad state, she obtained admission into St Bartholomew's Hospital, whence, after having several pieces of shattered bone extracted, she was discharged. The cure, however, was not complete: she was afterwards in different hospitals, and under the care of several medical men, but without receiving permanent relief.

The subject of this sketch had at one time acquired so much notoriety, that a female mendicant adventurer, of five feet ten inches high, attempted to pass herself off, in a light horseman's dress, as the John Taylor who had fought in the Brunswick. Suspected of being an impostor, she was taken before Justice Bond, at Bow Street. Mary Anne was then in the Middlesex Hospital, but, on being sent for, attended to confront her double. When the *real Simon Pure* appeared, the woman soon confessed the imposition, and was sent to the House of Correction.

On returning from this business, Mary Anne had an accidental rencontre with a hairdresser, who, mistaking her for another person,

At a loss for an eligible mode of employment, she at one time turned her attention to theatricals, and became a member of the Thespian Society, in Tottenham Court Road. At such theatrical *seminaries* it is customary for the embryo performers to assume such characters as happen to hit their fancy, rather than to confine themselves to such parts as nature may have furnished them with the requisites for. Mary Anne, however, neither raved as Richard nor sighed as Romeo, but figured away as Juliet, Floranthe, Irene, Adeline, Lady Helen, &c., sometimes favouring the audience with low comedy, in such parts as Mrs. Scout and Jack Hawser. In the latter, it may be presumed, she was quite *au fait*. This pursuit, however, proved more pleasant than profitable, and Mary Anne was compelled to abandon it.

This lady, in the course of her adventures, occasionally fell into very extraordinary scrapes. Once she was robbed of all her clothes by a soldier's trull, who was afterwards transported, and, but for charity, she would not have had an article to wear. Another time, by the malice of her landlady's sister, she was summoned before the commissioners of the Stamp Office for wearing hair-powder without a licence. On this occasion she *wittily* defended herself by stating that, though she had never worn powder as an article of dress, she had frequently used it in defence of her king and country. The consequence was, that a handsome collection was made for her in the office. An order was one day left at her lodgings, purporting to be signed by Colonel Fisher, who was represented to have interested himself greatly in her behalf, for nine guineas, on the house of Cox and Co., but on inquiry it was treated by Colonel Fisher as a forgery, by which Mary Anne had nearly been involved in very unpleasant circumstances.

Some time after this she was arrested at the suit of her landlady for upwards of eleven pounds, and thrown into Newgate, whence she was liberated by the Society for the relief of persons confined for small debts, the plaintiff consenting to take five pounds, though she had previously refused six guineas, for her demand. Before the

period of her emancipation, however, Mary Anne had nearly been *turned out* of Newgate. At one of the evening *convivial* meetings which are held in that abode of iollity and misery, having equipped herself in male attire, she officiated as president of the club; and after a regale of singing, smoking, and drinking, when the hour of separation arrived, she was conducted into the lobby as a stranger. A remonstrance, however, on her part set things to rights.

She had not long quitted Newgate before she was plunged into fresh troubles. A person had become indebted to her for washing, mending, &c., and for money lent, which she had pledged her clothes to procure, to the amount of thirty-eight pounds. She believed him to be a man of property, but he did not pay her, and she was compelled to arrest him. About the same time, being in great distress, her trunk, containing all her letters and papers, with some needle-work which she had in hand, was stopped for a week's rent—a circumstance which enabled her debtor to enter a *non pros* to her action, from her inability of producing her papers requisite to prove the debt. Whether she ever renewed the process, or obtained the money, we know not. She arrested her landlord in an action of trover for the property detained, but, owing to some error in the proceedings, her suit for that time failed.

On taking a survey of the numerous incidents in the life of this female, it will be admitted, that few have experienced a succession of such unusual adventures. That she was deficient in that firmness and rectitude of mind, which shield their possessors from error, as well as from crime, must we think also be admitted. From her early misfortune, she was ever an object of pity; but, whilst we commiserate her sufferings, and extol her intrepidity, let us be careful of setting her up as an object of admiration, or as a model for the youthful mind to emulate. She must be regarded rather as a beacon to warn from danger, than as a friendly light to lead to safety.

RENWICK WILLIAMS
COMMONLY CALLED THE MONSTER

THIS MAN OF "DARK IMAGININGS," commonly known by the name of the Monster, was the son of an apothecary in Broad Street, Carnaby Market. He lived a few years with a Mr. Gallini, as clerk; and then commenced the business of artificial flower maker. His unnatural and unaccountable propensities in maliciously cutting and stabbing females, wherever he found them unprotected, soon made him a terror to the metropolis: his behaviour was so revolting to the feelings, and carried with it such hellish appetite and dreadful consequences, that it is impossible to describe the horror he spread. Indeed it was proposed that public associations should be formed, in order the more effectually to apprehend him, and bring him to punishment. He carried on his diabolical purposes for

nearly a year, notwithstanding every exertion was made to detect him. On the 5th of May, 1789, he stabbed Elizabeth Davis in the hip; then he assaulted Miss Foster in the same manner, as she was coming from the play. On January 18, 1790, he stabbed Miss Ann Porter, as she was coming from the Queen's Palace; upon which he was publicly advertised. He was described as a dark looking man, five feet seven inches high, long nose and face; generally wearing a cocked hat; his hair dressed; and his appearance altogether genteel. It was supposed he had accomplices, as from the many assaults that had been cruelly committed, most people imagined it impossible one person could have inflicted them; but we hope in charity he had no accomplice; that he was a character that stood alone and aloof from the rest of his species.

At length, by the perseverance of Mr. Coltman (an acquaintance of Miss Porter's), he was apprehended on Sunday, June 13, 1790; and the next day was brought up for examination; when many females appeared to identify him. Some of those who had been wounded could not swear to his person; but the two Miss Porters, two Miss Baughams, Miss Anne Frost, Miss Anne West, and Elizabeth Davies, spoke positively as to his being the perpetrator; whereupon he was committed to Newgate to take his trial. So great was the detestation in which he was held, that it was with the greatest difficulty the police officers could prevent him from falling a prey to the indignation of the people.

He was indicted under the Act of 6th Geo. II. sec. 11, for felony; and it was a fortunate circumstance for him, that a later act of parliament relative to cutting and maiming was not then in force; for if it had been, the affair would most probably have ended fatally for Williams.

His trial commenced on Thursday, July 8, 1790, at the Sessions House, Old Bailey. He was arraigned upon seven indictments for cutting and maiming several females. He was tried first on the indictment of Miss Porter; who deposed, that on her coming through St. James's Park, on the 18th of January, 1790, she met

Williams, who followed her till she arrived at her father's house in St. James's Street, when as she was ascending the steps, she received a violent cut on the right hip; the blow was so great that she was stunned. This was corroborated by her sisters; and a Mr. Tomkins, surgeon, deposed, that the cut Miss Porter received, was nine or ten inches long, and about three inches deep.

The prisoner being called upon for his defence, begged the indulgence of the court, in supplying the deficiency of his memory upon what he wished to state, from a written paper. He accordingly read as follows;—

"He stood an object equally demanding the attention and compassion of the court. That, conscious of his innocence, he was ready to admit the justice of whatever sufferings he had hitherto undergone arising from suspicion. He had the greatest confidence in the justice and liberality of an English jury, and hoped they would not suffer his fate to be decided by the popular prejudice raised against him. The hope of proving his innocence had hitherto sustained him.

"He professed himself the warm friend and admirer of that sex whose cause was now asserted: and concluded with solemnly declaring that the whole prosecution was founded on a dreadful mistake, which he had no doubt but that the evidence he was about to call, would clear up, to the satisfaction of the court."

Several witnesses came, who stated that Williams was at work the whole of the evening of the 18th of January; they also gave the prisoner the character of a quiet, harmless creature.

Judge Buller then charged the jury, who immediately returned a verdict of guilty.

He was next tried on two indictments for assaulting Elizabeth Davies and Elizabeth Baugham, and found guilty. He was then sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate for the assault on Miss Porter, two years for Elizabeth Davies, and two years for Miss Baugham; and to find sureties, himself in £200 and two in £100 each.

As we cannot find any further notice of this man, we suppose his sentence entirely eradicated those diabolical propensities which so degraded the name of Renwick Williams. What time he paid the debt of nature is therefore uncertain.

JENNY DARNEY
A CHARACTER IN CUMBERLAND

THIS REMARKABLY INOFFENSIVE POOR WOMAN was well known in the southern part of the county of Cumberland. She was one of the many "singles" whom Fate decreed should pass her probationary life secluded from the "busy hum of men." We have not been able to learn any particulars respecting her family, friends, or name; for when questioned on those subjects, she was very reserved. The country people knew her by the name of Jenny Darney from the manner, it is presumed, in which she used to mend her clothes. Her garb was entirely of her own manufacture. She collected the small parcels of wool which He about the fields in sheep farms, spun it on a rock and spindle of her own making; and as she could

not find any other method of making the yarn into cloth, she used to knit it on wooden needles, and by that means procured a warm comfortable dress.

In the life-time of Mr. Charles Lutwidge, of Holm Rook, she took possession of an old cottage, or rather a cowhouse, on his estate, in which she was suffered to continue till her death. Her intellect seemed at certain times greatly deranged; but her actions harmless, and her language inoffensive. On that score, she was caressed by all the villagers, who supplied her with eatables, &c.; for money she utterly refused. She seemed a person of much shrewdness, and her understanding was above the common level: this was improved by a tolerable education. She chose the spot where she lived, to pass the remainder of her days unknown to her friends, and in a great measure from a distaste of a wicked world, to "prepare herself," as she often in her quiet hours said, "for a better." At the time of her death, she was nearly 100 years old.

Jenny Darney was another of the many proofs to what great age persons who live a retired and abstemious life, mostly attain.

SAMUEL TERRY
THE BOTANY BAY ROTHSCHILD

As it is to be apprehended that the disclosure of the immense wealth which an individual outlawed for his crimes has left behind him might operate in a detrimental way upon the lower classes of society, we have gathered a few data of his biography, which will show what the man really was, and thus serve as an antidote against the dazzling effect which mere figures generally produce on the unthinking and profane. It is only in consideration of the utility, which we trust will result from our undertaking, that we like to intrude upon the private life of an individual, whose actions (the most tangible ones at least) whilst in New South Wales would not have otherwise made him an object of either public praise or open censure. For the sake of giving a substantial basis to the following lines, we will just mention, that the property left by the late Mr. Samuel Terry, of Sydney, New South Wales, amounted to nearly a million sterling, and that he bequeathed his wife £10,000 for life.

Our hero was transported to New South Wales when very young, and, as far as we know, for neither an atrocious nor consequential crime, some say for stealing geese» We do not know either when he got married, and only remark, that his wife was the widow of a man who had undergone the utmost penalty of the law. Under

such circumstances it is easy to perceive to what kind of exertions Samuel Terry would probably resort, as soon as he should obtain some indulgence, so profusely granted in those times—he established a small sly grog and pawnbroker's shop. Spirits were then a guinea a bottle, and tobacco retailed for the weight of silver. To him resorted convict servants with some worn or questionable clothes, or other such property, which he again circulated amongst associates and friends—

"Higgling with convicts for their dirty clothes."

It is easy to be conceived how, in a sprouting-up colony, enlivened by the liberal grants of the British Treasury, such a business was capable of being increased, and how it was really increased. But even with all this, we must look deeper into Samuel Terry's character, in order to explain, how, even under the very favourable circumstances of those colonial times, he could have laid the foundation of his subsequent large fortune. Samuel Terry possessed qualities—a few of them useful ones—which under adequate circumstances will always produce a similar effect. He was of perfectly sober and frugal habits, he was active and industrious; and his whole philosophy consisted in having made up his mind never to give value without obtaining value for it, and, moreover, as much as only to keep his neck out of the halter or his legs out of chains. It is said that, notwithstanding, he was punished corporally in the colony, but we should not believe that this could have been the case to any extent, as it would necessarily have marred his increasing business. However, Samuel Terry was cunning enough, and not at all nice, to refuse any bargain where no legal danger was to be apprehended. He left several valuable grounds which he had purchased for a bottle of spirits; or he advanced spirits and tobacco, sued, or caused to be sued, for the debt, and bought the ground at the sale of the sheriff. Whether Samuel Terry ever foresaw to what value land would rise in the colony, or whether it was accidental,

and he endeavoured to amass the only sort of property which was to be had in his way. suffice it to say, that as soon as this rise took place Samuel Terry was even on that score a rich man, and he must have found, to his great surprise, and at the same time satisfaction, that those acres of his in and near Sydney, hitherto covered with filth and rubbish, were now worth as much as if they were pasted all over with Bank notes. Samuel Terry entered subsequently into some shipping speculations, but his cunning and caution were so great, his economical habits so unalterable, that we do not hear that he ever sustained any considerable loss. It was at this time that being asked in some lawsuit, on his oath, how much he believed he was worth, he answered £90,000 sterling. When, or at what time, Samuel Terry received his emancipation or free pardon, is a matter of indifference, because, with such a mass of wealth, he could always obtain it, or disdain its possession.

It was at an early period of his career that he associated with the Freemasons, perhaps chiefly for the sake of having a right to be amongst some respectable men. However, we are induced to believe that his inborn and studied niggardliness forsook him in his relations with that fraternity, and we have heard of some slight acts of charity he then performed. But scarcely have we uttered this encomium when we are obliged to mention a dark spot in his life. In the extensive business he was now engaged in he was obliged to have large amounts of cash about him, and one Sunday morning his "iron chest" (proverbial in Sydney) was robbed of some thousand sovereigns. The deed was traced to a young convict who lived in Terry's service, and who, on account of his engaging figure and good behaviour, had been hitherto a favourite of the family, some gold coin having been found concealed in his shoes. He was capitally convicted. It is asserted that Samuel Terry obtained leave to visit him in the cell, when, under the explicit

* In those times private soldiers—nay, emancipated convicts, and even ticket-of-leave men—obtained grants of land.

promise of obtaining his pardon, he induced the boy to disclose to him the spot in the garden where the money had been planted. We should believe that in these times a man of Samuel Terry's affluence might have been able to obtain anything in New South Wales. At any rate, it is said that he had given his word—still the boy was hung. The story runs that Terry was afterwards haunted by the sight of the executed, and in moments of anger his relations reproached him with the murder of the lad. A similar tragical event is related, in which General B— was concerned. This gentleman somehow or other got on intimate terms with Samuel Terry, and the latter lent him on one occasion £800. Mr. B—became afterwards embarrassed, when Samuel Terry sold his valuable farm and got himself possessed of it, which, as it is said, contributed at least to the subsequent mental aberration of that gentleman. And now, we ask any of our readers, even of that class we are more immediately addressing, whether there is any of them who would covet Samuel Terry's riches—riches, as it is already seen, tainted with the death of a favourite servant, and the madness of a friend! We are sure, none! none!

However, as even these are only, as it were, moral or ethic disadvantages, we are, as we before said, reluctantly compelled to show Samuel Terry in his domestic circumstances, and to investigate what comfort, enjoyment, and happiness, ever fell to his earthly lot. We will take up a period of about six years before his death, when Samuel Terry was in possession of about £5,000 sterling per annum, and in the very prime of life. He lived then in the same place he died in, viz., a not small, but unroomy, tasteful house in Pitt Anns, Sydney. He rode at times a clumsy old charger, and passed many hours of the day in talking, but in his shirt-sleeves. When he had a friend with him, and was obliged to send for a bottle of spirits to the party, he always smelt the breath of the servant, for fear that he might have drunk some. Mrs. Terry never kept a female servant; she dressed in the most simple, nay, coarse manner, and was seen every Saturday on her knees scrubbing out

broached cautiously the making of his will, and the conversation turned on the subject that Samuel Terry should bequeath one of his farms near Sydney, for the sake of establishing a house of refuge on a large scale, sufficiently endowed. We shall see presently that Samuel Terry's will did not in the least realize these philanthropic hopes and intentions of Mr. M.

However, it is the unfortunate lot of men like the subject of this paper, that, even at their intent to be benevolent, they pitch upon men of their own stamp, and do not derive either the credit or satisfaction generally resulting from such acts. Some years back S. M—became a Methodist, and constant attendant of sermons which a Mr. MK—had established. This man possessed the gift of uncommon good lungs, and salutarily crying, but was a thoroughly vulgar and illiterate man. As it was impossible that he could subsist merely on preaching, he very properly established a tobacco shop, in which Samuel Terry assisted him with the loan of some hundred pounds; yet, by his obstreperous-like and drunken habits he failed after a couple of years, and was sold out. Samuel Terry, on finding himself mistaken in his protegé, or from the natural niggardliness of his character, put him into gaol, where MK—remained for a long time, attempted suicide, and finally died miserably. However, it would be superfluous to extend this paper any further, as we are sure of having given, in these few lines, everything characteristic of Samuel Terry. His illness became more dangerous and more irksome from day to day, and he died in the beginning of 1858, only fifty-two years of age, and therefore just at a period of life when riches, well and honourably obtained, may be most quietly and beneficially enjoyed and employed. His will was that of all vulgar misers—to wit, he left his entire property to such as consanguinity and chance had placed round him, and there is not one word about a house of refuge, or anything of a public bearing, in it. The only provision approaching to it is, that all his benevolent subscriptions, perhaps £100 a year, should be continued for ten years to come. He requested also that his funeral should take

place with masonic honours—perhaps again in order that some respectable men should have a pretext for following the corpse.

Such was Samuel Terry, the richest outlaw that the Australian colonies have possessed, or ever will possess, because times, and very properly, circumstances also, have now wonderfully changed. In a very few years Samuel Terry, the man, will be entirely forgotten, save in his substantial monetary capacity and cognomen, "The Botany Bay Rothschild."

DANIEL LAMBERT
OF SURPRISING CORPULENCY

DANIEL LAMBERT was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Martin, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which he had attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to inquire whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor were any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of gamekeeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert senior consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters of the common size.

The habits of young Lambert were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural "effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the profession of his father and his uncle, and have yet to observe that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cock-fighting, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents until the age of fourteen, he was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co., at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artisans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications

that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he was distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of could lift great weights, and carry five hundred-weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

That he was not deficient either in physical strength or in courage is demonstrated by the following adventure, in which he was about this period engaged.

Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards with their dancing dogs and bears, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque performers, and now belonged to the county gaoler, hearing the sound flew furiously upon a very large bear, whose overpowering force and weight soon crushed him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibition, and making preparations to take off the muzzle of the bear. Lambert being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out and addressed the people, with the intention of pacifying them and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the man's hand the paddle or pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed, he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to despatch her if possible. Bruin was for a moment completely stunned by the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself from her clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept

repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected from his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist. During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to the friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the bystanders. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slightly glazed from the trundling of a mop. Here, while thus busily engaged in belabouring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but rose again with the greatest agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full view of her tremendous teeth, and he felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing; and, as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull as brought her to the ground, on which she declined the contest, and "yelling fled." During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head; in consequence of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared full in front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the uplifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off the hat, and, apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of *ursa major* began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happened to lie in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous, forty people were down at a time, and there was not one but what imagined himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, and vociferated murder with all his might. The Savoyards, who were, after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate inquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue Boar Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas, the inhabitants of which have for

many years been distinguished by the appellation of *Nick's Ruffs*. "Oh!" said he, "the people of that parish do just as they please, they are out of my jurisdiction;" and gravely dismissed the disappointed complainants. It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue Boar Lane. On this occasion one who happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who, dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

It was not very long after the above adventure that Lambert experienced an escape from a danger infinitely more alarming, and from the consequences of which no human exertions could possibly have preserved him. He was one of the numerous inhabitants of Leicester whom the memorable conflagration at the house of a well-known bookseller attracted to the spot. It was dark, and the fire was raging with the utmost fury, when Lambert passed along under a wall, which, from the falling of the others to which it had once been joined, now stood completely detached. Just as he had reached the extremity, an acquaintance whom he accidentally found there, congratulated him on his narrow escape, at the same time pointing to the wall. Totally unconscious of the risk to which he had been exposed, and now standing in a line with the wall, he observed with horror that it rocked to and fro like corn in the breeze, and not many moments elapsed ere it fell with a most tremendous crash.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, young Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he attributed to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as, from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a good deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich in company with the keeper of the county gaol of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years Lambert was an excellent swimmer; and such was his celebrity, that for many years all the young people in his native town, who were learning to swim, resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. He used to relate that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter, 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forebore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trial. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish, on the part of the magistrates, to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of £50 for life, without any solicitation whatever; and, what was still more gratifying to his feelings,

this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem, and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert that he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence spread over the adjacent county to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon; but, being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself, he first took care to inquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and inquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert, who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined: "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask. After considerable hesitation, Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced, he said he wished to inquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Lambert, perceiving from his manner the real nature of his errand, "she was got by Impertinence out of Curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniences without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, he wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him

to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort, than of an exhibition; and, as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should he exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in town from his own county, but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner, which he declared was too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion, and it was a custom with his visitors to take off their hats. It is, however, but natural to suppose that among numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus one day a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the company were uncovered, observed to the attendant, that he would not take off his hat, even if the king were present. This rude remark being ,uttered in the hearing of Lambert, he immediately replied, as the stranger entered:—"Then by G—, sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their company."

Many of those visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; nay, one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

This great personage had the pleasure of receiving people of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy

at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as he had been described to be by one of their neighbours who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage. A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle, unequalled, perhaps, in any other country. Among these a Frenchman, accompanied by a Jew, seemed extremely desirous, from motives best known to himself, of persuading Lambert to make an excursion to the continent, and insinuating that under his guidance and management he could not fail of obtaining the greatest success. "Vy you not go to France?" said he, "I am sure Buonaparte vil make your fortune." Supposing that such an inducement must prove irresistible, he added, "Den vont you go to Paris?" Lambert, who had too much good sense, to be the dupe of a designing *monsieur*, rejoined in an emphatic style—"If I do, I'll be damned."—"Vat you tink of dat now?" cried the astonished Jew to his mortified and disappointed companion.

Among the numerous foreigners who anxiously witnessed this unequalled spectacle, was Count Borulawski, the celebrated Polish dwarf, who had acquired an ample fortune by exhibiting his own person. The great contrast of these figures afforded high entertainment to the spectators. During Lambert's apprenticeship at Birmingham he went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed, that he had seen his face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose

of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make. "Not many;" answered Borulawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard." At this rate one of Lambert's sleeves was abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of his legs: "Ah mein Gott!" he exclaimed: "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased: for I did hear it was deception." Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied: "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affronted her, she put me on the mantel-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Lambert's observation in the metropolis furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enabled him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them.—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau.—"*To be bored with a quizzing-glass*" was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion a lady was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, madam," answered Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you into a method of obtaining the information you want. If

you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person, who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking several impertinent questions. Lambert looked him sternly in his face, but without making any reply. A lady now entered the room, and Lambert entered into conversation with her, on which the same person observed that he was more polite to ladies than to gentlemen. "I can assure you, sir," answered Lambert, "that I consider it my duty to treat with equal politeness all those whose behaviour convinces me that they are gentlemen."—"I suppose," rejoined the querist, "you mean to infer that I am no gentleman."—"That I certainly did," was the reply. Not yet abashed by this reproof, he soon afterwards ventured to ask another question, of a similar nature with the preceding. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You came into this room, sir, by the door, but—" "You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way."—"Begone this moment!" thundered Lambert, "or by G—I'll throw you into Piccadilly." No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, Mr. Lambert returned, in September, 1806, to his native town.

From that period to his death he was chiefly engaged in travelling to the principal towns, where many thousands beheld with admiration his astonishing bulk. He was a cheerful companion, possessed a generous heart, and was as fond of rural sports as any man in England. His game chickens and his dogs, when he was at home, were his chief amusement, and the Racing Calendar his study. He died on the 21st of June, 1809, at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, to which place he had travelled the day preceding his death,

from Huntingdon; and on his arrival in the evening he sent a messenger to the office of the Stamford News, requesting that, as "the mountain could not wait on Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain," or, in other words, that the printer would call upon him, and receive an order for executing some hand-bills announcing Mr. Lambert's arrival, and his desire to see company. The orders he gave upon that occasion were delivered without any presentiment that they were to be his last, and with his usual cheerfulness. He was in bed, fatigued with his journey, but was anxious that the bills might be quickly printed, in order to his seeing company next morning. Before nine o'clock on that morning, however, he was a corpse. He was in his fortieth year, and upon being weighed a few days before his death by the Caledonian balance, was found to be 52 stone 11 lb. in weight (14 lb. to the stone), which is 10 stone 11 lb. more than the celebrated Bright of Essex ever weighed. He had apartments at the Waggon and Horses Inn, St. Martin's, on the ground floor, for he had long been incapable of walking up-stairs. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is known that he measured three yards four inches round the body, and one yard one inch round the leg, and that a suit of clothes cost about twenty pounds.

His coffin, in which there was a great difficulty to place him, was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep, the immense substance of his legs made it necessarily a square case. This coffin, which consisted of 112 superficial feet of elm, was built on two axle-trees, and four cog-wheels. Upon these his remains were rolled into his grave, which was in the new burial ground at the back of St. Martin's Church. A regular descent was made by sloping it for some distance. It was found necessary to take down the window and wall of the room in which he lay to allow his being taken away.

A tomb-stone, with the following epitaph, has been erected in St. Martin's burying ground, Stamford.

"In remembrance of that prodigy in nature,
DANIEL LAMBERT,
a native of Leicester,
who was possessed of an excellent and convivial mind, and
in personal greatness had no competitor.
He measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four
inches round the body, and weighed 52 stone, 11 lbs.,
(14lb. to the stone.)
He departed this life on the 21st of June, 1809, aged 39 years.
As a testimony of respect, this stone was erected by his
friends in Leicester."

We shall now proceed to make a few observations relative to the habits, manners, and propensities of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of his life, laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Lambert scarcely knew what it was to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributed towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differed in no respect from that of other people: he ate with moderation, and of one dish only at a time. He never drank any other beverage than water, and though at one period of his life he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. He possessed in an eminent degree one of the qualifications that strongly tended to promote harmony and conviviality, having a fine, powerful, and melodious voice. It was a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Lambert's height was five feet eleven inches, and in June, 1805, he had attained the enormous weight of fifty stone four pounds. He never felt any pain in his progress towards his greatest bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he grew bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It was evident to all who were acquainted with him, that he had no oppression on the

lungs from fat, or any other cause; and Dr. Heaviside expressed his opinion that his life was as good as that of any other healthy man. He conceived himself that he could walk a quarter of a mile, and notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, could not only stoop without trouble to write, but even kept up an extensive correspondence, insomuch that his writing-table resembled the desk of a merchant's counting-house.

He slept less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He was never inclined to drowsiness, either after dinner, or in any other part of the day; and such was the vivacity of his disposition, that he was always the last person to retire to rest, which he never did before one o'clock. He slept without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration was so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snored, and what is not a little extraordinary, he could awake within five minutes of any time he pleased.

We have already adverted to Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cockfighting. He was likewise well known in his neighbourhood as a great otter hunter, and until within a few years of his death, was extremely active in all the sports of the field; and though he was prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still bred cocks, setters, and pointers, which he brought to as great, or perhaps greater perfection than any other sporting character of the day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which the animals of his breeding were held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersall's at the following prices: Peg, a black setter bitch, forty-one guineas; Punch, a setter dog, twenty-six guineas; Brush, ditto, seventeen guineas; Bob, ditto, twenty guineas; Bounce, ditto, twenty-two guineas; Sam, ditto, twenty-six guineas; Bell, ditto, thirty-two guineas; Charlotte, a pointer bitch, twenty-two

guineas; Lucy, ditto, twelve guineas. Total, 218 guineas. Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Lambert had a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another it was to racing, for which he always manifested a peculiar preference. He was fond of riding himself before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise; and it was his opinion, founded on experience, that the more blood, and the better a horse was bred, the better he carried him.

During his residence in London he found himself in nowise affected by the change of air, unless he ought to have attributed to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in the morning, such as he had felt on his recovery from inflammatory attacks, which were the only kind of indisposition he ever remembered to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he enjoyed was not the result of any unusual precaution on his part, as he had in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this the following fact is related from his own lips: Before his increasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon, when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be; and he put them on again the next morning, though they were, perhaps, so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat in drawing a pond. Knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing each other as much as possible, Lambert, before he entered the boat, walked, in his clothes, up to his chin into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which, to any other man, must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, tie stripped off his shirt and all, and the

next morning, putting on his clothes again, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for, lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered an extreme indiscretion.

It would have been an interesting speculation to try how far a certain regimen might have tended to reduce Lambert's excessive bulk, which, however healthy he might be, could not but be productive of some inconvenience, besides depriving him of enjoyments to which he was passionately attached.

THOMAS BRITTON
THE MUSICAL SMALL COAL-MAN

THOMAS BRITTON was born at or near Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire. From his native county he went to London, where he bound himself apprentice to a small coalman. After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up for himself. On this he went back to Northamptonshire, and after he had spent the money, returned to London, where, notwithstanding his master was still living, he set up in the small coal-trade, in a building which had been a stable, but which he converted into a house, near Clerkenwell Green.

What particular circumstance directed Britton's attention to subjects totally unconnected with his business we are not informed;

but it is probable that the acquaintance which commenced, soon after he was settled in the above-mentioned situation, between him and his near neighbour, Dr. Garanciers, led him to the study of chemistry. He not only became a proficient in that science, but even contrived a moveable laboratory, which was universally admired by all of the profession that happened to see it: and a gentleman from Wales was so much taken with it, as to carry Britton with him into that country to build such another.

Besides his great skill in chemistry, Britton was not less celebrated for his knowledge of the theory of music, in the practical part of which he was also a considerable adept. What will appear still more extraordinary is, that notwithstanding the meanness of his profession, a musical concert was held at Britton's house, which was attended by the most distinguished professors, as well as by many persons of the highest rank and fashion.

Of the origin of Britton's concert we have an account written by a near neighbour of his, the facetious Edward Ward, author of the "London Spy," and many doggerel poems, coarse, it is true, but not devoid of humour or pleasantry, and who at that time kept a public-house at Clerkenwell. In one of his publications, entitled "Satirical Reflections on Clubs," he has bestowed a whole chapter on the small coal-man's club. From the account there given, we learn that "this club was first begun, or at least confirmed, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, a very musical gentleman, and who had a tolerable perfection on the bass viol." Ward farther says, that "the attachment of Sir Roger and other ingenious gentlemen, lovers of the muses, to Britton, arose from the profound regard that he had in general to all manner of literature, that the prudence of his deportment to his betters procured him great respect; and that men of the greatest wit, as well as some of the highest quality, honoured his musical society with their company. Britton was, indeed, so much distinguished, that when passing along the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small coal on his back, he was frequently accosted with such expressions as these: "There goes the

famous small coalman, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for gentlemen." Ward adds, and speaks of it as of his own knowledge, and, indeed, the fact is indisputable, that Britton had made a very good collection of ancient and modern music by the best masters: that he had also collected a very handsome library, which he had publicly disposed of to very considerable advantage; and that he had still in his possession many valuable curiosities. He farther observes that, at the first institution of this concert, it was performed in Britton's own house, but that some time afterwards he took a convenient room out of the next to it. What sort of a house Britton's was, and where it stood, shall now be related.

It was situated on the south side of Aylesbury Street, which extends from Clerkenwell Green to St. John's Street, and was the corner-house of the passage leading by the Old Jerusalem Tavern under the gate-way of the Priory into St. John's Square. On the ground-floor was a repository for small coal; over that was the concert-room, which was very long and narrow, and had a ceiling so low that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could scarcely be ascended without crawling. The house itself was low and very old, and in every respect so mean as to be a fit habitation only for a very poor man. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, this man, despicable as he might seem, attracted as polite an audience as ever the opera did, and ladies of the first rank in the kingdom, in the pleasure which they felt at hearing Britton's concert, forgot the difficulty with which they ascended the steps that led to it.

The reader will probably feel some curiosity to know who were the persons that performed in Britton's concert. Perhaps when he is informed that Dr. Pepusch, and frequently the celebrated Handel, played the harpsichord; Mr. Bannister the first violin; and that Dubourg, then a child, played his first solo at Britton's, standing on a joint stool, it will be unnecessary to repeat their names of the rest. It has been questioned by some whether Britton had any skill

in music or not, but it is certain he could tune a harpsichord, and very frequently played the viol de gamba in his own concert.

It has been said that Britton found instruments, and the subscription to his concert was ten shillings a year, with coffee at a penny a dish. If so, Britton had departed from his original institution, for at first no coffee was drunk there, nor would he receive any gratuity from one of his guests; on the contrary, he was offended whenever it was offered to him, as was asserted by one of the performers at his concert.

The following stanza of a song written by Ward, in praise of Britton seems to confirm it.

"Upon Thursdays repair
To my palace, and there
Hobble up stair by stair;
But I pray ye take care
That you break not your shins by a stumble.
And without e'er a souse,
Paid to me or my spouse,
Sit as still as a mouse.
At the top of the house,
And there you shall hear how we fumble."

Britton's skill in old books and manuscripts is mentioned by Hearne, who in the preface to his edition of Robert of Gloster, refers to a curious manuscript copy of that historian in Britton's possession. The account of the means used by him and other collectors of ancient books and manuscripts about this time, given by one of that class, includes some intimation of Britton's pursuits and connexions.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century a passion for collecting old books and manuscripts prevailed among the nobility. The chief of those who sought after them were the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire. These noblemen in the winter season, on Saturdays,

the parliament not sitting on that day, used to resort to the city, and dividing themselves, took different routes, some to Little Britain, some to Moorfields, and others to different parts of the town inhabited by booksellers. There they would inquire in the several shops as they passed along for old books and manuscripts; and some time before noon would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster Row, where they were frequently met by other persons engaged in the same pursuits. A conversation on the subject of their inquiries ensued, and while they were thus engaged, and as near as possible to the hour of twelve by St. Paul's clock, Britton, who by that time had finished his round, arrived clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop window, would go in and join them. After a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, the above-mentioned noblemen adjourned to the Mourning Bush at Aldersgate, where they dined and spent the remainder of the day.

The singularity of his character, the course of his studies, and the collections he made induced suspicions that Britton was not the man he appeared to be. Some thought his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings, others for magical purposes, and Britton himself was taken for an atheist, a presbyterian and a Jesuit. These, however, were ill-grounded conjectures; for he was a plain, simple, honest man, perfectly inoffensive and highly esteemed by all who knew him, and notwithstanding the meanness of his occupation was always called *Mr.* Britton.

The circumstances of this man's death are not less remarkable than those of his life. There resided in Britten's time near Clerkenwell Close, a man named Robe, who frequently played at his concerts, and who being in the commission of the peace for Middlesex was usually denominated Justice Robe. At the same time one Honeyman, a blacksmith by trade, who lived in Bear Street near Leicester Square, became very famous for a faculty which he possessed of speaking as if his voice proceeded from some different

part of the house from where he stood. He was one of those who are known by the appellation of ventriloquists, and was himself called "the talking smith." The pranks played by this man would, if collected, almost fill a volume, but in this place the following anecdote may suffice. During the time that Dr. Sacheverell was under censure, and had a great resort of friends to his house near the church in Holborn, Honeyman had the assurance to get himself admitted under the pretext that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. He did not remain long in the room, but made such good use of his time that the doctor, though one of the stoutest and most athletic men of his time, was almost terrified into fits.

This man Robe was foolish and wicked enough to introduce to Britton for the sole purpose of frightening him, and he was but too successful. Honeyman, without moving his lips or seeming to speak, announced, as from a distance, the death of poor Britton within a few hours, with an intimation that the only way to avert his doom was for him to fall on his knees immediately and say the Lord's prayer. The poor man did as he was bid, went home, took to his bed and died in a few days, leaving his friend Mr. Robe to enjoy the consequences of his mirth. His death happened in September, 1714, and on the first of October he was buried in the church-yard of Clerkenwell, being attended to the grave by a great concourse of people, especially by those who had been used to frequent his concerts. At the time of his death he was upwards of sixty years of age.

"He was," says Hearne, the antiquary, "an extraordinary and valuable man, much admired by the gentry, even those of the best quality, and by all others of inferior rank, that had any kind of regard for probity, sagacity, diligence, and humility. I say humility, because, though he was so much famed for his knowledge, and might therefore have lived very reputably without his trade, yet he continued it to his death, not thinking it to be at all beneath him."

Britton was in his person a short, thick-set man, with a very honest, ingenuous countenance. There are two pictures of him extant,

both painted by his friend Mr. Woolaston. One of them is in the British Museum, and the occasion of painting it, as related by the artist himself, was this: Britton had been out one morning, and having nearly emptied his sack in a shorter time than he expected, had a mind to see his friend Mr. Woolaston. But having always been accustomed to consider himself in two capacities, namely, as one who subsisted by a very mean occupation, and as a companion for persons in a station of life far above his own, he could not, consistently with this distinction, pay Woolaston a visit, dressed as he then was. He therefore in his way home varied his usual round, and passing through Warwick Lane, determined to cry small coal so near the artist's door as to stand a chance of being invited in by him. Accordingly, he had no sooner turned into Warwick Court and cried small coal in his usual tone, than Mr. Woolaston, who had never heard him there before, threw up the sash, and beckoned him in. After some conversation Woolaston intimated a desire to paint his picture; Britton modestly complied, and then and at a few subsequent sittings the artist painted him in his blue frock and with his small coal measure in his hand. A print was taken from this picture, after which Mr. Hughes wrote the following lines that were inscribed underneath it:—

> Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
> Did gentle peace and arts unpurchased dwell;
> Well pleased Apollo thither led his train,
> And music warbled in her sweetest strain.
> Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove
> Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
> Let useless pomp behold and blush to find
> So low a station, such a liberal mind.

Britton was a married man, and was survived by his wife. He left little behind him, except his books, his collection of manuscripts and printed music and musical instruments, which were afterwards sold by auction.

Nor did the celebrated Mathew Prior refuse to contribute to the memory of poor Britton in the following lines:—

> Tho' doom'd to small coal yet to arts allied;
> Rich without wealth, and famous without pride.
> Music's best patron, judge of books and men;
> Beloved and honour'd by Apollo's train.
> In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
> So bright a genius in so dark a sphere!
> More of the man had probably been saved,
> Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue graved.

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK
WHO WAS BURIED IN SNOW NEARLY EIGHT DAYS

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK was the wife of a sober industrious farmer, who supported her and four children by a farm of about thirty pounds a-year, at the village of Impington, about three miles from Cambridge. She went on horseback to Cambridge market on Saturday, February 2, 1799, to sell some poultry, &c., and buy some necessaries for her family. On her return home in the evening, between six and seven o'clock, being about half a mile from her own house, her horse started at a sudden light, which proceeded, most probably, from a meteor, a phenomenon which, at this season of the year, not unfrequently happens. She was herself struck with the light, and exclaimed, "Good God! what can this be?" It was

a very inclement, stormy night: a bleak wind blew boisterously from the north-east. The ground was covered by the great quantities of snow that had fallen during the day, yet it was not spread uniformly over the surface. The deepest ditches were many of them completely filled up, whilst in the open fields there was but a thin covering, but in the roads and lanes, and many narrow and enclosed parts, it had accumulated to a considerable depth, nowhere as yet so as to render the ways impassable, but still enough to retard and impede the traveller. The horse, upon his starting, ran backward, and approached to the brink of a ditch, which the poor woman recollected, and fearing lest the animal in his fright should plunge into it, very prudently dismounted with all expedition. Her intention was to walk, and lead the horse home, but he started again, and broke from her. She repeated her attempt to take hold of the bridle, but the horse, still under the impression of fear, turned suddenly out of the road, and directed his steps to the right over the common fields. She followed, in hopes of quickly overtaking him, but unfortunately lost one of her shoes in the snow. She was already wearied with the exertion she had made, and besides, had a heavy basket on her arm, containing several articles of domestic consumption, which she had brought from market. By these means her pursuit of the horse was greatly impeded; she, however, persisted, and followed him through an opening in the hedge, a little beyond which she overtook him about a quarter of a mile from the place she alighted; and taking hold of the bridle, made another attempt to lead him home. But she had not retraced her steps farther than a thicket, which lies contiguous to the hedge, when she found herself so much fatigued and exhausted, her hands and feet, particularly her left foot, which was without a shoe, so very much benumbed, that she was unable to proceed farther. Sitting down upon the ground in this state, and letting go the bridle, "Tinker," she said, calling the horse by his name, "I am too much tired to go any farther, you must go home without me;" and exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon me!"

The ground on which she sat was upon a level with the common field, close under the thicket on the south-west. She well knew the situation of it, and what was its distance from and bearing with respect to her own house. There was then but a small quantity of snow drifted near her, but it was beginning to accumulate, and did actually accumulate so rapidly, that, when Chesterton bell rang at eight o'clock, she was completely enclosed and hemmed in by it. The depth of the snow in which she was enveloped, was about six feet in a perpendicular direction; over her head between two and three. Her imprisonment was now complete, for she was incapable of making any effectual attempt to extricate herself, and, in addition to her fatigue and cold, her clothes were stiffened by the frost. Resigning herself, therefore, calmly to the necessity of her bad situation, she sat awaiting the dawn of the following day. To the best of her recollection she slept very little during the first night, or, indeed, any of the succeeding nights or days, except on Friday the 8th. Early the next morning she distinctly heard the ringing of a bell in one of the villages at a small distance. Her mind was now turned to the thoughts of her preservation, and busied itself in concerting expedients, by means of which any one, who chanced to come near the place, might discover her. On the morning of the 3rd, the first day after her imprisonment, observing before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards through the mass, she broke off a branch of the bush, which was close to her, and with it thrust her handkerchief through the hole, and hung it as a signal of distress upon one of the uppermost twigs that remained uncovered, an expedient that will be seen, in the sequel, to have occasioned her discovery. She bethought herself, at the same time, that the change of the moon was near; and having an almanac in her pocket, she took it out, though with great difficulty, and consulting it, found that there would be a new moon the next day, February the 4th. The difficulty which she found in getting the almanac out of her pocket arose, in a great measure, from the

stiffness of her frozen clothes. The trouble, however, was compensated by the consolation which the prospect of so near a change in her favour afforded. The extremity of the hole was closed up with a thin covering of snow or ice, on the first morning, which easily transmitted light. When she put out her handkerchief she broke it; in consequence of which, the external air being admitted, she felt herself very cold. On the second morning it was again closed up in a similar manner, and continued so till the third day, after which time it remained open.

She perfectly distinguished the alternations of day and night; heard the bells of her own and some of the neighbouring villages several different times, particularly that of Chesterton;* was sensible of the living scene around her, frequently noticing the sound of carriages upon the road, the natural cries of animals, such as the bleating of sheep and lambs, and the barking of dogs. One day she overheard a conversation carried on by two gipsies, relative to an ass which they had lost. She afterwards specified it was not their asses in general terms that they were talking about, but some particular one; and her precision in this respect was confirmed by the acknowledgment of the gipsies themselves. She recollected having pulled out her snuff-box and taking two pinches of snuff; but, what is very strange, she felt so little gratification from it that she never repeated it. A common observer would have imagined the irritation arising from the snuff would have been peculiarly grateful to her, and that, being deprived of all other comforts, she would have solaced herself with those which the box afforded till the contents of it were exhausted. Possibly, however, the cold she endured might have so far blunted her powers of sensation that the snuff no longer retained its stimulus. At another time, finding her left hand beginning to swell, in consequence of her reclining

* Chesterton bell rang every night at eight o'clock and four in the morning during the winter half of the year, Sundays excepted, and was at the distance of near two miles from the place where she sat.

for a considerable time on that arm, she took two rings, the tokens of her nuptial vows, twice pledged, from her finger, and put them, together with a little money which she had in her pocket, into a small box, sensibly judging that, should she not be found alive, the rings and money, being thus deposited, were less likely to be overlooked by the discoverers of her breathless corpse. She frequently shouted out, in hopes that her vociferations reaching the ears of any that chanced to pass that way, they might be drawn to the spot where she was; but the snow so far prevented the transmission of her voice, that no one heard her. The gipsies, who passed nearer to her than any other person, were not sensible of any sound proceeding from her snow-formed cavern, though she particularly endeavoured to attract their attention.

When the period of her seclusion approached to a termination, and a thaw took place on the Friday after the commencement of her misfortunes, she felt uncommonly faint and languid. Her clothes were wet quite through by the melted snow. The aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged, and tempted her to make an effort to release herself, but, alas! it was a vain attempt: her strength was too much impaired, her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her clothes were become very much heavier by the water which they had imbibed. And now, for the first time, she began to despair of ever being discovered or taken out alive; and declared that, all things considered, she could not have survived a continuation of her sufferings for the space of twenty-four hours longer. It was now that the morning of her emancipation was arrived, her sufferings increased. She sat with one of her hands spread over her face, and fetched the deepest sighs: her breath was short and difficult, and symptoms of approaching dissolution became every hour more alarming. The cavity in which she was confined was sufficiently large to afford her space enough to move herself about three or four inches in any direction, but not to stand upright, being only about three feet and a half in height and two in the broadest part.

On Sunday, the 10th of February, Joseph Muncey, a young farmer, in his way home from Cambridge, about half-past twelve o'clock, crossed over the open field, and passed very near the spot where the woman was. A coloured handkerchief, hanging upon the tops of the twigs, where it was before said she had suspended it, caught his eye; he walked up to the place, and espied an opening in the snow; it was the very aperture which led to the prisoner's apartment. He heard a sound issue from it, similar to that of a person breathing hard and with difficulty. He looked in and saw a female figure, whom he recognised to be the identical woman who had been so long missing. He did not speak to her, but, seeing another young farmer and the shepherd at a little distance, he communicated to them the discovery-he had made, upon which, though they scarcely gave any credit to his report, they went with him to the spot. The shepherd called out, "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" She replied, in a very faint and feeble accent, "Dear John Stittle, I know your voice. For God's sake, help me out of this place!" Every effort was immediately made to comply with her request. Stittle made his way through the snow till he was able to reach her. She eagerly grasped his hand, and implored him not to leave her.—"I have been here a long time," she observed—"Yes," answered the man, "ever since Saturday."—"Ay, Saturday week," she replied; "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church." An observation which demonstrably proves how well apprised she was of the duration of her confinement.

Muncey and the younger Merrington, during this conversation, were gone to the village to inform the husband, and to procure proper means for conveying her home. They quickly returned, in company with her husband, some of the neighbours, and the elder Merrington, who brought with him his horse and chase-cart, blankets to wrap her in, and some refreshment, which he took it for granted she would stand in peculiar need of. The snow being a little more cleared away, Mr. M. went up to her, and, upon her entreaty, gave her a piece of biscuit and a small quantity of

brandy, from both of which she found herself greatly recruited. As he took her up to put her into the chaise, the stocking of the left leg, adhering to the ground, came off. She fainted in his arms, notwithstanding he moved her with all the caution in his power. But nature was very much exhausted; and the motion, added to the impression which the sight of her husband and neighbours made upon her, was too much for her strength and spirits. The fit, however, was but of short continuance, and when she recovered he laid her gently in the carriage, covered her over with the blankets, and conveyed her, without delay or interruption, to her own house.

When the horse came home, her husband and another person set out on the road with a lantern, and went quite to Cambridge, where they only learnt that she left the inn at six that evening. They explored the road afresh that night, and for four succeeding days, and searched the huts of the gipsies, whom they suspected might have robbed and murdered her—in vain, till she was unexpectedly discovered in the manner already mentioned. Mr. Okes, a surgeon, first saw her in the cart as she was removing home. She spoke to him with a voice tolerably strong, but rather hoarse; her hands and arms were soddened, but not very cold, though her legs and feet were, and the latter in a great measure mortified. She was immediately put to bed, and weak broth given her occasionally. From the time of her being lost she had eaten only snow, and believes she had not slept till Friday, the 8th. The hurry of spirits, occasioned by too many visitors, rendered her feverish; and her feet were found to be completely mortified, from being frost-bitten before she was covered with snow. She was so disturbed with company that Mr. Okes had little hopes of her recovery.

The cold had extended its violent effects from the end of the toes to the middle of the instep, including more than an inch above the heels; and all the bottom of the feet, which were mortified, was poulticed with stale beer and oatmeal boiled together. Inward cold, as she called it, affected her, and she desired that the cataplasms might be renewed as often as possible, and made very warm. On

the 19th and 20th she was seized with violent diarrhoea, which occasioned great weakness; and two days after, several toes were so loose as to be removed by scissors. On the 23rd she was taken up without fainting. All the toes were removed, and the integuments from the bottom of one foot, except a piece at the heel, which was so long ere it loosened itself that the *os calcis* and *tendo Achillis* had suffered. The sloughs on the other foot were thrown off more slowly, and two of the toes removed. All but one great toe was removed by the 27th, and on removing the sloughs from the heels the bone was bare in many places; and wherever the mortification had taken place was one large sore, very tender. The sores were much diminished, and the great toe taken off, by the end of March, and an unusual sleepiness came on. By April 17th the sores were free from slough, and daily lessened, her appetite tolerably good, and her general health began to amend; but, with all these circumstances in her favour, she felt herself to be very uncomfortable, and, in fact, her prospect was most miserable; for, though her life was saved, the mutilated state in which she was left, without even a chance of ever being able to attend to the duties of her family, was almost worse than death itself; for, from the exposure of the *os calcis*, in all probability it would have required some months before the bottoms of her feet could be covered with new skin, and after all they would have been so tender as not to bear any pressure; the loss, too, of all her toes must have made it impossible for her to move herself but with the assistance of crutches.

Soon after the violence of the fever had abated, there appeared all over her body, arms, and face, broad reddish blotches, which Mr. Oakes judged to be from the same cause as produces chilblains.

Her position in the snow was that of a person lying against a rather steep bank, a little on her left side, and her head inclined to her right shoulder. After many attempts, she got her right hand to her face, and pushed the snow from it, condensing it in a cave-like form round her face; she also got her left hand so far at liberty as to bring it to her face. She felt no hunger from the time she was

immersed in the snow, nor any of the calls of nature excepting thirst, which she relieved about every half hour by eating the hardest morsels of snow she could get. She never was in darkness, but could plainly distinguish day from night, and the different parts of the day. The elbow of her right arm lying against a branch of a bush, it was very much bruised by her striving to get it at liberty.

An account of her providential preservation was published at Cambridge in two parts. The first by the Rev. Mr. Holme, minister of her parish; the second by her surgeon, Mr. Thomas Verney Okes: the book was published for her benefit, and went through two editions.

This unfortunate woman closed a lingering existence on July 13, 1799, and we are sorry to add, that too frequent indulgence of spirituous liquors was supposed to have been the cause both of the accident and its fatal consequences.

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JOHN ELWES
THE REMARKABLE MISER

THE NAME OF JOHN ELWES has become proverbial in the annals of avarice. His father, whose family name was Meggot, was an eminent brewer in Southwark. He died when his son was only four years old; so that little of the penurious character by which he was afterwards distinguished, can be attributed to his father. The precepts and example of his surviving parent doubtless exercised more influence; for though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, it is said that she starved herself to death. Another cause, which will presently be noticed, doubtless contributed to instil into the mind of Mr. Elwes that saving principle by which he was so eminently distinguished.

At an early period of life he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years, and became a good classical scholar yet it is not a little extraordinary, that at no future period of his life was he ever seen with a book, nor did he leave behind him, at all his different houses, two pounds worth of literary furniture. Of accounts he had no knowledge whatever, and this may perhaps have been, in part, the cause of his total ignorance of his own concerns. From Westminster School he removed to Geneva, to complete his education. Here he entered upon pursuits more agreeable to him than study. The riding-master of the academy there had then to boast, perhaps, of three of the boldest riders in Europe, Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was reckoned the most courageous: the young horses were always put into his hands, and he was the rough-rider of the other two. After an absence of two or three years he returned to England.

At this time his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, resided at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of penury that perhaps ever existed. To this gentleman he was introduced, and as he was to be his heir, it was of course policy to endeavour to please him. A little disguise was now sometimes necessary even in Mr. Elwes, who, as he mingled with the gay world, dressed like other people. This, however, would not have gained him the favour of Sir Harvey: his hopeful nephew used, therefore, when he visited him, to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, where he dressed in a manner more likely to ensure his uncle's approbation. He made his appearance at Stoke in a pair of small iron buckles, darned worsted stockings, an old worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat, and was contemplated with a miserable satisfaction by Sir Harvey, who was delighted to see his heir bidding fair to rival him in the accumulation of useless wealth. There they would sit, with a single stick on the fire, and indulge occasionally with one glass of wine between them, while they inveighed against the extravagance of the times; and when night approached they retired to bed, because they thus saved the

expense of candle-light. The nephew, however, had then, what he never lost, a very keen appetite, and this, in the opinion of his uncle, would have been an unpardonable offence. He therefore first partook of a dinner with some country neighbour, and then returned to his uncle with a little diminutive appetite, which quite charmed the old gentleman.

And here we shall take the liberty of digressing a little, for the purpose of introducing to the reader a few farther particulars of Sir Harvey Elwes, whose portrait alone is worthy of being a companion to that of his penurious nephew.

Sir Harvey, on succeeding to the family estate, found himself in the nominal possession of some thousands a year, but actually reduced to an income of not more than one hundred. On his arrival at the mansion of Stoke he declared that he never would leave it, till he had entirely cleared the paternal estate.

This he lived to fulfil, and to realize above one hundred thousand pounds in addition.

But he was formed of the very material for making an accomplished miser. In his youth he had been given over for a consumption; so that he had no constitution and no passions. He was timid, shy, and diffident in the extreme, of a thin, spare habit of body, and without a friend in the world.

Having no acquaintance, no books, no inclination for reading or study, his whole delight consisted in hoarding up and counting his money. Next to this the highest gratification he could enjoy was partridge-setting. Such was his dexterity, and so plentiful was game at that time, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But he lived upon partridges, with his whole household, comprehending one man and two maids. With him it was *toujours perdrix*, and what they could not eat, he turned out again, as he never gave anything away.

During the partridge season, Sir Harvey and his man never missed a single day, when the weather was tolerable; and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed to take great

quantities of game. He always wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a threadbare, full-dress suit of clothes, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a lean thorough-bred horse, and the horse and his rider looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together. When the weather prevented him from going abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall to save the expense of fire. If a farmer of the neighbourhood came in, he would strike a light in a tinder-box which he kept by him, and putting one single stick upon the grate, would not add another till the first was nearly burned out.

As he had but little connexion with the metropolis, Sir Harvey was never without three or four thousand pounds in his house. A set of fellows, afterwards known by the appellation of the Thaxted gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. It was the custom of Sir Harvey to go up at eight o'clock into his bed-chamber, where, after taking a bason of water-gruel by the light of a small fire, he went to bed to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang knowing the hour when his servant went to the stable, left their horses in a small grove on the Essex side of the river, and concealed themselves in the church porch till they saw the man pass by. Then they rushed from their hiding-place, and after some struggle, bound and gagged him; on which they ran towards the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Harvey, presented their pistols and demanded his money.

Never did Sir Harvey behave so well as on this occasion. He refused to give the robbers any answer, till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favourite, was safe. He then delivered them the key of a drawer in which were fifty guineas. Knowing but too well that he had much more in the house, they again threatened his life, unless he discovered where it was deposited. He, at length, showed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer containing seven hundred and twenty guineas. This sum

they packed up in two large baskets and carried off. On quitting Sir Harvey they told him they should leave one of their number behind to dispatch him if he stirred or made the least alarm. With great calmness and simplicity, he took out his watch, for which they had not asked him, and said: "Gentlemen, I do not want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honour, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does." He was as good as his word; for, at the expiration of the time, he went and released the man: but though some search was made by the village, the robbers were not discovered.

Being apprehended some years afterward for other offences, and found to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he refused to appear against them. To his attorney, who pressed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their persons, he replied, "No, no; I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also."

Notwithstanding Sir Harvey's dislike of society, he was a member of a club which occasionally met at his own village of Stoke, and to which belonged two baronets beside himself, Sir Cordwell Firebras, and Sir John Barnardiston. In spite of their riches, the reckoning was always a subject of investigation. One day when they were engaged in settling this difficult point, a wag, who was a member, called out to a friend that was passing, "For heaven's sake, step up stairs and assist the *poor*. Here are three baronets, worth a million of money, quarrelling about a farthing."

In the chastity and abstinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to the celebrated Newton; for he would have held it unpardonable to have given even his affections, and as he saw no lady whatever, he was under no temptation to barter them matrimonially for money.

His ordinary annual expenditure was about one hundred and ten pounds. His clothes cost him nothing; for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain ever since the gay days of his grandfather, Sir Jervaise. His household he kept principally on

game and the fish of his own ponds; while the cows which grazed before his door supplied them with milk, butter, and cheese, and his woods furnished all the fuel that he burned.

Sir Harvey was a remarkable instance of what temperance can effect. Though given over for a consumption at an early period of his life, he attained to the age of between eighty and ninety years. At his death, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant, and to his heirs, he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum.

Previous to his interment he lay in state, such as it was, at his seat at Stoke, on which occasion some of his tenants, with more humour than decency, observed, that "it was well Sir Harvey could not see it."

The contemplation of such a character as that of Sir Harvey Elwes, affords a very mortifying picture of human infirmity. The contrast of so much wealth, and so much abuse of it is disgusting; but yet it has its uses. Let those who fancy that riches are capable of conferring happiness here view all their inability and failure, and acknowledge that the mind alone makes or mars our felicity. In an age when the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, are almost regarded as inseparable from happiness, and as the foundation of our pleasures, it cannot fail to excite the greatest astonishment, that Sir Harvey Elwes, possessed of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, should live above sixty years in solitude to avoid the expense of company; should almost deny himself fire and candle; should wear the cast-off clothes of his predecessor, and live in a house where the wind was entering at every broken casement, and the rain descending through the roof, voluntarily imposing upon himself a condition little better than the pauper of an alms-house!

Sir Harvey left his name and his whole property, amounting to at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, who at the time possessed a fortune very little inferior. For fifteen years previous to this event, Mr. Elwes was known in all the

fashionable circles of the metropolis. His numerous acquaintance and large fortune conspired to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member of a club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. His passion for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the inclination. Few men, according to his own acknowledgment, had played deeper and with more various success. He once played two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting Mr. Elwes lost some thousands.

No one will be disposed to deny that avarice is a base passion. It will, therefore, be the more difficult to conceive how a mind, organised like that of Mr. Elwes, could be swayed by principles of such peculiar honour and delicacy as often influenced his conduct: the theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he adhered to in practice, and this feeling he never violated to the last. Had he received all he won, he would have been richer by many thousands; for many sums owing him by persons of very high rank were never liquidated. Nor was this the only pleasing trait in the character of Mr. Elwes; his manners were so gentlemanly, so mild, and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude oblige him to cease the observance of his usual attention.

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, surrounded with splendour and profusion, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Theydon Hall, a mansion he possessed in Essex. There, forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or rain squabbling with a carcass-butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not yet arrived, he would walk on in the mire to meet them, and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, which

was seventeen miles from London, without stopping, after sitting up the whole night.

The principal residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire. Here he had two sons borne by Elizabeth Moren, his housekeeper; and these natural children, at his death, inherited by will the greatest part of his immense property. He, however, paid frequent visits to his uncle, Sir Harvey, and used to attend him in his favourite amusement of partridge-setting. He always travelled on horseback; and to see him preparing for a journey was a matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great coat pocket, together with a few scraps of bread; then mounting one of his hunters, his next care was to get out of London into that road where there were the fewest turnpikes. Stopping on these occasions, under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his beast together.

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which his nephew, the late Colonel Timms, used to relate the following anecdote: A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through, and perceived that the rain was dropping from the ceiling on the bed. He rose and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found that he was just as much exposed as before. At length, after making the tour of the room with his bed, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. At breakfast he told Elwes what had happened. "Ay, ay," said the old man, seriously, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

On his removal into Suffolk, Mr. Elwes first began to keep fox hounds, and his stable of hunters was at that time considered the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here every thing was managed in

the most frugal manner. His huntsman led by no means an idle life: he rose at four every morning, and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends he might happen to have with him; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kernel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house, he would lay the cloth and wait at dinner. This business being despatched, he again hurried into the stable to feed the horses, and the evening was diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. It may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that this man should live in his place some years, though his master would often call him an idle dog, and say, the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing. Thus the whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. In the summer, the dogs always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had more meat and less work, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept bounds, which was for a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided almost entirely at Stoke, in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness which he performed on one of these occasions ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abhigdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for £7000, which, it was supposed, he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to take place, a clergyman agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes, to see the issue of it. They went on horseback; and as they were to set off at seven in the morning, the gentleman took no refreshment, imagining that they were to

breakfast at Newmarket. About eleven they reached that place, where Mr. Elwes was occupied in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. His companion now expected they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast, but Elwes still continued to ride about. The hour of four at length arrived, at which time the gentleman became so impatient that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true. So, here, do as I do," at the same time offering from his great coat pocket a piece of an old crushed pancake, which, he said, he had brought from his house at Marcham, two months before, but that it was as good as new. It was nine in the evening before they reached home, when the gentleman was so fatigued, that he could think of no refreshment but rest; and Elwes, who in the morning had risked seven thousand pounds, went to bed happy in the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for anybody it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often declaring that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out of their pockets." That he was not, however, overburdened with natural affection, the following anecdote appears to prove. One day he had sent his eldest boy up a ladder to get some grapes for the table, when, the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy took the precaution to go up to the village to the barber and get blooded. On his return, being asked where he had been and what was the matter with his arm, he informed his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! bled" cried the gentleman; "but what did you give"—"A shilling," answered the boy.—"Pshaw!" returned the father; "you are a blockhead. Never part with your blood!"

An inn upon the road and an apothecary's bill were equal objects of Mr. Elwes's aversion. The words "give" and "pay" were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received

a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some months afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, hard day! part with some money for advice.

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but, as he knew scarcely anything of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaux filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Thus there was a reflux of some portion of that wealth which he was denying himself every comfort to amass. All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London he would walk in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach, and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last state of putrefaction rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and at one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked up out of a rut in a lane, and which had apparently been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise (his uncle's father), from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves, and there he sat at dinner in boots, the above-mentioned green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some property in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year, to a very great extent. He was the founder of great part of Marylebone; Portman Place, Portman Square, and many of the adjacent streets rose out of his pocket; and had not the fatal American war put a stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. He judiciously became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon became a philosopher upon fire, and, on a public-house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and whenever any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into any other. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose, and, besides, the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Hay-market, at another in a great house in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. It might with truth be said of the old woman that she was "here to-day and gone to-morrow;" and the scene which terminated her life is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and, as usual, had taken up his abode in one of the empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he inquired at his banker's and at other places. Some days elapsed, and he at length learned, from a person whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. This was some clue to the colonel, who immediately posted to the spot. As the best mode of gaining intelligence he applied to a chairman, but he could obtain no information of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person, but no gentleman had been seen. A potboy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him, and from the description it agreed with the person of Mr. Elwes. The colonel proceeded to the house, knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent, but on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there on an old pallet bed they found Mr. Elwes, apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible, but, on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days—"that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other, had not been near him—that she had herself been ill—but he supposed she had got well and gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journeys, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor in one of the garrets, and had, to all appearance, been dead about two days. Thus died the servant, and thus, had it not been for his providential discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes, who, though worth

at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want.

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of Parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire; but, to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, only on the express stipulation that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in Parliament for the moderate sum of eighteen pence. He now left Suffolk, and again went to his seat at Marcham. He took his foxhounds with him, but finding that his time was likely to be much employed, he resolved to part with them, and they were soon afterwards given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive Parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. Though a new man, Mr. Elwes could not be called a young member, for he was at this time nearly sixty years of age. But he was in possession of all his activity; and preparatory to his appearance on the boards of St. Stephen's chapel, he used to attend constantly during the races and other public meetings in all the great towns where his voters resided. At the different assemblies, he would dance amongst the youngest to the last, after riding on horseback, frequently in the rain, to the place of meeting.

The honour of Parliament made no alteration in the dress of Mr. Elwes; on the contrary, it seemed to have attained additional meanness, and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has more than once drawn on him the compassion of those who passed him in the street. For the Speaker's dinners, however, he had one suit, with which the Speaker, in the course of the session, became very familiar. The minister likewise was well acquainted with it; and at any dinner of the opposition still was his apparel the same. The wits of the minority used to say, "That they had full as much reason as the minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes, as he never turned his coat." At this period of his life Mr.

Elwes wore a wig. Much about the time when his parliamentary life ceased, that wig became worn out, and then, being older and wiser as to expense, he wore his own hair, which, like his expenses, was very small. All this time the income of Mr. Elwes was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing; for the little pleasures he had once engaged in he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one servant, the huntsman, and a couple of horses, and resided with his nephew; his two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire to look after his respective estates; and his dress certainly was no expense to him, for had not other people been more careful than himself, he would not have had it even mended.

As Mr. Elwes came into Parliament without expense, he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought he never attempted to sell, and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone satisfy a reflecting mind. Among the smaller memorials of the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes may be noted, that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the house, but at any occasion presented itself, on either indiscriminately, and he voted much in the same manner, but never rose to speak.

In his attendance on his senatorial duties Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual; he always stayed out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount Coffee House. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred which furnished him a whimsical opportunity of displaying his disregard of his person. The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and an apothecary was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on

the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes; "but Mr.—I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt—now you think they are, so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with yours, I will do nothing to mine, find I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours." He exultingly beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes, when he conceived that he had obtained a seat in Parliament for nothing, had not taken into account the inside of the house, for he often declared that three contested elections could not have cost him more than he lost by loans to his brother representatives, which were never repaid. But this passion for lending was in time conquered, and an unfortunate proposal which was made him of vesting twenty-five thousand pounds in some iron works in America, gave at last a fatal blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so plausibly laid before him that he had not the least doubt of its success; but he had the disappointment never more to hear of his iron or his gold. His parsimony was the chief cause of his quitting Parliament, for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expense would have restored him to his seat. He therefore voluntarily retired from a parliamentary life.

He was, however, now, in the common phrase, "a fish out of water." The style of Mr. Elwes's life had left him no domestic scenes to which he could retire; his home was dreary and poor; his rooms received no cheerfulness from fire; and while the outside had all the appearance of a "house to be let," the interior was a desert; but he had his penury alone to thank for this, and for the want of all the little comforts and consolations which should attend old age, and smooth the passage of declining life.

Mr. Elwes frequently declared "that, after the experience he had had of public speakers and members of parliament, there was

only one man, he thought, could now talk him out of his money, and that was young Pitt."

About this time he lost his famous servant-of-all-work. He died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor, for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used: "If you keep one servant your work is done; if you keep two it is half done; but if you keep three you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee House; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, consoled himself for the loss of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory—that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expense.

Mr. Elwes therefore passed much of his time in the Mount Coffee House. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasion, to disappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at piquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds, for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perseverance which avarice will inspire, he rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal, though there is reason to believe that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoare, and was received very early the next morning. This was the last folly of the kind, of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but justice to the members of the club to say that they ever after endeavoured to discourage any

wish to play with him. Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised. Though the benefit of this consideration was thrown away upon him, for his maxim, which he frequently repeated, always was, "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving*; for of that a man could be sure."

Among the sums which Mr. Elwes injudiciously vested in the hands of others, some solitary instances of generosity are on record. When his son was in the Guards he was in the habit of dining frequently at the officers' table. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer of the corps. Among these was Captain Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but, as money cannot always be raised immediately on landed property, it was imagined that he would have been obliged to suffer some other officer to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes, one day hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest, and liked his manners, and he never once spoke to him afterwards concerning the payment; but on the death of that officer, which soon followed, the money was replaced. At this time he was in possession of seven hundred thousand pounds, and lived upon fifty pounds a year.

At the close of the spring of 1785 he again wished to see his seat at Stoke, which he had not visited for some years; but the journey was now a serious object. The famous old servant was dead. Out of his whole stud he had remaining only a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself no longer possessed such vigour of body as to ride sixty or seventy miles with two boiled eggs. The mention of a post-chaise, indeed! "Where was he to get the money? "At length, to his no small satisfaction, he was carried into the country, as he had been into Parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as himself. When he reached Stoke—once the scene of more active life, and where his foxhounds

had spread somewhat like vivacity around—he remarked, "he had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly, but that a man grew wiser by time." On his arrival he found fault with the expensive furniture of the rooms, which would have fallen in but for his son John, who had resided there. If a window was broken there was to be no repair but that of a little brown paper, or piecing in a bit of broken glass; and to save fire he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest he would amuse himself with going into the fields, to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

When the season was still farther advanced, his morning employment was to pick up any straw, chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose. The gentleman expressed his wonder why he gave himself the trouble, to which he replied, "Oh, sir, it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Only see what waste they make."

As no gleam of favourite passion, or any ray of amusement, broke through this gloom of penury, his insatiable desire of saving was now become uniform and systematic. He used still to ride about the country on one of the brood mares; but then he rode her very economically, on the soft turf adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expense of shoes, as he observed, "The turf was so pleasant to the horse's feet." And when any gentleman called to pay him a visit, and the boy who attended in the stables was profuse enough to put a little hay before his horse, old Elwes would slily steal back into the stable and take the hay very carefully away. That very strong appetite which Mr. Elwes had in some measure restrained during the long sitting of Parliament, he now indulged most voraciously, and on everything he could find. To save the expense of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed,

and so eat mutton to the end of the chapter. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer one to be thrown in again, observing that if he did he should never see them more. Game in the last state of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provisions were exhausted. With his diet his dress kept pace. When any friends who might happen to visit him were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbour, making one fire serve both. Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown-coloured hat, and sometimes in a red-and-white woollen cap, like a prisoner confined for debt. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and would rise sometimes in the middle of the night to go down stairs and see if they were safe. There was nothing but the common necessaries of life which he did not deny himself, and it would have admitted of a doubt whether, if he had not held in his own hands manors and grounds which furnished him a subsistence, he would not have starved rather than have bought anything. He one day dined on the remnants of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat, and at another ate the undigested part of a pike which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state in a net. On the latter occasion he observed, with great satisfaction, "Ay, this is killing two birds with one stone."

But still, with all this self-denial, and a penury of life to which the inhabitant of an alms-house is not doomed, still did he think he was profuse, and frequently say "He must be a little more careful of his property."

When seventy-three, he walked out a shooting with his friends, to see whether a pointer, one of them at that time valued much, was as good a dog as some he had had in the time of Sir Harvey. After walking for some hours, much unfatigued, he determined against the dog, but with all due ceremony. One of the gentlemen, who

was a very indifferent shot, by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of Mr. Elwes. The blood appeared, and the shot certainly gave him pain; but when the gentleman came to make him his apology and profess his sorrow, "My dear sir," said the old man, "I give you joy on your improvement; I knew you would hit *something* by and by."

Mr. Elwes passed the spring of 1786 alone, at Stoke, and had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice he would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way; his thoughts were incessantly occupied with money, and he saw no person but what, as he imagined, was deceiving and defrauding him. As he woidd not allow himself any fire by day, so he retired to bed at its close to save candle, and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the perfect vanity of wealth!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Theydon Hall, a scene of greater ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his other houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone on the borders of Epping Forest, and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill, and as he refused all assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, indulging, even in the prospect of death, that avarice which nothing could subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will; as he was probably sensible that his sons could not be entitled by law to any of his property, should he die intestate. On his arrival in London, he put his design in execution, and devised all his real personal estates to his two sons, who were to share the whole of his vast property equally between them.

Soon after this Mr. Elwes gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing all his concerns into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his attorney, and his youngest son, who had been his chief agent for some time. This step had become highly necessary, for he entirely forgot all recent occurrences, and as he never committed anything

to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. Of this the following anecdote may serve as an instance: he had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoare, his bankers, for twenty pounds, and having taken it into his head during the night, that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walked about his room with that feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waiting with the utmost impatience for the morning; when, on going to the banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion to apologize, as he happened to have in his hands at that time, the small balance of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark that extreme conscientiousness which, amidst all his anxiety about money, did honour to his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till it was paid, and he was never known on any occasion to fail in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security.

Mr. Elwes passed the summer of 1788 at his house in Welbeck Street, London, without any other society than that of two maid-servants. His chief employment used to be that of getting up early in the morning, to visit his houses in Mary-le-bone, which were repairing. As he was there generally at four o'clock in the morning, and of course long before the workmen, he used to sit down contentedly on the steps before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbours, who used to see him appear so regularly every morning, and concluded from his apparel that he was one of the workmen, observed, that "there never was such a punctual man as the *Old Carpenter*!"

During the whole of the morning he would continue to run up and down stairs to see the men were not idle for an instant, with the same anxiety as if his whole happiness in life had been centred in the

finishing this house, regardless of the greater property he had at stake in various places, and for ever employed in the minutiae of affairs.

Mr. Elwes had now attained the age of seventy-six, and began, for the first time, to feel some bodily infirmities from age. He experienced some occasional attacks of the gout; on which, with his accustomed perseverance and antipathy to apothecaries and their bills, he would set out to walk as far, and as fast as he could. "While engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as often brought home by some errand-boy or stranger of whom he had inquired his way. On these occasions, he would bow, and thank them with great politeness, at the door, but never indulged them with a sight of the interior of the house.

Another singularity was reserved for the close of Mr. Elwes's life, which, considering his disposition and advanced age, was not less extraordinary than many already recorded. He who had, during his whole life, been such an enemy to giving, now gave away his affections. One of the maid-servants, with whom he had for some time been accustomed to pass his hours in the kitchen, had the art to induce him to fall in love with her, and had it not been discovered, it is doubtful whether she would not have prevailed upon him to marry her. From such an act of madness, he was however saved by good fortune, and the attention of his friends.

During the winter of 1788, the last Mr. Elwes was to see, his memory visibly weakened every day, and from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day, when this gentleman waited upon him, he said, with apparent concern, "Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house I am living, and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present, and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!"

About this time Mr. George Elwes, his elder son,'married a young lady, not less distinguished for her engaging manners than for her beauty. She was a Miss Alt, of Northamptonshire, a lady of whom any father might be proud; but pride, or even concern, in these matters, were not passions likely to affect Mr. Elwes: as a circumstance which happened a few years before, in a case not dissimilar, will prove.

His son at that time had paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel, who, of course, thought proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprize him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent. He had not the least objection to the match. Dr. Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage between the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to anybody marrying whatever. "This ready acquiescence is so obliging," said the Doctor—"But doubtless you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties." "I dare say I do," replied the old gentleman. "Then, sir," said Dr. Noel, "you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject." Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to anything. "Now then, sir," observed Dr. Noel, "we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—what do you mean to give your son?"—"*Give*!" said Elwes, "sure I did not say anything about *giving*; but, if you wish it so much, I will *give* my consent."

Mr. George Elwes, having now married and settled at his seat at Marcham, was naturally desirous that in the assiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. A journey with any expense annexed to it was, however, an insurmountable obstacle. This was fortunately removed, by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient seat in Berkshire, with his purse perfectly whole. Still there was another circumstance not a little distressing; the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his last coat, and could not afford to buy a new one. His son therefore, with pious fraud, requested Mr. Partis to buy him

a coat, and make him a present of it. Thus formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and at last no coat at all, he was glad to accept one of a neighbour.

On the arrival of the old gentleman, his son and his wife neglected nothing that was likely to render the country a scene of quiet to him. But he carried that within his bosom which baffled every effort of the kind. His mind, cast away on the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extending beyond the bounds of his calculation, amused itself with fetching and carrying a few guineas, which in that ocean were, indeed, but a drop.

The first symptom of more immediate decay was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. He was frequently heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" If anyone of the family entered the room, he would start from his fever of anxiety; and, as if waking from a troubled dream, hurry into bed again, and seem unconscious of what had happened. In the muscular frame of Mr. Elwes there was everything that promised extreme length of life, and he lived to above seventy years of age, without any natural disorder attacking him; but, as Lord Bacon has well observed, "The minds of some men are a lamp that is continually burning;" and such was the mind of Mr. Elwes. Removed from those occasional public avocations which had once engaged his attention, money was now his only thought. He rose upon money—upon money he lay down to rest; and as his capacity sunk away from him by degrees, he dwindled from the real cares of his property into the puerile concealment of a few guineas. This little store he would carefully wrap in various papers, and depositing them in different corners, would amuse himself with running from one to the other, to see whether they were safe. Then forgetting, perhaps, where he had concealed some of them, he would become as seriously afflicted as a man might be who had lost all his property. Nor was the day alone thus spent; he would frequently rise in the middle of the night, and be heard walking

about different parts of the house, looking after what he had thus hidden and forgotten.

One night, while in this walking state, he missed the sum which he had carried with him into Berkshire, amounting to five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown. He had wrapped it up in various folds of paper that no part of his treasure might be lost. The circumstances of his loss were these. His attorney, who had accompanied and still remained with him at his house in Berkshire, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the step of some one walking barefoot about his chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at this unexpected intrusion, he naturally asked, "Who is there?" The person, coming up towards his bed, replied, with great civility, "Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown." "Dear sir," replied Mr. Partis, "I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy." "Oh! no, no," rejoined the old gentleman; "it's all true; and really, Mr. Partis, with such a sum I should like to see the end of it." This unfortunate sum was a few days afterwards found in a corner behind the window-shutter.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "excommunication!" The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church, and a penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was all over with them; and, as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes to know how they could make submission, and how the sentence might be prevented. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes, never wanting in a good action, ordered his horse to be saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough

the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins to whom he had no particular obligation, was really what not one man in five thousand would have done; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never wanted alacrity.

The ladies were so overjoyed—so thankful—so much trouble and expense! What returns could they make? An old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote these words to them by way of consolation—"My dears, is it expense you are talking of?—send him sixpence, and he then gains twopence by the journey."

In the autumn of 1789, his memory was gone entirely, his senses sunk rapidly into decay, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of the most violent passion began to usurp the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head.

On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

His singular appetite he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles only a fortnight before he died.

On the 18th of November, he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of any thing about him, and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son, John, hoping "He had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh,

leaving property to the amount of above £500,000. The value of that which he had bequeathed to his two sons was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to Mr. Timms, son of the late Lieutenant-colonel Timms, of the second troop of Horse Guards.

One strange circumstance should not be omitted. Some days previous to the death of his father, Mr. John Elwes was returning from an estate he had just purchased in Glocestershire, with a clergyman, to whom he had given the living. On his journey a strange presentiment came across his mind that he should see his father but once again. The idea was so strongly impressed upon his thoughts, that he set out in the middle of the night to reach Marcham: he did reach it, and was in time to be a witness of that sight which most afflicts a good son, on the subject of a father—he beheld him expire.

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JEFFERY HUDSON
DWARF TO CHARLES I

THIS CELEBRATED DWARF was born, appropriately enough, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, the smallest county in England, and at about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh-on-the-Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I., the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up at table in a cold pie, which, when cut open, presented to the astonished royal visitors the diminutive Jeffery armed cap-a-pie. This pie was purposely constructed to hold our little hero, who, when the duchess made an incision in his castle of paste, shifted his position until sufficient room was made for his appearance. The queen, expressing herself greatly pleased with his person and manners, the duchess presented him to her majesty, who afterwards kept him as her dwarf. From the age of seven till thirty he never grew taller, but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there remained.

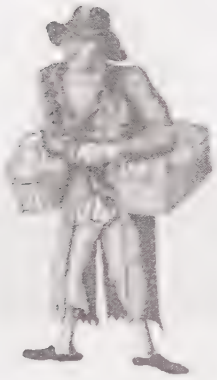
Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court, and Sir William Davenant wrote a poem called "*Jeffreidos*" on a battle between him and a turkey-cock, which took place at Dunkirk, where a woman rescued him from the fury of his antagonist. In 1638 was published a very small and curious book, called "The New Year's Gift, presented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jeffery, her

majesty's servant," &c., written by Microphius, with a portrait of Jeffery prefixed.

Before this period, our hero was employed in a negotiation of great importance. This was, to procure a midwife for the queen, but on his return with a lady of that profession and her majesty's dancing master, with many rich presents to the queen from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers; and besides what he was bringing for the queen, he lost to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds that he had received in France, on his own account, from the queen's mother, and ladies of that court. This happened in the year 1630.

Jeffery lost little of his consequence with the queen by this misfortune, but was often teased by the courtiers and domestics with the story of the turkey-cock, and trifles of a similar description; his temper was by no means calculated to put up with repeated affronts, and at last being greatly provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued. Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them more on a level, Jeffery, at the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles.

He was afterwards taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold for a slave in Barbary; but he did not remain long in captivity, for at the beginning of the civil war he was made captain in the royal army; and in 1644 attended the queen again into France, where he remained till the Restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish plot, he was taken up in 1664, and confined in the Gate-house, Westminster, where he ended his life at the age of sixty-three.



NICE NEW
A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER AT READING

THIS CURIOUS HARMLESS FELLOW, in the early part of the nineteenth century, formed one of the principal living curiosities of Reading, in Berkshire, where he resided many years. Although not having much beauty to boast of, he yet had numerous followers and admirers, for the articles he vended rendered him an object of peculiar attraction to the rising generation, his unwieldy baskets on each side being always stored with cakes and other delicacies for children. His cry also of *Nice new*! *Nice new*! with sometimes the alluring addition of *Here they be, two sizes bigger than last week*, delivered in a most melancholy, sepulchral tone, gained him much celebrity.

His dress, like his person, was singularly remarkable; and his baskets were so large, that they used to engage the whole of the foot-path, to the annoyance of the other passengers, but this inconvenience the good inhabitants kindly submitted to, as it was known that by his industry he made a small provision for some female relations: indeed, in order to render them some comfort, this poor fellow nearly starved himself. On Sunday he filled the important station of organ-blower at a dissenting chapel. On one occasion, happening to fall asleep during the sermon, which he did not very well comprehend, and dreaming he was travelling the streets, he all at once broke out in his usual tone, *All hot! All hot!* to the great surprise of the congregation.

JOHN VALERIUS
BORN WITHOUT ARMS

VALERIUS WAS born in the Upper Palatinate of Germany in the year 166–, without arms, and when bereaved of his parents and friends by death, had no other means to depend on for a subsistence than the exhibition of his person. He had practised many arts with his feet and toes, generally performed by the hands and fingers; and necessity had brought them into such use, that he felt but little deficiency in the lack of arms and hands. He travelled into several countries, and among others, visited England, and at London exhibited himself and performed all his wonderful feats

from the year 1695 until 1705, as may be seen by the various specimens of his writing, dated in the intermediate periods.

The portrait of this man, and his different postures and performances, was engraved and published by himself in Holland, with Dutch inscriptions, and must have been productive of great advantages to Valerius, from the immense number of impressions taken from the plates, which appear, from some of the copies extant (though in any state rarely to be met with), to have been very much worn.

It was a common custom with the persons who visited Valerius to give him some gratuity for a specimen of his writing; and on the back of a portrait of him which belonged to Sir William Musgrave, were four lines written by Valerius with his toes.

Mr. Bindley, for upwards of forty years a commissioner of the Stamp Office, was one of the greatest collectors of portraits of his time; and, among other rare articles, possessed Valerius's book complete, with lines round the portrait written by himself, in the same manner as that of Sir William Musgrave.

Valerius wrote but very indifferently compared with Matthew Buchinger, whose performances in writing and drawing were truly astonishing.*

In the place of an arm, where the shoulder usually projects, in the body of Valerius appears the figure of a perfect thumb; and his chest, unlike most others of his sex and nature, exhibits the appearance of the breast of a female. His face is, likewise, remarkably feminine.

The very rare book of Valerius's postures contains sixteen prints: the first of which is his portrait, dated London, March 20, 1698. The second plate represents Valerius beating a drum, with an inscription in Dutch, implying that whoever sees him perform this feat will be struck with astonishment and wonder.

* Vide antea p. 79.

PLATE III.

Playing at Cards and Dice.

"In the act of managing the cards and dice, he does not yield in dexterity to those who play with their hands."

PLATE IV.

Shaving himself.

"No man who has the use of his hands would ever think of the expedient of doing this office with his toes*"

PLATE V.

Standing erect on his left leg, holding a racier between his great and second toe.

"In the science and art of defence, he manages his weapon with as much skill, adroitness, and strength as his adversary."

PLATE VI.

Standing on his left leg balancing a chair with his right,

"The ease and power with which he elevates and supports the chair in the position he places it, is beyond what many could do with the use of their arms and hands."

PLATE VII.

Balancing himself on a pedestal, and taking up dice with his mouth.

"By the support of one foot, with the toes of the other, he takes up various dice, and by the assistance of his teeth he builds a little square tower three stories in height."

PLATE VIII.

Lying at full length, with his head on the ground, and recovering himself by the support of his left leg.

"The flexibility of his joints enabled him to place himself in most extraordinary positions, and his strength was sufficient to recover any posture at pleasure."

PLATE IX.

Lying on his back, taking up a glass of liquor, and conveying it with his toes to his head.

"In addition to his powers in balancing his body, it was truly wonderful to witness the ease and dexterity with which he took a glass, filled to the brim with wine, and conducted it" with his toes to the top of his head, balancing the same without spilling a drop."

PLATE X.

balancing a glass of liquor on his forehead.

"This feat he performed in a way similar to the former, with the exception of his lying extended at full length on a table, depending for support by the left leg."

PLATE XI.

Standing on a stool, taking a glass of liquor from the ground with his mouth.

"Elevated near two feet from the floor, on a stool, with the greatest ease he bends his body and catches the glass between his teeth, drinks the liquor, and turns the glass up-side-down."

PLATE XII.

Seated on a stool, with both feet he conducts a glass of liquor to the top of his head.

"The amazing pliability of his joints rendered it a matter of the greatest ease to Valerius to do all the offices of the hands with his feet, and he could move them in every direction with the utmost facility."

PLATE XIII.

Seated on a stool and writing with his toes.

"However niggardly nature had been in bounty to Valerius, she made an ample compensation in endowing him with most extraordinary powers and command with his feet, which he could, with the greatest agility, turn to all the purposes of the hands."

PLATE XIV.

Seated on a stool, he takes a pistol and discharges U with his right his toes.

"Long habit had brought the soles of this man's feet into the same use as the palm of the hand; he could expand or; contract them at pleasure; and, if he could not handle, he could *foot* a pistol with anyone."

PLATE XV.

Seated on alow stool, he takes up a musket, and assisted by both feet discharges it.

"The weight and length of a musket must have made this one of Valerius's most difficult performances: yet, from the ' apparent ease with which he managed it, it seemed to the spectators to be equally of the same familiar use with the rest."

PLATE XVI.

Standing on the left leg, taking up his hat from the grownd with his right foot.

"It was Valerius's general mode when his visitors took leave of him, to take up his hat; which, after placing on his head, he took off in a most graceful manner, and bowed thanks for the honour their visit conferred on him."

In the early years of the present century a Miss Biffin, who laboured under the same misfortune as Valerius, was to be seen annually at Bartholomew and other fairs around the metropolis. She worked with her toes neatly at her needle, and was very ingenious in designing and cutting out patterns in paper.

Miss Biffin was a person really capable of showing talent as a miniature painter, without hands or arms. She was found in Bartholomew Fair and assisted by the Earl of Morton, who sat for his likeness to her, always taking the unfinished picture away with him when he left, that he might prove it to be all the work of

her own shoulder. When it was done he laid it before George III., in the year 1808; obtained the king's favour for Miss Biffin, and caused her to receive, at his own expense, further instruction in her art from Mr. Craig. For the last twenty years of his life he maintained a correspondence with her, and after having enjoyed favour from two of the Georges, she received from William IV. a small pension, with which, at the Earl's request, she retired from a life among caravans. But fourteen years later, having been married in the interval, she found it necessary to resume, as *Mrs. Wright*, her business as a skilful miniature painter in one or two of our chief provincial towns.

There was also Biffin of the nursery—a certain MASTER VINE, whose peculiar merit it was to draw landscapes in pencil with the shrunken misformed stump that represented hand and arm.

A still more extraordinary person than either Valerius or Miss Biffin, was WILLIAM KINGSTON, who was born without arms or hands, and resided at Ditcheat, near Bristol, an account of whom is extracted from a letter sent to John Wesley, by a person named Walton, dated Bristol, October 14, 1788.

"I went with a friend to visit this man, who highly entertained us at breakfast, by putting his half-naked foot upon the table as he sat, and carrying his tea and toast between his great and second toe to his mouth, with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand and his toe fingers. I put half a sheet of paper upon the floor, with a pen and ink-horn: he threw off" his shoes as he sat, took the ink-horn in the toes of his left foot, and held the pen in those of his right. He then wrote three lines, as well as most ordinary writers, and as swiftly.

"He writes out all his own bills and other accounts. He then shewed how he shaves himself with a razor in his toes, and how he combs his own hair. He can dress and undress himself, except buttoning his clothes. He feeds himself, and can bring both his meat and his broth to his mouth by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He cleans his own shoes; can clean the knives, light the fire,

and do almost every other domestic business as well as any other man. He can make his hen-coops. He is a farmer by occupation; he can milk his own cows with his toes, and cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. Last winter he had eight heifers constantly to fodder. The last summer he made all his own hay ricks. He can do all the business of the hay-field (except mowing), as fast and as well, with only his feet, as others can with rakes and forks. He goes to the field and catches his horse; he saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes. If he has a sheep among his flock that ails, he can separate it from the rest, drive it into a corner, and catch it when nobody else can. He then examines it, and applies a remedy to it. He is so strong in his teeth that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them. He can throw a great sledge-hammer as far with his feet as other men can with their hands. In a word, he can nearly do as much without, as others can with their arms."

ELIZABETH BROWNRIGG
EXECUTED FOR CRUELTY AND MURDER

Elizabeth Brownrigg was the wife of James Brownrigg, a house painter. After her marriage she resided at Greenwich, where her husband carried on his business for five years; from hence they came to London, and took a house in Fleur-de-Luce Court, Fleet Street. She was the mother of sixteen children, three of whom survived her. In order to assist her husband, in maintaining so numerous a family, she undertook the business of midwife, and was so well versed in the practice of her office, that she executed it to the general approbation of the patients that came under her hands; and at length became so well known for her skill and tenderness that the officers of the parish of St. Dunstan's in the "West were

induced to appoint her midwife to their workhouse, wherein she acquitted herself with judgment and humanity; and her business here lying among the poorest sort of objects, destitute of every necessary but what such a miserable place afforded, she was even said to have relieved them by her charitable benevolence.

But Mrs. Brownrigg, besides her general practice abroad, had fitted up conveniences in her own house for the accommodation of pregnant women who wanted to lie-in privately.

While she was thus carrying on the business of a midwife, she bethought herself of another way of getting money, which was by taking girls as apprentices from the parish workhouse, it being the usual custom in the parish of St. Dunstan to give £5 with every girl so apprenticed. One of these unfortunate creatures she took from the workhouse of that parish, namely, Mary Mitchell; also Mary Jones, from the Foundling Hospital, and Mary Clifford from the Precinct of Whitefriars.

It appears that Mary Jones was the first poor girl upon whom she inflicted her cruelties. Brownrigg, the husband, was summoned, at the instigation of the governors of the Foundling Hospital, before the Chamberlain of the City of London, where the matter was finally adjusted. The manner in which she exercised her hellish tortures on this poor girl is extraordinary and horrible.

Her mistress used to lay two chairs on the floor, in such a form that one supported the other, then she and her husband fastened the girl upon the back of those chairs, sometimes naked, but if she had her clothes on, her mistress pulled them over head, and whipped her till she had tired herself.

Sometimes, when the girl had been washing any of the rooms or stairs, her mistress has taken occasion to find fault with her work, and by way of punishment has snatched her up in her arms, and soused her over head and ears in a pail of dirty water that was standing by, repeating it several times; and often threatened to drown her in a tub of water, which she once ordered Mary Mitchell to fill for that purpose. By which cruel usage the girl received several

contusions in many parts of her body, particularly in her neck and shoulders, from the edge and bale of the pail.

And, indeed, so great were the sufferings of this poor girl, and still under apprehensions of yet worse to come, that she resolved, on the first opportunity, to release herself from this terrible situation; which she effected in the following manner: Her bed, it seems, was in a hole under a dresser, in the same room where Brownrigg and his wife lay, and facing the feet of their bed. Here, as one Sunday morning she lay ruminating on, and lamenting her miserable condition, smarting with the bruises she had already received, and dreading what she was yet likely to suffer, she espied the key of the outer door hanging on a nail against a post, then turning her eyes towards her master's bed, and perceiving they were both fast asleep, she immediately shuffled on her clothes, crept softly to the door, unlocked it, and bade adieu to that inhospitable mansion.

Mary Clifford, the third apprentice, and the chief object of her mistress's infernal rage, was the daughter of John Clifford, a shoemaker in Whitefriars. Her aunt, who had been in the country some time, coming to London, called at Brownrigg's, but was refused admittance by the husband, who even threatened to carry her before the Lord Mayor if she came there to make further disturbances. The aunt was therefore going away, when Mrs. Deacon, a baker's wife, at the adjoining house, called her in, and informed her that she and her family had often heard moanings and groans issue from Brown rigg's house, and that she suspected the apprentices were treated with unwarrantable severity. She likewise promised to exert herself to ascertain the truth.

At this juncture Mr. Brownrigg, going to Hampstead on business, bought a hog, which he sent home. The hog was put into a covered yard, having a sky-light, which it was thought necessary to remove, in order to give air to the animal. As Boon as it was known that the sky-light was removed, Mrs. Deacon ordered her servant to watch, in order, if possible, to discover the girls. Deacon's servant-maid, looking from a window, saw one of the girls

stooping down, on which she called her mistress, and she desired the attendance of some of the neighbours, who, having been witnesses of the shocking scene, some men got upon the leads, and dropped bits of dirt, in order to induce the girl to speak to them; but she seemed wholly incapable. Hereupon Mrs. Deacon sent to the girl's mother-in-law, who immediately called on Mr. Grundy, one of the overseers of St. Dunstan's, and represented the case. Mr. Grundy and the rest of the overseers, with the women, went and demanded a sight of Mary Clifford, but Brownrigg, who had nick-named her Nan, told them that he knew no such person; but if they wanted to see Mary (meaning Mary Mitchell), they might; and accordingly produced her. Upon this, Mr. Deacon's servant declared that Mary Mitchell was not the girl they wanted. Mr. Grundy now sent for a constable to search the house, but no discovery was then made, on which Mr. Brownrigg threatened them with a prosecution. But Mr. Grundy, with the spirit that became the officer of a parish, took Mary Mitchell with him to the workhouse, where, on the taking off her leathern bodice, it stuck so fast to her wounds that she shrieked with the pain; but, on being treated with great humanity, and told that she should not be sent back to Brownrigg's, she gave an account of the horrid treatment that she and Mary-Clifford had sustained, and confessed that she had met the latter on the stairs just before they came to the house. Hereupon Mr. Grundy and some others returned to the house, to make a stricter search, on which Brownrigg sent for a lawyer, in order to intimidate them, and even threatened a prosecution unless they immediately quitted the premises. Unterrified by these threats, Mr. Grundy sent for a coach to carry Brownrigg to the Compter, on which the latter promised to produce the girl in about half an hour, if the coach was discharged. This being consented to, the girl was produced from a cupboard, under a bufet in the dining-room, after a pair of shoes, which young Brownrigg had in his hand during the proposal, had been put upon her. It is not in language to describe the miserable appearance this poor girl

made: almost her whole body was ulcerated. Being taken to the workhouse, an apothecary was sent for, who pronounced her to be in danger. Brownrigg was therefore conveyed to Wood Street Compter; but his wife and son made their escape, taking with them a gold watch and some money. Mr. Brownrigg was now carried before Alderman Crosby, who fully committed him, and ordered the girls to be taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where Mary Clifford died within a few days: and the coroner's inquest being summoned, found a verdict of wilful murder against James and Elizabeth Brownrigg, and John their son.

In the meantime Mrs. Brownrigg and her son moved from place to place in London, bought clothes in Rag Fair, to disguise themselves, and then went to "Wandsworth, where they took lodgings in the house of Mr. Dunbar, who kept a chandler's shop. Dunbar, happening to read a newspaper on the 15th of August, saw an advertisement so clearly describing his lodgers, that he had no doubt but they were the murderers. He therefore went to London the next day, which was Sunday, and going to church, sent for Mr. Owen, the churchwarden, to attend him in the vestry, and gave him such a description of the parties that Mr. Owen desired Mr. Deacon, and Mr. Wingrave, a constable, to go to Wandsworth and make the necessary inquiry.

On their arrival at Dunbar's house they found the wretched mother and son in a room by themselves, who evinced great agitation at this discovery. A coach being procured, they were conveyed to London, without any person in Wandsworth having knowledge of the affair, except Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar.

On Saturday, September 2, 1767, Brownrigg, his wife, and their son, were tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Mary Clifford. The chief witness was Mary Mitchell, the apprentice, whose evidence developed the most unheard-of cruelties practised by Mrs. Brownrigg; and, they being without parallel in the annals of crime, we subjoin them. She deposed that Mary Clifford had been apprenticed there a year and a half, and was a month upon liking.

During that time she was used well, lay on a good bed, and ate and drank as the family did; but about a week after she was bound her ill-treatment began, and for any trifling offence her mistress beat her over the head and shoulders with a walking cane and a hearth brush. After she was bound she was made to lie on the parlour boards, or in the passage, and often in the cellar: and the reason alleged by her mistress for using her thus was her wetting the bed. Sometimes she lay in her own clothes, or else had a bit of a blanket to cover her. At other times they were both locked up in a coal-hole under the cellar stairs. There she had a sack stuffed with straw to lie upon, with a bit of blanket to cover her, but sometimes she was quite naked. The reason why her mistress confined her in that dark hole was because, being very hungry, the girl got up one night, and broke open the cupboard where the victuals used to be put, but found none. Her mistress having discovered this, made her strip herself to wash, where she stood all that day naked, her mistress whipping her at intervals all the time. Mary Clifford was then very near fifteen years of age. The instrument her mistress made use of in beating her was the stump of a riding whip. After that day her mistress obliged her to lie under the cellar stairs, the coals being taken out to make room for her. Sometimes they were both locked in together—that is, from Saturday night till Sunday night, when their master and mistress went into the country, during which time they had nothing to eat but a piece of bread, and nothing to drink; and were let out of this dismal prison on Sunday night by the apprentice boy. At such times they were generally locked up by John the son, but never by their master, except once. All the bed they had to lie upon was sometimes some old rags they got out of the garret, and sometimes they had only a boy's waistcoat to cover them, it being their mistress's order that they should not lie in their clothes. About a year and a half ago, John the son beat Mary Clifford with a leather strap, as hard as he could strike, for not turning up the parlour bed, though it was beyond her strength to do it. The wounds in her head and shoulders, which she had

but a little before received from her mistress, and but just scabbed over, were now made to bleed afresh. The blood dropped on the ground so as to make a small puddle. Once her master beat her with a hearth brush, though never but once.

The manner in which her mistress used to beat her was, to tie her up by the hands to a water-pipe in the kitchen, and then to lash her naked body with a horsewhip, and she seldom left off till she had fetched blood. About three months before her master, by her mistress's desire, fastened a hook into the beam in the kitchen. The use that was made of this hook, was to tie Mary Clifford and herself up to be beat. When Mary Clifford was tied up, she was always beat till she bled. Some time before the hook was put up, her mistress had been beating the girl a considerable time with a horsewhip, and she was fastened to the water-pipe naked; just as she had unloosed her, John coming down, she bid him take the whip and beat her, which he did, and gave her several severe strokes. Another punishment inflicted by her merciless mistress on Mary Clifford was, by putting a jack chain round her neck, and fastening the other end of it to the yard door. It was drawn very tight round her neck, as hard as it could be without choking her. The fault she was thus punished for was, that, being thirsty in the night, she broke down some boards to get a little water. She was chained to the door all day, but loosed at night, and then sent into a cellar, with her hands tied behind her, the chain being still on her neck, and locked under the cellar stairs all night. Her mistress having been abroad for some days, came home on Friday, the 31st of July. Mary Clifford was then pretty well in health, and her wounds were scabbed over, but very sore about her head and shoulders. About ten o'clock that morning her mistress went down into the kitchen and tied the girl up to the hook, pretending she had done no work whilst she was abroad; then she horsewhipped her all over her body, so that drops of blood trickled down to the ground. Having let her down, and put her to the washing-tub, she lashed her again, and with the butt-end of the whip struck her two or three times on the

head as she was stooping over the tub, bidding her work faster. Five times she was tied up that day, and whipped by her mistress, neither had she any clothes on the whole day, which she was charged not to put on. After the last severe whipping on Friday, her head and shoulders were quite raw, and her whole body all over gashed with wounds in a frightful manner; her head, neck, and throat were prodigiously swelled, insomuch that her chin, cheeks, and all, were quite even. Her mistress then began to think she had gone a little too far, and to assuage the swelling, laid a poultice of bread and milk to her throat. If anything could add to the barbarity of this woman is was, that she would not suffer them to cry out, however cruelly tortured; for if they did, she never left whipping them till they held their tongue. By the evidence it likewise appeared, that Mary Clifford had a fall down stairs with a saucepan in her hand, the handle of which hurt one side of her face very much; which, her mistress said, had occasioned her swelled neck and face. The surgeon, under whose care she was at the hospital, being asked what he thought was the cause of the swelling in her neck, and whether if a jack chain had been fastened about it, it might not occasion such a swelling, answered, it might, and there was on her neck a sort of ring, as if something had been tied about it, which could not be caused by the saucepan.

This was the substance of the evidence on this memorable occasion. Mrs. Brownrigg, in her defence, partly owned the charge against her, but said, that in beating the girl, she had no design against her life.

The learned judge summed up the evidence, and the jury, after a short consultation, delivered a verdict of wilful murder against Elizabeth Brownrigg, whereupon she immediately received sentence to be executed on the Monday following. The trial lasted from eight in the morning till six in the evening, and the verdict seemed to give general satisfaction, which was expressed by the multitude in the yard, outside of the Sessions House, in a manner ill adapted to the awfulness of the event.

Our object in giving an account of this wretched woman is to show the human character in all its wonderful varieties. It is, however, a pleasing reflection to know that another monster of so inhuman a disposition is scarcely to be found in the annals of the whole universe.

JOHN SMITH
BETTER KNOWN BY THE NAME OF BUCKHORSE

JOHN SMITH, better known by the appellation of Buck-horse, was one of the singularities of nature. He first saw the light in the house of a sinner, in that part of London known by the name of Lewkner's Lane, a place notorious in the extreme for the eccentricity of characters it contained, where the disciples of Bampfylde Moore Carew were to be found in crowds, and where *beggars* of all descriptions resorted to regale themselves upon the *good things of this life*, laughing at the credulity of the public in being so easily duped by their impositions; groups of the frail sisterhood adorned

its purlieux, whose *nudicity* of appearance and *glibbiosity* of mother-tongue formed a prominent feature in this conglomeration of the vicious and depraved, by their coarse amours and barefaced pilfering; the juvenile *thief* was soon taught to become an adept in the profession, by taking out a handkerchief for a snuff-box from the pocket of a coat *covered with bells*, without ringing any of them, and the finished thief *roosted* here from the prying eye of society, and laid plans for his future depredations in the arms of his unsophisticated charmer; those timber-merchants who reduced their logs of wood to *matches* to light the public, might be observed issuing out in numbers from this receptacle of *brimstone*. Costermongers, in droves, were seen mounting their *neddies*, decorated with hampers, *scorning* the refined use of saddles and bridles; and *Lewkner's Lane* was not only celebrated amongst all its other attractions, in being the residence of a finisher of the law (Tom Dennis) *slangly* denominated Jack Ketch, but acquired considerable notoriety by giving birth to the ugliness of a Buckhorse, and beauty to a celebrated female, who, possessing those irresistible charms that levelled all distinctions of rank before its superior power, transplanted her from the rude and dirty company of a the dust-hill to the downy couch of royalty, and who was for many years the enviable and elevated rib of a celebrated four-in-hand baronet of the old school of whips, whose feats in driving and sporting high-bred cattle, were considered the very acme of style, and acknowledged one of the most *knowing* lads upon the turf, when he led this *fair piece* of the creation to the Hymeneal altar, who for a long period continued a *fixed star* in the hemisphere of fashion.

It appears, then, that few places could boast of more originality of character than *that* from which Buckhorse sprang; and from the variety of talent here displayed, there is little doubt he did not long remain a *novice*. As we have never been troubled with any account to what *good-natured* personage he owed his origin, we cannot determine, but suffice to observe, that *little* Buckhorse and his mother were turned out upon the wide world long before he knew

its slippery qualities, by the cruel publican, their landlord, which inhuman circumstance took place about the year 1736.

This *freak* of nature, it should seem, was indebted to his mother for what little instruction he received, the principal of which was an extraordinary volubility of speech, and from his early acquaintance with the streets he picked up the rest of his qualifications.

Buckhorse's composition, however rude and unsightly, was not without *harmony*; and although his fist might not appear *musical* to his antagonist by its potent *touch*, yet when applied to his own chin was capable of producing a variety of popular tunes, to the astonishment of all those who heard and saw him, by which peculiar trait he mostly subsisted. It was a common custom with him to allow any person to beat a tune on his chin for a penny, which was a source of much profit, and added to that of selling switches for a half-penny a-piece, was his only means of subsistence for many years. His *cry* of "here is pretty switches to beat your wives," was so singular, that Shuter, the celebrated comedian, among his other imitations, was more than successful in his attempts of Buckhorse, which were repeatedly called for a second time.

As a pugilist, Buckhorse ranked high for courage and strength among the boxers of his day, and displayed great muscular powers in the battles he had contested; and like many of the sporting *gemmen* was distinguished by his numerous amours with the gay nymphs of the town, *more* by the *potency* of his arm than the persuasive powers of rhetoric, notwithstanding his rapid improvements of the tongue.

Buckhorse was the person whom the late Duke of Queensbury selected to ride for him, when he won his celebrated wager against time.

THOMAS HILLS EVERITT
THE ENORMOUS BABY

THIS PRODIGIOUS CHILD, an extraordinary instance of the sudden and rapid increase of the human body, was born on the 7th of February, 1779. His father, a mould-paper maker, conducted the paper-mills by the side of Enfield Marsh, and was about thirty-six years of age; the mother was forty-two, but neither of the parents was remarkable for either size or stature. Thomas was their fifth child, and the eldest of the three living in 1780 was twelve years old, and rather small of his age; but the paternal grandfather was of a size larger than ordinary. They had another son of uncommon size, who died of the measles in January 1774, at the age of fifteen months.

Thomas was not remarkably large when born, but began, when six weeks old, to grow apace, and attained a most extraordinary size. At the age of nine months and two weeks, his dimensions were taken by Mr. Sherwen, an ingenious surgeon residing at Enfield, and compared with those of a lusty boy seven years old. The result was as follows:—

	Dimensions of the child Inches.	Of the boy Inches.
Girth round the wrist	6 ⅔	4 ¾
Ditto above the elbow	8 ½	6 ¼
Ditto of the leg near the ancle	9 ¾	6 ¼
Ditto of the calf of the leg	12	9
Ditto round the thigh	18	12 ¾
Ditto round the small of the back	24	22
Ditto under the arm-pits and across the breast	22 ¾	24

Mr. Sherwen who, in November, 1779, transmitted the above account to Mr. Planta, secretary of the Royal Society, added, that he should have been glad to have given the solid contents of animal substance, but was prevented by the vulgar prejudice entertained by the mother against weighing children. He could therefore only say that, when she exposed to view his legs, thighs, and broad back, it was impossible to be impressed with any other idea than that of seeing a young giant. His weight was, however, guessed at nine stone, and his height at this period was three feet one inch and a quarter.

The child was soon afterwards conveyed to the house of a relation in Great Turnstile, Holborn, but the confined situation had such an effect on his health, that it was found necessary to carry him back to his native air. His extraordinary size tempted his parents to remove him again to the metropolis, and to exhibit him to the public. His dimensions, as stated in the hand-bills distributed at the place of exhibition, and under a picture of Mrs. Everitt and

her son, published in January, 1786, from which the annexed print is copied, were taken when he was eleven months old. His height was then three feet three inches; his girth round the breast two feet six inches; the loins, three feet one inch; the thigh, one foot ten inches; the leg, one foot two inches; the arm, eleven inches and a half; the wrist, nine inches.

He was well proportioned all over, and subsisted entirely on the breast. His countenance was comely, but had rather more expression than is usual at his age, and was exceedingly pleasing, from his being uncommonly good-tempered. He had very fine hair, pure skin, free from any blemish, was extremely lively, and had a bright clear eye. His head was rather smaller in proportion than his other parts. From these circumstances Mr. Sherwen ventured to prognosticate that he was as likely to arrive at maturity, accidental diseases excepted, as any child he ever saw. This opinion might, undoubtedly, have been well founded, notwithstanding the child's death, which took place about the middle of 1786, before he had attained the age of eighteen months.

ELIAS HOYLE
OF SOWERBY YORKSHIRE

WE HAVE ALREADY GIVEN several instances of remarkable longevity, and now add to the list the venerable name of Elias Hoyle. This venerable man was a native of Sowerby, in Yorkshire, being, at the time the accompanying portrait was taken, 113 years of age. His life is another convincing proof of the invaluable blessings of sobriety and industry, for, by his labour alone, "that offspring of want and mother of health," he maintained a numerous family in glorious independence: not one of them receiving parochial relief, although he was only a journeyman mechanic: he was enabled to follow his employment till he was 110 years old.

JOSEPH CAPPER
THE ENEMY OF FLIES

JOSEPH CAPPER was born in Cheshire, of humble parents; his family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, to shift for himself, as he used to say, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Capper soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and had never betrayed it.

Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary Lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Capper therefore resolved to retire from the bustle of life. This best suited his disposition; for although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, Kennington, took a chop, and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord that he could not have one.

Mr. Capper was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the *growling fellow*, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day. His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives and forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and port wine, mixed together; the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to £4 18s.. He called himself the Champion of Government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and King. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of Government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British Constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirising the customers or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. ' It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say anything ill-natured. Mr. Capper's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious, he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire, when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "Tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give

them the sum they want, and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns he had an opportunity of making a few good ready-money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan:—"I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend, you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done, Mr. Townsend? I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee," which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the house would afford; and, what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Capper was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane; but as he was sensible of the" ill opinion this would produce among the bystanders, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of seventy-seven, in excellent health, and it was not until the Tuesday morning before his decease that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, which Mr. Capper then, and at all times, had a great aversion to. He asked for a pen and ink, and evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Capper's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day,

seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all Mr. Capper's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of Mr. Capper's two nephews, of the name of Button, who were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary Lane.

As soon as the old gentleman's dissolution had taken place, his desks, trunks, and boxes were opened by the Messrs. Buttons and their lawyer, when they found one hundred pounds in Bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government securities, and a will, which the parties present proceeded to read. It was curiously worded, and made on the back of a sheet of bankers' checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of £3[illegible], he left equally amongst his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated his executors, and were bequeathed between them £8000 in the three-per-cents. What had become of all the property which had been accumulating since the will was made did not appear. From Mr. Capper's declaration in his lifetime, there was reason to suppose he had made another will, as the one found did not appear to be witnessed.

The remains of the old gentleman were deposited in Aldgate Church-yard, where his deceased sister was likewise laid.

MARGARET FINCH
QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES

MARGARET FINCH, Queen of the Gipsies, was born at Sutton in Kent, in the year 1631, and after travelling over various parts of the kingdom, for nearly a century, settled at Norwood, whither her great age and the fame of her fortune-telling talents attracted numerous visitors.

From a constant habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, generally with a pipe in her mouth, and attended by her faithful dog, her sinews at length became so contracted, that she was unable to rise from that posture. Accordingly, after her death, it was found necessary to inclose her body in a deep square box. She died in October, 1740, at the great age of 109 years. Her remains were conveyed in a hearse, attended by two mourning coaches, to Beckenham in Kent, where a sermon was preached on the occasion to a great concourse of people who assembled to witness the ceremony.

The picture of Margaret Finch adorns the sign of a house of public entertainment at Norwood, called the Gipsy House, which is situated on a small green, in a valley, surrounded by woods. On this green, a few families of Gipsies pitched their tents for a great number of years in the summer season; in winter either procuring lodgings in the metropolis, or taking up their abode in barns in some of the more distant counties. After the inclosure of Norwood, however, they were obliged to remove farther away, and confine themselves to daily excursions to the Gipsy House, for the purpose

of obtaining money from the credulous visitors to that place. The Rev. Mr. Lysons, in his "Environs of London," says, "In a cottage adjoining the Gipsy House, lives an old woman, grand-daughter of Queen Margaret, who inherits her title. She is niece to Queen Bridget, who was herself niece to Margaret Finch, and was buried at Dulwich in 1768. It does not appear that the gipsies pay her any particular respect, or that she differs from the rest of the tribe in any other point than that of being a householder." She, however, has long since paid the debt of mature.

MISS HAWTIN
BORN WITHOUT ARMS

Miss Hawtin was a native of Coventry, born without arms, and remarkable for the dexterity with which her feet performed all the offices of hands. With her toes she would cut out watch-papers, with such ingenuity and despatch as to astonish every beholder; and numbers of these papers were kept as great curiosities by many who visited her. She

could likewise use her needle and her pen with great facility. These extraordinary talents she exhibited to the great gratification of the public, in almost every town of England, till shortly before her death.

CHARLES DOMERY
THE REMARKABLE GLUTTON

CHARLES DOMERY, a native of Benche, on the frontiers of Poland, at the age of 21, was brought to the prison of Liverpool in February, 1799, having been a soldier in the French service on board the Hoche, captured by the squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren, off Ireland.

He was one of nine brothers, who, with their father, were remarkable for the voraciousness of their appetites. They were all placed early in the army; and the peculiar craving for food with this young man began at thirteen years of age.

He was allowed two rations in the army, and by his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, procured an additional supply.

When in the camp, if bread or meat were scarce, he made up the deficiency by eating four or five pounds of grass daily; and in one year devoured 174 cats (not their skins) dead or alive; and says, he had several severe conflicts in the act of destroying them, by feeling the effect of their torments on his face and hands: sometimes he killed them before eating, but when very hungry, did not wait to perform this humane office.

Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws; and if much pinched by famine, the entrails of animals indiscriminately became his prey. The above facts are attested by Picard,

a respectable man, who was his comrade in the same regiment on board the Hoche, and who had often seen him feed on those animals.

When the ship on board of which he was, had surrendered after an obstinate action, finding himself, as usual, hungry, and nothing else in his way but a man's leg, which was shot off, lying before him, he attacked it greedily, and was feeding heartily when a sailor snatched it from him, and threw it overboard.

While he was in prison, he ate one dead cat, and about twenty rats. But what he delighted most in was raw meat, beef, or mutton, of which, though plentifully supplied by eating the rations of ten men daily, he complained he had not the same quantity, nor indulged in eating so much as he used to do, when in France. The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expense of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily rations:—twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese.

He often devoured a bullock's liver raw, three pounds of candles, and a few pounds of raw beef, in one day, without tasting bread or vegetables, washing it down with water, if his allowance of beer was expended.

His subsistence, independent of his own rations, arose from the generosity of the prisoners, who gave him a share of their allowance. Nor was his stomach confined to meat; for when in the hospital, where some of the patients refused to take their medicines, Domery had no objection to perform this for them, whatever the contents, or however large; his stomach never rejected anything, as he never vomited.

Wishing fairly to try how much he actually could eat in one day, on the 17th of September, 1799, at four o'clock in the morning he breakfasted on four pounds of raw cow's udder; at half-past nine, in presence of Dr. Johnston, commissioner of sick and wounded seamen, Admiral Child and his son, Mr. Forster, agent for prisoners, and several respectable gentlemen, he exhibited his power

as follows: There was set before him five pounds of raw beef, and twelve tallow candles of a pound weight, and one bottle of porter; these he finished by half-past ten o'clock. At one o'clock there was again put before him five pounds of beef and one pound of candles, with three bottles of porter; at which time he was locked up in the room, and sentries placed at the windows to prevent his throwing away any of his provisions. At two o'clock he had nearly finished the whole of the candles, and a great part of the beef, but had neither evacuation by vomiting, stool, or urine; his skin was cool, and pulse regular, and in good pirits. At a quarter past six, when he was to be returned to his prison, he had devoured the whole, and declared he could have eaten more; but from the prisoners without telling that some experiment was being made on him, he began to be alarmed. It is also to be observed that the day was hot, and not having his usual exercise in the yard, it may be presumed he would have otherwise had a better appetite. On recapitulating the whole consumption of this day, it stands thus:—

Raw cow's udder	4 pounds.
Raw beef	10
Candles	2
Total	16 pounds, besides five bottles of porter.

The eagerness with which he attacked his beef when his stomach was not gorged, resembled the voracity of a hungry wolf, tearing off and swallowing it with canine greediness. When his throat was dry from continued exercise, he lubricated it by stripping the grease off the candles between his teeth, which he generally finished at three mouthfuls, and wrapping the wick like a ball, string and all, sent it after at a swallow. He could, when no choice was left, make shift to dine on immense quantities of raw potatoes, or turnips, but, from choice, would never desire to taste bread or vegetables.

He was in every respect healthy, his tongue clean, and his eyes lively.

After he went to the prison, he danced, smoked his pipe, and drank a bottle of porter; and, by four the next morning, he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef.

He was six feet three inches high, pale complexion, grey eyes, long brown hair, well made but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and was good tempered.

The above was written from his own mouth, in the presence of, and attested by, Destauban, French Surgeon; Le Fournier, Steward of the Hospital; Revet, Commissaire de la Prison; Le Flem, Soldat de la seconde Demi Brigade, and Thomas Cochrane, M.D., Inspector and Surgeon of the Prison, and Agent, &c. for Sick and Wounded Seamen.

Liverpool, September 9, 1799.

JOHN BYNOX,
Clerk in the Office for Sick and Wounded Seamen.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

1. What were the circumstances of his sleep and perspiration?
He got to bed about eight o'clock at night, immediately after which he began to sweat, and that so profusely, as to be obliged to throw off his shirt. He felt extremely hot, and in an hour or two after went to sleep, which lasted until one in the morning, after which he always felt himself hungry, even though he had lain down with a full stomach. He then ate bread or beef, or whatever provision he might have reserved through the day; and if he had none, he beguiled the time in smoking tobacco. About two o'clock he went to sleep again and awoke at five or six o'clock in the morning, in a violent perspiration, with great heat. This left him on getting up; and when he had laid in a fresh cargo of raw meat (to use his own expression), he felt his body in a good state. He sweated while he was eating; and it was probably owing to this constant propensity to exhalation from the surface of the body, that his skin was commonly found to be cool.

2. What was his heat by the thermometer?

I have often tried it, and found it to be of the standard temperature of the human body. His pulse was eighty-four; full and regular.

3. Could this ravenous appetite be traced higher than his father?

He knew nothing of his ancestors beyond his father. When he left the country, eleven years ago, his father was alive, aged about fifty, a tall, stout man, always healthy, and he could remember was a great eater; he was too young to recollect the quantity, but that he eat his meat half boiled. He did not recollect that either himself or his brothers had any ailment, excepting the small-pox, which ended favourably with them all. He was then an infant. His face was perfectly smooth.

4. Was his muscular strength greater or less than that of other men at his time of life?

Though his muscles were pretty firm, I do not think they were so full or plump as those of most other men. He had, however, by his own declaration, carried a load of three hundred weight of flour in France, and marched fourteen leagues in a day.

5. Was he dull or intelligent?

He could neither read nor write, but was very intelligent and conversable, and could give a distinct and consistent answer to any question put to him. I have put a variety at different times, and in different shapes, tending to throw all the light possible on his history, and never found that he varied; so that I am inclined to believe that he adhered to truth.

6. Under what circumstance did his voracious disposition first come on?

It came on at the age of thirteen, as has been already stated. He was then in the service of Prussia, at the siege of Thionville; they were at that time much straitened for provision, and as he found this did not suit him, he deserted into the town. He was conducted to the French General, who presented him with a large melon, which he devoured, rind and all, and then an immense quantity and variety of other species of food, to the great entertainment of that officer

and his suite. From that time he preferred raw to dressed meat: and when he ate a moderate quantity of what had been either roasted or boiled, he threw it up immediately. What is stated above, therefore, respecting his never vomiting, is not to be understood literally, but imports merely that those things which are most nauseous to others had no effect upon his stomach.

There is nothing farther to remark but that after the attested narrative was drawn up, he repeatedly indulged himself in the cruel repasts before described, devouring the whole animal, except the skin, bones, and bowels: but this was put a stop to, on account of the scandal which was justly excited.

In considering this case, it seems to afford some matters for reflection, which are not only objects of considerable novelty and curiosity, but interesting and important, by throwing light on the process by which the food is digested and disposed of.

Monstrosity and disease, whether in the structure of parts, or in the functions and appetites, illustrate particular points of the animal economy, by exhibiting them in certain relations in which they are not to be met with in the common course of nature. The power of the stomach, in so quickly dissolving, assimilating, and disposing of the aliment in ordinary cases, must strike every reflecting person with wonder; but the history of this case affords a more palpable proof, and more clear conception of these processes, just as objects of sight become more sensible and striking when viewed by a magnifying glass, or when exhibited on a larger scale.

The facts here set forth tend also to place in a strong light the great importance of the discharge by the skin, and to prove that it is by this outlet, more than by the bowels, that the excrementitious parts of the aliment are evacuated—that there is an admirable co-operation established between the skin and the stomach, by means of that consent of parts so observable and so necessary to the other functions of the animal economy—and that the purpose of aliment is not merely to administer to the growth and repair of the

body, but by its bulk and peculiar stimulus to maintain the play of the organs essential to life.

From such a subject as this the heart naturally revolts, and we are happy in closing so disagreeable a biography. May future records never be stained with another so detestable a creature as Charles Domery—so appalling to every natural and civilized feeling, so degrading to the human character. There are numerous instances of voracity in existence, but none so revolting to humanity as this.

THOMAS PARR
WHO DIED AT THE AGE 132 YEARS

IN THE YEAR 1635, John Taylor, the water poet, published a pamphlet, "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man; or, The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the Parish of Alderbury, in the County of Salopp (or Shropshire), who was born in the reign of Edward the IVth, and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635."

From this scarce book, which is almost the only work of authenticity that contains any particulars concerning the venerable subject of this article, we shall present the reader with a few extracts.

"The Eight Hon. Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, &c., being lately in Shropshire to visit some lands and manors, which his lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucy) should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheer up the old man, and make him merry; there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jack, or John the Fool, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journeys, the charges being allowed by his lordship: and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

"Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alderbury, near a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury, from whence he was carried to Wem, a town of the earl's aforesaid; and the next day to Sheffnal, (a manor house of his lordship's) where they likewise stayed one night, from Sheffnal they came to Wolverhampton, and the next day to Brimicham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelley had much to do to keep the people off: they pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the old man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze afternovelties.)

"The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daven-try, to Stony-stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants at the sole charge and cost of his lordship."

The above-mentioned writer then proceeds to inform us, in verse, that "John Parr, (a man that lived by husbandry)

> "Begot this Thomas Parr, and born was he
> The year of fourteen hundred, eighty three.
> And as his father's living and his trade,
> Was plough and cart, scythe, sickle bill, and spado,
> The harrow, mattock, flail, rake, fork, and goad,
> And whip, and how to load and to unload;
> Old Tom hath' shew'd himself the son of John,
> And from his father's function has not gone."

He then continues:—

> "Tom Parr hath lived, as by record appears,
> Nine months, one hundred fifty and two years.
> For by records, and true certificate,
> From Shropshire late, relations doth relate,
> That he lived seventeen years with John his father.
> And eighteen with a master, which I gather
> To be full thirty-five; his sire's decease
> Left him four years' possession of a lease;
> Which past, lewis Porter, gentleman, did then
> For twenty-one years grant his lease agen;
> That lease expired, the son of Lewis, called John,
> Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
> Then Hugh, the son of John, (last named before)
> For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.
> And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
> A lease for's life these fifty years outrun;
> And till old Thomas Parr to earth again
> Return, the last lease must his own remain."

John Taylor then relates the following curious anecdote of Old Parr's craft in endeavouring to over-reach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three years being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord, (one Master John Porter) for his life, with which lease he hath lived more than fifty years; but this old man would (for his' wife's sake) renew his lease for years, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old Parr, (having been long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife looked out of the window, and perceived Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, husband, our young landlord is coming hither.' 'Is he so'? said old Parr, 'I prithee, wife, lay a pin on the ground near my foot, or at my right toe,' which she did, and when Master Porter, (yet forty years old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the old man said, 'wife, is not that a pin which lies at my foot?' 'Truly, husband,' quoth she, 'it is a pin indeed,' so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the old man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hoped to have his lease renewed for his wife's sake, as aforesaid." With respect to his matrimonial connexions, Taylor says:—

"A tedious time a bachelor he tarried.
Full eighty years of age before he married:
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailty's weak, and oft to slip and fall.
No doubt but he in fourscore years doth find,
In Salop's country, females fair and kind:
But what have I to do with that? let pass—
At the age aforesaid he first married was
To Jane, John Taylor's daughter;
and 'tis said, That she, (before he had her) was a maid.
With her he lived years three times ten and two,
And then she died (as all good wives will do).

She dead, he ten years did a widower stay,
Then once more ventured in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife Jane,
He took another of that name again:
(With whom he now doth lĭvẽ) she was a widow
To one named Anthony (and sumamed Adda)
She was (as by report it doth appear)
Of Gillsett's parish, in Montgomeryshire,
The daughter of John Floyde (corruptly Flood)
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian blood."

Of Thomas Parr's issue, the same writer says, in plain prose, "He hath had two children by his first wife, a son, and a daughter; the boy's name was John, and lived but ten weeks, the girl was named Joan, and she lived but three weeks."

A story of an intrigue for which Old Thomas was chastised by the church, is thus versified by Taylor:—

"_____ In's first wife's time,
He frailly, foully, fell into a crime.
Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger.
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have fall'n into, _____
For from the emperor to the russet clown.
All states, each sex, from cottage to the crown.
Have in all ages since the first creation.
Been foil'd, and overthrown with love's temptation:
So was Old Thomas, for he chanced to spy
A beauty, and love entered at his eye;
Whose powerful motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew action, action drew content;
But when the period of those joys were past,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauced at last.
Fair Katharin Milton was this beauty bright,
(Fair like an angel, but in weight too light)

"Whose fervent feature did inflame so far.
The ardent fervor of old Thomas Parr,
That for law's satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purged, by standing in a sheet;
Which aged (he) one hundred and five year,
In Alberbury's parish church did wear.
Should all that so offend such pennaunce do.
Oh, what a price would linen rise unto!
All would be turned to sheets; our shirts and smocks,
Our table linen, very porters' frocks,
Would hardly 'scape transforming."

Mr. Grainger, in his Biographical History of England, says that "at a hundred and twenty he married Catherine Milton, his second wife, whom he got with child; and was, after that era of his life, employed in thrashing and other husbandry-work. When he was about a hundred and fifty-two years of age, he was brought up to London by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The King (Charles I.) said to him, 'You have lived longer than any other men; what have you done more than other men?' He replied, 'I did penance when I was a hundred years old.' "

The concluding scene of Old Parr's life is thus described by Taylor:—

"_____ His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone (but one) his sight bereft.
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold:
Yet still his spirits possess his mortal trunk.
Nor are his senses in his ruins shrunk;
But that his hearing's quick, his stomach good.
He'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
He will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of cherry;
Loves company, and understanding talk.

And on both sides held up, will sometimes walk,
And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
He hath been handsome, and is comely still;
"Well-faced; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neat it grows, not like a beard neglected."

John Taylor concludes his account of this wonderful old man, by saying, "that it appears he hath out-lived the most part of the people near there (meaning Alderbury) three times over."

Old Parr did not long survive his removal to the metropolis, where he died on the 15th of November, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is conceived that the change of air and diet, together with the trouble of numerous visitors, must have accelerated his death.

The portrait which accompanies this account is from a likeness taken by the illustrious painter Rubens, who saw Parr when he was above 140 years of age, and painted him.

THOMAS HUDSON
REMARKABLE FOR HIS MISFORTUNES

HUDSON WAS A NATIVE OF LEEDS IN YORKSHIRE; and in the earlier part of his life, filled a respectable situation as clerk in a government office in London: while in this employment, he came into possession of a considerable fortune by the death of an aunt; upon which, he retired into Staffordshire, where he remained for some years, in the enjoyment of every earthly happiness, till unfortunately he became a party to the celebrated South Sea scheme; and so sanguine was he of success, that he ventured the whole of his fortune in that disastrous project.

Misfortune now became his intimate companion—the news of the failure of his darling scheme arrived at the time when he had to witness the decease of an affectionate wife. These severe

reverses were too much for him: he left his favourite residence in a state of bankruptcy, and made the best of his way to London. From this period he became in a manner insane; and Tom of Ten Thousand (as he used to call himself) was like Poor Joe—all alone! The peculiarity of his dress and the deformity of his figure attracted particular notice: wrapped in a rug, and supported by a crutch, without either shoes or stockings, did this poor creature perambulate, even in the coldest weather, the fields about Chelsea, craving assistance. Sterne says, with much truth and feeling, that

"The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Let us hope, therefore, that the chilling blasts of winter were rendered as congenial to poor Hudson as the balmy breezes of a summer's day.

After many years of misery, death took this "son of misfortune" from his earthly troubles, in the year 1767, at a very advanced age.

CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT
THE LIVING SKELETON

CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT, better known by the title of "The Living Skeleton" was undoubtedly the greatest natural wonder of the period in which he lived. He was born at Troyes, in the department of Champaigne, on the 10th of April, 1797, and when exhibited to the public in England, where he excited universal astonishment, was just twenty-eight years of age. His parents were respectable but poor, and unlike their son they both possessed a good constitution, and enjoyed robust health. At his birth there was nothing in his appearance that indicated disease, but in proportion as he grew in size, his flesh gradually wasted away. This remarkable decay continued till he arrived at manhood, when he attained his full stature, and his frame assumed the identical skeleton form which it ever afterwards retained. In France his case excited great interest, and he was deemed quite a *lusus naturæ*. Many proposals were made to his father for the purchase of the body of his son, in the event of his demise, but they were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman of Burgundy indeed offered a *carte blanche* which the parent, with feelings highly honourable to himself, also refused, stating his determination that in the event of his son's death, he should be peaceably consigned to the cemetery of his native city. While at Rouen, no less than fifteen hundred persons flocked in one day to see Seurat on his way to England.

It was in 1825 that he arrived in the British metropolis. Numerous descriptions of him appeared in the journals of the day. Perhaps the most graphic of the whole was that which Mr. Hone published in

his Every Day Book, one of the most ingenious works of the time, full of curious, instructive, and amusing information, and now a universal library companion. A portion of his description we shall proceed to quote. "It was on the first day of Seurat's exhibition," says Mr. Hone, "that I first visited him. This was on Tuesday the 9th of August. I was at the 'Chinese Saloon,' before the doors were opened, and was the first of the public admitted, followed by my friend, an artist, for the purpose of taking drawings. Seurat was not quite ready to appear; in the meantime, another visitor or two arrived, and after examining the canopy, and other arrangements, my attention was directed to the Chinese papering of the room, while Seurat had silently opened the curtains that concealed him, and stood motionless toward the front of the platform, as he is represented in the engraving. On turning round, I was instantly riveted by his amazing emaciation; he seemed another 'Lazarus, come forth' without his grave-clothes, and for a moment I was too consternated to observe more than his general appearance. My eye then first caught the arm as the most remarkable limb; from the shoulder to the elbow it is like an ivory German flute somewhat deepened in colour by age; it is not larger, and the skin is of that hue, and, not having a trace of muscle, it is as perfect a cylinder as a writing rule. Amazed by the wasted limbs, I was still more amazed by the extraordinary depression of the chest. Its indentation is similar to that which an over-careful mother makes in the pillowed surface of an infant's bed for its repose. Nature has here inverted her own order, and turned the convex inwards, while the nobler organs, obedient to her will, maintain life by the gentle exercise of their wonted functions in a lower region. Below the ribs, the trunk so immediately curves in, that the red band of the silk covering, though it is only loosely placed, seems a tourniquet to constrict the bowels within their prison-house, and the hip-bones, being of their natural size, the waist is like a wasp's. By this part of the frame we are reminded of some descriptions of the abstemious and Bedouin Arab of the desert, in whom it is said the abdomen

seems to cling to the vertebrae. If the integument of the bowels can be called flesh, it is the only flesh on the body: for it seems to have wholly shrunk from the limbs; and where the muscles that have not wholly disappeared remain, they are also shrunk. He wears shoes to keep cold from his feet, which are not otherwise shaped than those of people who have been accustomed to wear tight shoes; his instep is good, and by no means so flat as in the generality of tavern waiters. His legs are not more ill-shaped than in extremely thin or much wasted persons; the right leg, which is somewhat larger than the left, is not less than were the legs of the late Mr. Suett, the comedian. On this point, without a private knowledge of Mr. Liston, I would publicly appeal to that gentleman, whom I saw there, accompanied by Mr. Jones. Mr. Liston doubtless remembers Suett, and I think he will never forget Seurat, at whom he looked 'unutterable things' as if he had been about to say 'prodigious!'

"Seurat's head and body convey a sentiment of anthesis. When the sight is fixed on his face alone, there is nothing there to denote that he varies from other men. I examined him closely and frequently, felt him on different parts of the body, and not speaking his language, put questions to him through others, which he readily answered. His head has been shaved, yet a little hair left on the upper part of the neck, shows it to be black, and he wears a wig of that colour. His strong black beard is perceptible, although clean shaved. His complexion is swarthy, and his features are good, without the emaciation of which his body partakes, the cheek-bones are high, and the eyes are dark brown, approaching to black. They are represented as heavy and dull, and denote little mental capacity; but, perhaps, a watchful observer, who made pertinent inquiries of him in a proper manner, would remark otherwise. His features are flexible, and therefore capable of great animation, and his forehead indicates capacity. On any other than a common-place question, he elevates his head to an ordinary position, answers immediately and with precision, and discourses rationally and sensibly; more sensibly than some in the room, who put childish questions about

him to the attendants, and express silly opinions as to his physical and mental structure and abilities, and call him 'a shocking creature.' There is nothing shocking either in his mind or his face. His countenance has an air of melancholy, but he expresses no feeling of the kind; and his voice is pleasing, deep-toned, and gentle." Such was the celebrated Living Skeleton seen by Mr. Hone and the thousands whom curiosity led to behold so remarkable a being. By his exhibition in this country he realized a little fortune with which he immediately retired to his native place, but did not live long to enjoy it.

GEORGE ROMONDO
AN ECCENTRIC MIMIC

George Romondo, or Raymondo, attracted the notice of many by the singularity of his figure and dress. He was about three feet six inches in height. He had a large hat, cocked before and hanging down behind, like those commonly worn by coal-heavers. He was seldom seen except holding the skirts of his long coat behind him, lest they should be entangled with his feet. Each of his legs and thighs formed a large segment of a circle. When to this is added his peculiar physiognomy—for an idea of which we refer to the plate—the whole formed such an extraordinary figure as no person could pass without a second look.

Raymondo was a native of Lisbon, where he was born about the year 1765, of Jewish parents. He possessed a very acute ear, and such

a voice that there was scarcely any kind of sound which he was not capable of imitating. He not only gave the tones of the trumpet, the horn, the violin, the drum, the bagpipe, and other instruments, but he modulated his powers to the braying of asses, the grunting of hogs, the barking of dogs, and the sounds emitted by almost every kind of animal. He also perfectly imitated the harsh noise produced by the sawing of wood, and other operations. These sounds he made with the assistance of his hand placed against a wall or wainscot, whence he wished to persuade those who were ignorant of his talents that the noise proceeded.

The possession of this extraordinary faculty recommended him to the notice of a crafty Italian, who persuaded Raymondo to accompany him to England, where the patronage of a generous public was ever ready to reward talent of every description, and where he flattered him with the hope of speedily acquiring a fortune. He exhibited his powers in the metropolis and in other places. The Italian was at first a considerable gainer by his performances, poor Raymondo receiving only a small daily stipend for his exertions; but, the music not perfectly according with the ears of those who had the most money to spend, the speculation failed, and the projector turned our hero adrift to provide for himself.

Being far from his native country and friends, and having no hope of a new engagement, he was at first under some embarrassment how to proceed. His ingenuity, however, soon furnished him with an expedient for supplying his necessities. He entered a public-house unnoticed, and, with the tremendous roaring of a lion, threw the company into the utmost alarm. From this, however, they soon recovered, on discovering the grotesque figure of Raymondo, with whom they were soon so highly delighted, that a subscription was set on foot for his benefit; and the recollection of the treacherous Italian was soon effaced from his mind.

The success of this experiment determined him to proceed in the same career, and he afterwards made a practice of visiting the public-houses in obscure streets in the evening, where he

contrived, by the exhibition of his talents, to obtain a tolerable subsistence. At Bartholomew Fair, in 1804, he condescended to take his station before one of the booths, where, with his usual good humour, he invited the gay visitors to enter and witness the extraordinary exhibition within.

Raymondo, in his character and disposition, was perfectly harmless and inoffensive. His placid disposition was displayed in his countenance, for he was seldom to be seen without a smile upon his face, particularly when he met females; and he declared that he "was sure the ladies must see something in him that pleased them, otherwise he should not be blessed with their looks."

His principal ramble during the day was from the Haymarket to Duke's Place.

FRANCIS TROVILLOU.
THE HORNED MAN.

IN THE YEAR 1598 a homed man was exhibited for a show, at Paris, two months successively, and from thence carried to Orleans, where he died soon after. His name was Francis Trovillou,* of whom Fabritius, in his Chirurgical Observations, gives the following description:—"He was of a middle stature, a full body, bald, except in the hinder part of the head, which had a few hairs upon it; his temper was morose, and his demeanour altogether rustic. He was born in a little village called Mezières, and bred up in the woods amongst the charcoal men. About the seventh year of his age he began to have a swelling in his forehead, so that in the course

* Variously spelt Trouilky Trouilli, and Trovillu

of about ten years he had a horn there as big as a man's finger-end, which afterwards did admit of that growth and increase, that when he came to be thirty-five years old this horn had both the bigness and resemblance of a ram's horn. It grew upon the midst of his forehead, and then bended backward as far as the coronal suture, where the other end of it did sometimes so stick in the skin that, to avoid much pain, he was constrained to cut off some part of the end of it. Whether this horn had its roots in the skin or forehead, I know not; but probably, being of that weight and bigness, it grew from the skull itself. Nor am I certain whether this man had any of those teeth which we call grinders. It was during this man's public exposure in Paris, (saith Urstitious), in 1598, that I, in company with Dr. Jacobus Faeschius, the public Professor of Basil, and Mr. Joannes Eckenstenius, did see and handle this horn."

SAMUEL M'DONALD
COMMONLY CALLED "BIG SAM"

SAMUEL M'DONALD, better known in Scotland by the name of "Big Sam," from his immense bulk, was born in the parish of Lairg, Sutherlandshire, and during the latter part of the American war, was a private in the Sutherland Fencibles. He afterwards entered the Royals, in which regiment he became fugleman. It was while in this situation that he attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George the Fourth,) who made him lodge-porter at Carlton House. Having held this office about two years, he gave in his resignation, and again entered the Sutherland Fencibles, in which he was now appointed a sergeant.

Sam was six feet ten inches high, measured four feet round the chest, and was stout and muscular in proportion. He had also an exceedingly clear and sonorous voice. With these physical properties, he was bland in his manner and deportment, and extremely good-natured. As a drill sergeant, therefore, he was unrivalled; and consequently was very often employed in that capacity. In this position, however, as well as several others of a military nature, he acquitted himself so as to obtain general esteem. In consequenjce of his great height, he always marched at the head of the regiment when in column, and on these occasions his appearance was rendered more striking by his being accompanied by a mountain deer of a size corresponding nearly with his own. Some extraordinary anecdotes are told of this Scottish Hercules, as he was usually

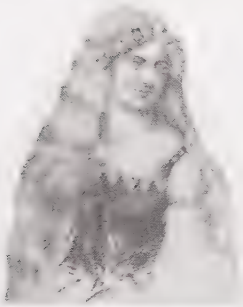
called in England, but they generally savour of the marvellous. The following, which we extract from "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits," are given as authentic by the ingenious author of that amusing work.

When Sam was in London, he was advised to show himself for money, but he spurned this suggestion as tending to degrade the Highland character. He so far acted upon it, however, as to dress in female attire, and advertise as "the remarkably tall woman." By this expedient, or rather this compromise between his honour and his desire of gain, he became so well furnished with cash that his expenditure attracted the notice of his colonel, who was curious to ascertain from what source he obtained his supplies. Sam, on being interrogated, candidly acknowledged the fact at once, and thus the secret transpired.

"While in the service of the Prince of Wales, he was once persuaded, at the request of his Royal Highness, to appear on the stage. It was in the dramatic entertainment of "Cymon and Iphigenia," which was performed at the Opera-house in the Haymarket, then occupied by the Drury Lane company. The character represented by Sam was the appropriate one of *Hercules*. How he acquitted himself is not recorded, but we may presume that he came off with no very great *eclat*, as he never appeared again. It is probable that this, and also some other tasks of even a less agreeable description, induced him to leave his Royal Highness's service.

Numerous anecdotes are told of Sam's great strength, some of which are also no doubt apocryphal. But the one we are about to relate may be relied on. He was one day challenged by two soldiers of his own regiment, on the understanding that he was to fight both at once. Sam reluctantly agreed, but said, as he had no quarrel with them, he should like to shake hands with them before they began. One of them instantly held out his hand, which Sam seized; but instead of giving it the friendly shake expected, he used it as a lever to raise its owner from the ground, when he swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, and threw him to a great distance. The other combatant, not admiring this preliminary process, immediately

took to his heels. On another occasion, in the barrack-room, one of the men requested him to hand down a loaf from a shelf, which was beyond his own reach. Sam immediately caught the man by the neck in jest, and holding him up at arm's length, said, "There, take it down yourself." He died, universally regretted, while with the regiment at Guernsey, in the year 1802.



MISS HARVEY
THE BEAUTIFUL ALBINESS

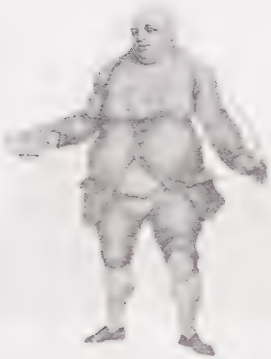
THIS HIGHLY interesting and pleasing phenomenon in nature was born at a town in Essex, within forty miles of London, of English parents of the name of Harvey. They were people who were remarkable by no peculiar kind of complexion, but were of that ordinary colour, so natural to the English, which is neither fair nor dark, though rather inclined to the latter. They had six children; three of whom inherited the same complexion as their parents, and two, who died early, presented the same extraordinary appearance, and possessed the same coloured skin, hair, and eyes as the subject of our narrative.

The tint of Miss Harvey's skin was delicately fair, with a moderate portion of colour; but her hair was most wonderful: it was of

the exquisite very pale straw colour of the silkworm's silk, as first spun by that miraculous production of nature, and of the same fine glossy texture. Her eyes were about a shade lighter than an Indian pink, a mixture of rose-colour and lilac; they were very expressive, and though her eyelashes and eyebrows were quite white, her countenance was strikingly animated. Her fine, long, clean hair was as pleasant to the touch as to the eye, and was kept so by frequent immersion in warm water, as she never used either a comb or brush. Her manners were pleasing and well-bred, her voice sweet, and she sang with taste though her vocal talents had not been much cultivated.

There was a delicacy and modest animation in her demeanour which rendered her truly interesting. Her conversation was fluent and agreeable, and she possessed a happy art of warding off and repressing impertinent remarks, without being impolite, while she yet maintained a proper feminine dignity. In spite, however, of all this, it seems that a mob at Glasgow Fair were once so little affected with her beauty, that they turned her out of her booth, as they turned out also a showful of wild beasts.

A pregnant female was once attracted by curiosity to go and see this beautiful phenomenon, and it is related that she was delivered soon after of a daughter, whose eyes were of the same pink colour, and whose hair grew long and silky like that of the Albiness.



SAM. HOUSE.
THE PATRIOTIC PUBLICAN

THE LIFE of this "Liberty Boy" presents perhaps one of the brightest examples of political integrity on record. His zeal in the cause of Mr. Fox was purely disinterested and unconquerable: it was "attachment never to be weaned, or changed by any change of fortune: fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat could move, or warp;" and although only a publican, so great was his interest, and so persevering his exertions, that he was considered the principal cause of returning his friend to Parliament for Westminster, in the ever memorable contest between Fox, Hood, and Sir Cecil Wray.

Assisted only by a slender education, at the usual age, he was apprenticed to the late Mr. Peavy, house cooper, Bain-bridge Street, St. Giles's; but his master being cruel in his disposition, he soon left

his service; and at the age of eighteen, he was thrown on his own resources for a livelihood. It was the ill usage he received while with his master, that probably made him the implacable enemy to tyranny and oppression, that he continued to show himself through the future period of his life.

His active, industrious habits soon procured him a situation; for we find him house-cooper at the Peacock brewhouse, Whitecross Street; then at Mr. Green's brewhouse at Pimlico; afterwards a broad cooper at Mason's brewhouse, St. Giles's, and at Camberton's, at Hampstead: by his industry at these places, he acquired money enough to take a public-house, at the corner of Peter Street, Wardour Street, Soho, called the Gravel Pits, which he soon afterwards changed to the "Intrepid Fox, or the Cap of Liberty:" he was then twenty-five years of age.

About this period he rendered himself the subject of general conversation for some time, by undertaking, for a considerable wager, to leap off Westminster Bridge into the river Thames. This he engaged to do against any Newfoundland dog that should be brought.

At the time appointed, Sam and his friends made their appearance; having reached the top of the bridge, a circle was formed for the adventurer to undress, which being done, he got upon the balustrades of the centre arch, and with the most apparent indifference, threw himself into the river and swam on shore, without receiving the least injury.

This singular feat of activity, by every one thought impossible, without occasioning immediate death, rendered him a popular character, and filled his house with customers. Sam, not insensible to public approbation, now considered himself of some consequence, though in the humble station of a publican.

In the year 1763, he commenced politician, and took a very active part in support of Mr. Wilkes.

During this violent struggle, Sam sold his beer at threepence a pot, in honour of Wilkes, then the champion of freedom; and

at his own expense gave entertainments to his neighbours, and others, who he thought were friends to the same cause. It is said his exertions in the election for Middlesex, on the side of the popular candidate, did not cost him less than £500.

He rendered himself no less conspicuous for his attachment to what he called liberty, than for his personal oddities, particularly in his dress, which was not only singular, but laughably ridiculous.

His person was not tall, but of the middling size, he was well made, stout, and active. His head was quite bald, without the appearance of hair, never having much in his youth; without hat or wig. If he wore a hat, which was seldom, it had a very broad brim. It may literally be said, he had not a coat to his back, for he was not seen wearing a coat for nearly thirty years—a black waistcoat, with sleeves, was its substitute; he was always clean in his linen, which was of the best kind, but never buttoned his shirt at the collar; his breeches were of the same sort and colour as the waistcoat, and open at the knees; silk stockings of the best sort, either white or mottled, decorated his legs, which were deemed handsome by the ladies, but he frequently went without stockings, and either with or without, wore a neat pair of black slippers.

Sam's great foible was swearing; indeed, he had so habituated himself to that disgraceful practice, that he could not express himself without it: it was, he said, the only language he understood: had he been blessed with a better education it would probably have been otherwise. At one of the monthly meetings of the Electors of Westminster, at the Shakspeare, the Duke of Rutland intimated a desire to speak to House. He was accordingly called towards the table where his Grace sat, who addressed him by asking, if he could not converse without swearing. His reply was, "Damn your eyes, would you have a man speak in any other language but what he is master off" This answer was final, and prevented a conference between two great men, his Grace and Sam House.

Sam (in imitation, it is supposed, of his old bottle companion and intimate acquaintance, Mr. Thomas, who lived at Hop-wood's,

near the King's Bench, and who, for a long time, made use of his coffin as a comer cupboard, which he kept well stored with rum and brandy, to be drank at his death,)—ordered a coffin to be made of wicker. The men who were employed on this occasion living at Sam's expense, and wishing to make the job last till they got another, were very backward in constructing the lid. Sam discovering this, and his patience being quite exhausted, one day, when they were drinking as usual, he exclaimed, "Get out of my house, ye resurrection rascals; I'll be damned if you have me yet;" and dragging the coffin from under the bed, cut it in pieces, and threw it on the fire.

With regard to the political sentiments of Sam House, he was uniform in support of the rights of the people, in opposition to the influence of the crown. At the election for Westminster in the year 1780, when the contest was violent between Lord Lincoln, supported by the court, and Mr. Fox, supported by the people, he exerted every nerve in favour of the latter, and erected the standard of liberty at his own expense, for the sons of freedom to regale themselves with beef, beer, &c. During the poll he headed a considerable number of electors every day to the hustings, who gave their suffrages to Mr. Fox.

His exertions in the cause of his friend were again conspicuous during the memorable contest for Westminster between Fox, Hood, and Wray.

When tendering his vote for Fox, at the hustings, he was asked his trade: "I am," said he, "a publican, and a republican."

At a dinner of the friends of Mr. Fox, at the Shakspeare Tavern, Covent Garden, amongst other toasts, a gentleman proposed to give Sam House. On which Mr. Byng said he was exceedingly happy in the opportunity of expressing his hearty concurrence, in paying respect to a man who had, on many occasions, distinguished himself as a warm friend to liberty. He begged leave, he said, to mention an instance of genuine and disinterested patriotism, which he could relate from his own knowledge, a circumstance

that would have done honour to the first character in this country. Sam, observing that the influence of the Court would, if possible, prevent the electors of Westminster from having the man of their choice, without any solicitation opened his house. The friends of Mr. Fox, seeing the profusion of Sam, were afraid that through his uncommon zeal in the cause of freedom he would injure himself, and determined to make him a recompence; but knowing his greatness of soul and independent spirit, the difficulty was, to do it in such a way as not to hurt his feelings. It was therefore agreed that a quantity of beer and spirits should be sent him, to supply what he had given away. Mr. Byng and some other friends waited upon Sam, and acquainted him with this resolution; when, said Mr. Byng, what do you think was his answer; (with the calmness of a philosopher, and an expressive look of disdain, considering it an insult to offer him a recompence), "*You may he damned.*"

Sam's favourite candidate having obtained a great majority at the final close of the poll, he considered this as a complete victory over power, influence, and oppression, which gave him great satisfaction. All his anxiety, labour, and fatigue during this contest, in the congratulations of his friends on the happy issue of the business, melted away like, snow before the sun, and his cares were absorbed in the flowing bowl.

Though of a strong constitution, yet as neither strength, wisdom, nor courage can guard against accidents which may prove fatal, Sam got cold at the time of the election, which was followed by an inflammation in his bowels, attended with the most dangerous symptoms, till nature, unable to resist the force of a complication of disorders, gave way to the all-conquering power of death, on the 25th of April, 1785.

A few hours before his death, Sir John Elliot informed Mr. Fox of his dangerous situation. Mr. Fox immediately went to see him, and sat by his bed-side a considerable time. When he was gone, Sam expressed great pleasure in having seen his friend, the champion of freedom, and said that Mr. Fox took him by the hand,

treated him with great tenderness, and hoped he should see him better when he called again. In half an hour poor Sam changed, and entirely lost his speech, and about six hours after breathed his last, in the sixtieth year of his age.

The death of Sam House was soon spread abroad, and from his known eccentricity, people of all descriptions, and in considerable numbers, went to see his corpse. It was intended at first to limit this privilege only to his particular friends; the crowds, however, were so great on the following Monday, that it was found necessary to throw open the doors for the admission of all that came without distinction; and it is said, that upwards of five hundred persons viewed the dead body. The interest excited, however, by his death was not to be allayed even by the sight of his mortal remains, for all were anxious to be present at his funeral; the day and hour being appointed, was almost as quickly known; and when that time arrived, which was to consign those remains to the silent tomb, the streets and lanes near Wardour Street were lined with a motley assemblage of men, women, and children.

Sam's funeral took place on Friday evening, April 29, 1785. The procession moved slowly down Princes Street, the Hay-market, round Charing Cross, along the Strand, and up Bedford Street, where it arrived at Covent Garden; to give additional solemnity to the scene, the procession went round the church to the north gate; after the funeral ceremonies were performed the body was deposited in the church-yard of St. Paul, by the side of his wife, who had died about two years before him.

The scene on this occasion was of a burlesque description little suited to the solemnity of the occasion, so that the last act of his surviving friends, was as extraordinary as his character and conduct through life had been remarkable. A drunken watchman of St. Ann's, Soho, was engaged to personate the deceased in a dress similar to Sam's usual habit. In this garb he joined the procession, which caused no little controversy among the populace, some contending that it was Sam himself, and others maintaining the

opposite opinion. This man's folly, however, was speedily punished, for, being guilty of some irregularities during Divine service, after the body was deposited in the ground, the mob handled him very roughly, and, forcing him into the hearse which conveyed the remains of the person he represented, ordered the coachman to drive him to the undertaker's.

The character of Sam was that of an eccentric, but at the same time a well-intentioned and good-hearted, man. His political integrity could never be shaken, and most of the animosities he entertained were grounded upon political feelings. He was firm and sincere in friendship, honest and upright in his dealings, but blunt and sometimes uncouth in his manners; open and free in his communications, but careless and slovenly in his dress. The most reprehensible part of his conduct was a habit which he had contracted of swearing, which he did upon all occasions, without respect to the parties, however exalted, whom he addressed. His house was greatly frequented by hackney coachmen, and it is believed he once kept a hackney coach of his own. After his death his likeness appeared on many coaches.

In addition to his political eccentricities, Sam had some other peculiarities to mark his character. It is related that he once laid a wager with a young man to run a race with him in Oxford Road, and in all probability would have won, had it not been for an arch trick played upon him by a friend of his antagonist, who, knowing Sam's attachment to his favourite, cried out as he passed him, loud enough to be heard by him, "Damn Fox, and all his friends, say I!" This was a fatal speech to the race, for Sam, regardless of winning or losing, immediately attacked this blasphemer, and gave him so severe a drubbing, which he did in such a plentiful manner, that the criminal roared out lustily that he was only joking. "Damn your jokes!" said Samuel; "I am only joking. Take that, and take that, and learn to time your jokes better; I don't like such jokes." This amused the surrounding spectators, perhaps equally as well as the race would have done; and Sam contented himself by gaining

a victory, although he had lost his wager, which he afterwards paid with great pleasure, in consequence of his having lost it in so noble a cause.

Sam also manifested his attachment to Keys, whom he always called "his true and tried friend." About a month before he died he sent for Major Labalier, and also desired Keys to attend. At this meeting he told Keys he should be miserable if he thought he would ever live to be in want, and begged of him to accept of £20 a year out of his estate. Keys, however, thanked him for his good intentions towards him, but, with a spirit of independence equal to that of his friend Sam House, declined accepting this offer, declaring his friendship was disinterested, and that nothing should induce him to take that from Sam's family to which they undoubtedly had a superior claim.

BARBARA URSLERIN
THE HAIRY-FACED WOMAN

THIS REMARKABLE MONSTROSITY was born at Augsburg, in High Germany, in the year 1629. Her face and hands are represented to have been hairy all over. Her aspect resembled that of a monkey. She had a very long and large spreading beard, the hair of which hung loose and flowing, like the hair of the head. She seems to have acquired some skill in playing on the organ and harpsichord.

A certain Michael Vanbeck married this frightful creature, on purpose to carry her about for a show. When she died is uncertain, but she was still living in 1668, when a Mr. John Bulfinch records that he saw her in Ratcliffe Highway, and "was satisfied she was a woman."

There are two portraits of her extant—one by Isaac Brunn, taken in 1653, and another by Gajrvvood, of five years' later date.

MARY EAST
ALIAS JAMES HOW

MARY EAST was born about the year 1715, and when very young was courted by a man for whom she conceived the strongest affection. This man, afterwards falling into bad courses, resolved to try his fortune on the highway; but it was not long before he was apprehended for a robbery, for which he was tried and condemned to die; the sentence, however, was changed to transportation. This circumstance, which happened about the year 1731, so deeply affected the mind of Mary East, that she determined ever after to remain single. In the neighbourhood of her residence lived another young woman, who, having likewise met with several disappointments in the tender passion, had formed a similar resolution. As they were intimate, they communicated their intentions to each other, and at length concluded to live together. Having consulted on the most prudent method of proceeding, it was proposed that one of them should put on man's apparel, and that they should live as man and wife, in some place where they were not known. The only difficulty now was, who should be the man, which was decided by lot in favour of Mary East, who was then about sixteen years of age, and her partner seventeen. The sum of money they possessed between them was about thirty pounds, with which they set out; and Mary, after purchasing a man's habit, assumed the name of James How, by which we shall be obliged, for a while, to distinguish her. In their progress they chanced to stop at a small public house at Epping, which was to be let; this house they took, and lived in it for some time.

About this period, a quarrel, of the cause of" which we are not informed, took place between James How and a young gentleman, against whom James, however, entered an action, and obtained a verdict for five hundred pounds damages. With this sum our couple sought a place in a better situation, and took a very good public house in Limehouse Hole, where they lived many years as man and wife, in good credit and esteem; and, by their industry and frugality, contrived to save a considerable sum of money. Leaving the last-mentioned situation, they removed to the "White Horse" at Poplar, which, as well as several other houses, they afterwards purchased.

In this manner they had lived about eighteen years, when a woman who was acquainted with Mary East in her youth, and was in the secret of her metamorphosis, knowing in what creditable circumstances she now lived, thought this a favourable opportunity to turn her knowledge to her own advantage. She accordingly sent to Mr.' How for ten pounds, at the same time intimating that, in case of a refusal, she would disclose all she knew concerning the affair. Fearful of her executing this threat, James, in compliance with her demand, sent her the money.

For a considerable time they remained free from any farther demands of a similar nature. How, with her supposed wife, continued to live in good credit till the year 1764; she had served all the parish offices in Poplar, excepting that of a constable and churchwarden, from the former of which she was excused by a lameness in her hand, occasioned by the quarrel above-mentioned, and the functions of the latter she was to have performed the following year. She had been several times foreman of juries, though her effeminacy was frequently remarked. At length, about Christmas, 1764, the woman who had practised the former piece of extortion, resolved again to have recourse to the same expedient, and with the like menaces obtained ten pounds more. Flushed with her success, and emboldened to prosecute her system of depredation, a fortnight had not elapsed before she repeated her demand for the

same sum, which James happened not to have in the house; but, still fearing a discovery, sent her back five pounds.

About this time the supposed wife of James How was taken ill and died, and the woman now formed a plan to increase her depredations. For this purpose she procured two fellows to assist her in its execution: one of these, a mulatto, passed for a police officer, and the other was equipped with a pocket staff, as a constable. In these characters they repaired to the White Horse, and inquired for Mr. How, who answered to the name. They informed her that they were come from Justice Fielding, to apprehend her for a robbery committed thirty years before, and that they were acquainted with the secret of her sex. She was terrified to the highest degree on account of the discovery, but conscious of her innocence with regard to the robbery; and an intimate acquaintance, Mr. Williams, a pawnbroker, happening to pass by, she called him in, and acquainted him with the business of the two men, adding that she "was really a woman, but was innocent of the crime with which she was charged. Mr. Williams, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by this disclosure, told her that she should not be carried before Sir John Fielding, but before her own bench of justices, adding, that he would just step home, and return in a few minutes to accompany her. On his departure, the ruffians renewed their threats, but at the same time told her if she would give them one hundred pounds they would cause her no further trouble, if not, she should be hanged in six days, and they should receive forty pounds a-piece for bringing her to justice. Notwithstanding their menaces, she firmly resisted their demand, waiting with the utmost impatience for the return of Mr. Williams. Persisting in her refusal, they at length forced her out of the house, carried her through the fields, and conveyed her to Garlick Hill, to the house of their employer, where, with threats, they obliged her to give a draft at a short date on Mr. Williams. She was then set at liberty. When Williams came back he was surprised to find her gone, and immediately set off to the bench of justices to see if she was there;

not finding her, he immediately went to Sir John Fielding, not succeeding there he went home, when James soon after returned, and related what had happened.

It was now the month of July, 1763. On Monday the 14th, the woman in whose favour the draft was given, went to Mr. Williams with it to inquire if he would pay it, as it would be due the following Wednesday, he replied, that if she would bring it when due he should know better what to say. In the meantime he applied to the bench of justices for advice, and on the Wednesday a constable was sent, with orders to be in readiness in his house. The woman punctually attended with the draft, bringing the mulatto with her; they were both immediately taken into custody, and carried before the justices, sitting at the Angel, in Whitechapel, whither Mr. Williams repaired, attended by Mary East, in the proper habit of her sex. The awkwardness of her behaviour, occasioned by the alteration of her dress, was such as to afford considerable diversion. In the course of the examination the woman denied having sent for the sum of one hundred pounds which the men had demanded, but the mulatto declared that if she had not sent him on such an errand, he should never have gone. By their numerous contradictions they completely unfolded the villany of their designs; and the strongest proof being adduced of the extortion and assault, they were both committed to Clerkenwell till the sessions, to be tried for the offence. The other man, who was engaged in this nefarious transaction, would have been included in their punishment, had he not, by flight, evaded the arm of justice.

It should have been observed, that before the supposed wife of James How died, finding herself indisposed, she went to her brother's in Essex for the benefit of the air, and after some stay, perceiving that she was near her end, she sent for her supposed husband to come down to her. As How neglected to comply with her request, she informed her brother that the person with whom she had cohabited was not her husband, but a woman; that they were partners in the business, by which they had acquired between

three and four thousand pounds, part of which had been laid out in the purchase of Bank Stock. As soon as the supposed wife was dead and buried, her relations set out for Poplar to claim her share of the property, which was accordingly delivered to them by Mary East.

It is remarkable that during the thirty-four years in which they lived together, neither the husband nor the wife was ever observed to dress a joint of meat, nor had they ever any meetings, or the like, at their house. They never kept any maid or boy, but the husband, Mary East, used always to draw beer, serve, fetch, and carry out the pots, so extremely solicitous were they that their secret might not be discovered.

After she had disposed of her house, and settled her affairs, Mary East retired into another part of Poplar, to enjoy, with quiet and pleasure, that property she had acquired by fair and honest means, and with an unblemished character. She died in January, 1751, aged sixty-four years, and left her fortune to a friend in the country, and a young woman who lived with her during her retirement as a servant, except £10 a-year to the poor of Poplar, £50 to a working gardener, and her gold watch to Mr. Curry, an eminent distiller at Poplar.

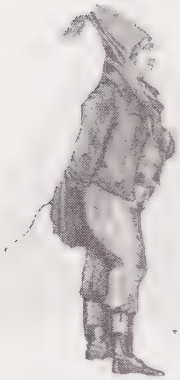
DANIEL CUERTON
AND HIS ASTONISHING FEATS

THIS EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER was born in Old Street, St. Luke's, and was by trade a ladies' shoemaker. For the last sixteen years he maintained himself by keeping an old iron shop in James' Street, near Grosvenor Square, and about four or five years before his death, he removed to John Street, Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, where he closed his earthly career, in the year 1803, aged 54 years. He weighed about eighteen stone, horseman's weight; was very broad across the shoulders, chest, and back, had short, fat, thick thighs, and was about five feet six inches high. Notwithstanding he was very fat he was remarkably active. We shall enumerate here some of the most astonishing feats of this man: he would take a glass or pot up with his elbows, put his hands under his arm pits, and in this way drink his beer, punch, &c., and if anyone would pay for the pot, he would in this position, with his elbows, hammer a quart or pint pot together, as if it had been flattened with a large hammer. He could appear the largest or the smallest man across the chest in the company, if there were twenty persons present, and put on the coat of a boy of fourteen years of age, and it would apparently fit him. Such an astonishing way had he of compressing himself, that he would measure round under the arm-pits, with three handkerchiefs tied together, and yet the same measure applied again at the same place, would measure round him and three other stout men, being four persons in the whole. How he did this none could tell, but it seemed he had an art of drawing his bowels up to his chest, and greatly swelling himself

at pleasure. He would sit down on the ground, with his hands tied behind him, and bear a stout man across each shoulder, and one on his back, with a boy on top; in all four persons, besides himself; in this posture he would get up very nimbly, actively dance every step of a quick hornpipe, and whistle it himself all the time, for the space often or fifteen minutes. With his hands bound behind him, he would, without any aid, raise a large mahogany table, with his fore teeth, that would dine twelve people on, balance it steadily, and with it break the ceiling, if desired, all to pieces. This remarkable man was well known by the free-masons at the west end of London, and for several years belonged to the lodge No. 8, held at the "King's Arms" coffee-house, Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. He was a very generous man, ever ready to assist the poor, unfortunate, and distressed, with his purse, victuals, clothes, &c., and was always a ready advocate, and the first subscriber to a poor person's petition, when he was satisfied the person was a deserving object, whether man or woman. In the latter part of his time, he became much reduced in his circumstances, occasioned by many heavy losses in trade.

Poor Cuerton, in the days of his adversity, through extreme modesty, was always studious to conceal his distress, and whenever his situation was brought into question, his usual reply would be, he had known better days, and he did not like to be troublesome to anybody. He latterly contracted the baneful habit of drinking a great quantity of the juniper juice; this he made his constant beverage, the first thing in the morning, and the last at night. He used formerly to drink a great deal of porter, and eat very heartily, particularly at supper. He died almost in want, yet he had a great desire, when near his end, of being buried as a freemason; but that society paid no attention to his request, although his widow made it known to them. He was a hearty, merry, good-natured companion, when he had health and money, and has paid many a reckoning for strangers, rather than hear any quarrelling or disputes, in the house where he happened to be. He never went to church or any

place of worship, for several years past, as he was deaf, but it was always remarked, he could hear very well at a public house. He had been the constant promoter of *greasy chins*, and full bowls of punch, and used to enjoy them in an uncommon manner.



JEMMY GORDON
AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER OF CAMBRIDGE

JAMES GORDON was once a respectable solicitor in Cambridge, till "love and liquor"—

> "Robb'd him of that which once enriched him
> And made him poor indeed!"

He was well known to many resident and non-resident sons of Alma Mater as a *dèclamateur* and for ready wit and repartee, which few could equal.

His father was chapel clerk at Trinity, and a man of some property; he gave his son a good classical education, and afterwards articled him to a respectable attorney of the name of Haggerstone. At the expiration of his articles he commenced practice in Freeschool

Lane, in the house which ought to have been occupied by the master of the Perse School, but which was at that time (through the neglect of the trustees) let to the highest bidder: here he led an expensive and profligate life, and placed at the head of his table a young woman of considerable beauty, who went by the *sobriquet* of "the Duchess of Gordon."

Soon after the general election of 1790 commenced, (the candidates for the representation of the university being William Pitt, the Earl of Euston and Lawrence Dundas) Gordon entered the crowded senate and joined Mr. Pitt; he was handsomely dressed in the Windsor livery, a blue coat with red cuffs and collar; he congratulated the Premier upon the triumph he was about to obtain, and censured in strong terms Mr. Shai-p, who had lately purchased the Chippenham Estate, and was talked of as a candidate for the county—"his presumption ill coming forward!" and could not understand "what claim his large possessions in Jamaica gave him to disturb the peace of the county of Cambridge!" He added, that his influence (which he hinted was pretty considerable) should be exerted in support of the old members. He continued walking backwards and forwards, conversing with Mr. Pitt, for about half an hour, those who knew him were extremely indignant at his presumption; but no one liked to interfere. At length Beverley, the senior beadle, undertook to have him turned out, and walked up to him, attended by two constables, for that purpose. Jemmy, finding it vain to resist, made a hasty retreat. Mr. Pitt was all astonishment to see his new friend of whose loyalty and good sense he had formed a very favourable opinion, so unceremoniously treated. The crowd below the barrier hustled him out of the Senate House. Beverley, elated with his victory, followed, and urged the persons assembled outside to take him off and place him under the conduit. Beverley's zeal carried him beyond the steps of the Senate House, where he soon found that Gordon had more friends than himself. Gordon was immediately rescued, and if the constables had not interfered, Beverley would probably have

himself undergone the punishment he would so willingly have inflicted on another.

Jemmy had at that time a cousin of the name of Goode, who resided for a few terms at Trinity Hall; he had been well educated, and was a remarkably good-looking man, but his habits were low and profligate. He had, however, his friends in the university, and to all their parties his cousin Jemmy was always a welcome guest, for he sang a good song, told a good story, had Horace at his fingers' ends, and was in the habit of quoting him with considerable effect.

Though Gordon realized but little by his profession, yet, as his father made him a handsome allowance, he used to give in his turn some very jovial entertainments at his own house; but his extravagance knew no bounds, and he was, after a time, under the necessity of going into cheap and obscure lodgings; for his means would not enable him to gratify his extraordinary fondness for wine and liquor. He was then at the service of any man who thought proper to send him an invitation to entertain his friends, and to get very drunk by way of recompense. Dressed in a huge cocked-hat, and the tarnished uniform of a general or an admiral, (for Jemmy was *not too proud* to accept any article of apparel that 'was occasionally given to him from an old clothes' shop) he was to be heard frequently about the streets, frequently until daylight, roaring out scraps of songs, or quoting fragments of poetry. A relation dying left him a guinea a week, to be paid weekly, but it was soon deeply mortgaged. Spending every shilling he could possibly get in liquor, he at length became so shabby and dirty, that no one would suffer him to enter his rooms. As he was not ashamed to beg, he applied to every person he met, and raised money in that way; some giving because they believed him to be in distress, others because they were afraid of him; for if any person (no matter what his rank or position in town or university might be) had been guilty of any indiscretion, Jemmy would be sure to proclaim it aloud whenever he met him. As he was known to have a very great objection to fighting, many men whom he insulted, preferred breaking his head

to giving him half-a-crown; but these persons Jemmy contrived to render ultimately his most profitable customers.

Passing through Trinity College one day, he saw the Bishop of Bristol walking backwards and forwards in front of his lodge. Gordon accosted him in his usual strain. "I hope, my lord, you will give me a shilling!" to which his lordship replied, "If you can find me a greater scoundrel than yourself, I will give you half-a-crown." Jemmy made his bow, and shortly after meeting Beverley, said, "Have you seen a messenger from the Bishop of Bristol, who is seeking you everywhere, as his lordship wishes to see you on particular business?" Beverley thanked him for his information, and hastened to Trinity, Jemmy following him at no great distance. "I understand you are wishing to see me, my lord," said Beverley, addressing the Bishop; to which the latter replied, "You have been misinformed, Mr. Beverley." At that moment Jemmy joined them, and taking off his hat most respectfully, said, "I think, my lord, I am entitled to the half-crown!" The next time the Bishop met Jemmy, he took an opportunity of proving to him that there was no great difference of opinion between them respecting Mr. Beverley.

Gordon, meeting a gentleman in the streets of Cambridge, who had recently received the honour of knighthood, approached him, and looking him full in the face, exclaimed:—

> "The king by merely laying sword on
> Could make a knight of Jemmy Gordon."

At an assize held at Cambridge a man named Pilgrim was convicted of horse-stealing, and sentenced to transportation. Gordon seeing the prosecutor in the street, loudly vociferated to him, "You, sir, have done what the Pope of Rome cannot do; you have put a stop to *Pilgrim's* Progress!"

Gordon was met one day by a person of rather indifferent character, who pitied Jemmy's forlorn condition (he being without shoes and stockings), and said, "Gordon, if you will call at my house, I will give you a pair of shoes." Jemmy, assuming a contemptuous

air, replied, "No, sir! excuse me, I would not stand in your shoes for all the world!"

For many years this extraordinary character infested the streets, swearing and blaspheming in the most horrible manner; the magistrates not interfering, from a reluctance to expose themselves to his violent and abusive language. At length the nuisance became intolerable, and Jemmy usually passed nine or ten weeks of every quarter in the town gaol. It was during one of these incarcerations that John Taylor, the University Marshal, consulted a friend respecting a letter he had received from a person formerly a member of the university, in which he was asked to procure for him short essays in Latin, on six subjects which he sent him, all of a serious and religious nature. Taylor was at a loss how to proceed, and his friend jocularly suggested that he thought Jemmy Gordon would supply him. Jemmy was then in gaol, and as he had been there for a long time, was, of necessity, sober. The same evening Taylor called again on his friend, and showing him an essay on one of the subjects, occupying three sides of a sheet of foolscap, asked his opinion of it. The latter remarked that there was no objection to it but its length, and that if Gordon would reduce it to one-third of its size, and observe the same rule with the other five, they would answer the purpose very-well. They were finished in the course of that night and the following day, and Jemmy received half-a-guinea for each, which Taylor learned, from some quarter or other, was the price usually given for works of that description.

But these occasions of obtaining money during imprisonment seldom occurred, and by constant importunity, he had wearied out those persons who, having known him in his better days, were unwilling that he should suffer from want. The instant he was released, and had begged a little money, he repeated that outrageous conduct which it was disgraceful to the magistracy to have so long tolerated, and which was loudly censured by all persons visiting the University. The fact, perhaps, was, that the characters of the magistrates at that time were not invulnerable: they

possessed, at least, a proportionate share of the failings of their fellow-citizens, and were afraid that Jemmy, who was no respecter of persons, should proclaim, from the Huntingdon turnpike to Addenbrooke's Hospital, their frailties in his loudest tones. It was, therefore, arranged between the magistrates and Jemmy that he should leave Cambridge, never to return.

He betook himself to London, and was to be seen daily waiting the arrival or departure of the Cambridge coaches: in this manner he earned a precarious subsistence; for even in London he became notorious, and is described at some length in one of Lord Lytton's early novels. The London police, however, had no sympathy with Jemmy: when he offended against the laws he was taken to prison, where he had nothing to look to but the prison allowance. Jemmy sighed for liberty and his native air, and at last found his way back to Cambridge, where he lived in a state of the greatest destitution. For many months he slept in the grove belonging to Jesus College, where he conveyed a bundle of straw which was but seldom changed. When winter set in, he was allowed to sleep in the straw-chamber belonging to the Hoop Hotel: still, on receiving a few shillings he squandered them in the usual manner, offended and disgusted everyone he met with, and when he became sober often found himself in prison.

In ascending his usual resting-place one night, when he was very drunk, he slipped off the ladder and broke his thigh, he called loudly for assistance: the ostler and post-boys, not behaving he had received any injury, took him up and threw him into an adjoining outhouse for the night. When, in the morning, he was found to be incapable of moving, he was taken on a shutter to the hospital, but was in so filthy a condition that he was refused admittance. He was then taken to the workhouse of St. Leonard's, where he died, after several weeks of suffering, on the 16th September, 1825.*

* Reminiscences of the University, Town and County of Cambridge, from the year 1780, by the late Henry Gunning. London: 1854. Vol. i. pp. 190-198.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON
WHO PASSED AS A WOMAN

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO QUOTE a more remarkable instance of the extraordinary versatility of fortune than that exhibited by the life of the Chevalier D'Eon. At one time the accredited agent and ambassador of one of the most distinguished European powers; at another, a poor exhibitor of fencing on the stage of a public theatre for a livelihood, in the very country where his diplomatic agency had been exerted. Taxing his energies in early life, regardless of consequences, to serve a Court in the fictitious garb of a female; and being condemned to that improper garb in old age; a disgrace the deeper as" it was coupled with the necessity of its adoption also to save a character deeply impugned by discreditable wagers on sex which might, and would, by a man of strict honesty, have been

indignantly decided at once. We meet with instances of females passing for men, assuming the dress and the actions of that sex; but D'Eon is, perhaps, alone in his assumption of the female character.

Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste André Timothé D'Eon de Beaumont was the son of a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family of Tonnerre in Burgundy, where he was born, October 17, 1727. Although the register of his baptism distinctly states the child to have been a male, some have conceived that the sex was originally doubtful, and that family reasons induced the parents, who had not long before the birth of the Chevalier lost their only son, to educate the infant as one of that sex to which nature eventually proved that it belonged. In the early part of his life he was educated under his father's roof, whence, at the age of thirteen, he was removed to the Mazarin College at Paris. He had scarcely finished his studies when the sudden death of his father, and of an uncle, from whom the family had great expectations, left him doubly an orphan, and threw him on the world dependent on his own exertions for advancement. He was, however, in 1775, fortunate in obtaining the patronage of the Prince de Conti, who had long known and esteemed his father, and by the prince's means was introduced to Louis XV. who presented him with a cornetcy of dragoons. Soon after this D'Eon was placed in the office of Mons. Bertier de Savigny, intendant of the Generality of Paris, where he gave great satisfaction to his superiors, by the industry and talent he displayed in the office, and gained considerable credit by one or two small publications on finance.

In 1757 he was employed, under the Chevalier Douglas, in transacting a negotiation of the most delicate and important nature at the court of Petersburg, by which, after many years' suspension of all intercourse, a reconciliation was effected between the courts of France and Russia. After some years' residence at Petersburg, D'Eon joined his regiment, then serving under Marshal Broglio on the Rhine, and during the campaign of 1762 acted as aide-de-camp to that celebrated officer. When the Duke di Nivernois

came over to England as ambassador, to negotiate the peace of 1763, D'Eon appeared as his secretary; and so far procured the sanction of the Government of England that he was requested to carry over the ratification of the treaty between the British court and that of Versailles, in consequence of which the French King invested him -with the order of St. Louis. He had also behaved, in the character of secretary, so much to the satisfaction of the Duke, that that nobleman, upon his departure for France, in May, 1763, caused D'Eon to be appointed minister plenipotentiary in his room. In October following, however, the Count de Guerchy, having arrived here as ambassador from the court of Versailles, the chevalier received orders, or rather was requested, to act as a secretary or assistant to the new ambassador. This, we are told, mortified him to such a degree, that, asserting that the letter of recall which accompanied it was a forgery, he refused to deliver it; and by this step drew on himself the censure of his court. On this, either with a view of exculpating himself, or from a motive of revenge, he published a succinct account of all the negotiations in which he had been engaged, exposed some secrets of the French court, and, rather than spare his enemies, revealed some things greatly to the prejudice of his best friends. Among other persons very freely treated in this publication was the Count de Guerchy, for which D'Eon was prosecuted and convicted in the Court of King's Bench, in July, 1764.

It was but natural that this conduct should draw down the resentment of the court of France, and the chevalier either feared or affected to fear the greatest danger to his person. Reports were spread, very probably by himself, that persons were sent over here to apprehend him secretly, and carry him to France. On this occasion he wrote four letters, complaining of these designs, as kno^vn to him by undoubted authority. The one he sent to Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, the second to the Earl of Bute, the third to Earl Temple, and the fourth to Mr. Pitt; of these personages he requested to know whether, as he had contracted no debt, and

behaved himself in all things as a dutiful subject, he might not kill the first man who should attempt to arrest him.

In March, 1764, he took a wiser step to provide for his safety, if there had been any cause for his fears, by indicting the Count de Guerchy for a conspiracy against his life; but this came to nothing, and the chevalier, not having surrendered himself to the Court of King's Bench, to receive judgment for the libel on the Count de Guerchy, was in June, 1765, declared outlawed. He, however, still continued in England until the death of Louis XV.

About the year 1771 certain doubts respecting his sex, which had been previously started at Petersburg, became the topic of conversation, and, as usual in this country, the subject of betting; and gambling policies of assurance to a large amount were effected on his sex, and in 1775 more policies on the same subject were effected. In July, 1777, an action was brought on one of these before Lord Mansfield. The plaintiff was one Hayes, a surgeon, and the defendant Jaques, a broker, for the recovery of £700. Jaques having some time before received premiums of fifteen guineas percent., for every one of which he stood engaged to return a hundred pounds whenever it should be proved the chevalier was a woman. Two persons, Louis Le Goux, a surgeon, and De Morande, the editor of a French newspaper, positively swore that D'Eon was a woman. The defendant's counsel pleaded that the plaintiff, at the laying of the wager, was privy to the fact, and thence inferred the wager was unfair. Lord Mansfield, however, held that the wager was fair, but expressed his abhorrence of the whole transaction. No attempt having been made to contradict the evidence of the chevalier being a woman, Hayes obtained a verdict with costs. But the matter was afterwards solemnly argued before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, and, the defendant pleading a late act of Parliament for non-payment, it was admitted to be binding, by which decision all the insurers in this shameful transaction were deprived of their expected gains. In the meantime the chevalier, who was now universally regarded as a woman, was accused by his enemies

as having been an accomplice in these gambling transactions, and a partaker of the plunder. In consequence of repeated attack of this nature he left England in August, 1777, having previously asserted in a newspaper his innocence of the fraud, and referred to a former notice inserted by him in the papers of 1775, in which he had cautioned all persons concerned not to pay any sums due on the policies which had been effected on the subject of his sex, and declared that he would controvert the evidence exhibited on the above trial, if his master would give him leave to return to England.

On his return to France, however, we find him confirming the rumours against him by assuming the female dress. In excuse for this, we are told that this was not a matter of choice, but insisted on by the French court, and submitted to on his part with much reluctance.

When D'Eon returned to France he showed no disposition to comply with the wishes or injunctions of his royal master, but continued for some time to wear the military uniform; and it was not till after an imprisonment for some weeks in the Castle of Dijon that the apprehensions of consequences still more unpleasant, and on the other hand a promise of most substantial marks of court favour, induced him to assume the female character and garb, which, having once adopted, he ever after continued to support, maintaining the most inviolable secrecy on the subject of his sex, to the day of his death. In consequence of this compliance with the pleasure of his court, the pension formerly granted by Louis XV. was continued, with permission to retain the cross of St. Louis; a most flattering acknowledgment was made of past services, civil and military; and the metamorphosed chevalier was even appointed to a situation in the household of the Queen of France.

The following incident will show that his manners, in this new character, were far from being prudish. In company with several foreigners who were strangers, "Chevalier," said a lady, "to the best of my remembrance, when you were dressed like a man, you had a very handsome leg."—"Parbleu!" replied D'Eon, with vivacity,

pulling up his petticoats, "if you are anxious to see it, here it is. Were I to affirm," added he, "in this company, that I have lain "with one hundred thousand men, I should not assert an untruth: I have lain with the French army, with the Austrian army, and even with the Cossacks; but, observe, of all these, not one has anything to say against me."

In 1785, the Chevalier D'Eou returned to England, and lived on his pension, of which he was at last deprived, in consequence of the French revolution. In September, 1795, an advertisement appeared, in which D'Eon states, "That at the age of sixty-eight she embraces the resource of her skill and long experience in the science of arms, to *cut her bread with her sword*, and instead of idly looking up for support from those who in their prosperity were her professed good friends, she relies on the liberality of Britons at large to protect an unfortunate woman of quality from the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune in a foreign land, and in the vale of years." This was nothing more than benefits at the Pantheon and other public places where she exhibited her skill in fencing against the celebrated Monsieur St. George, Mr. Angelo, and several others in that art.

This exhibition was not a source of much profit; and his pecuniary wants becoming every day more urgent, he felt himself necessitated to dispose of his valuable library of books, they were sold by the late Mr. Christie, at the Old Assembly Rooms, Pall Mall. The MSS. brought enormous prices, as did also the various political tracts, some of which were of the most important and interesting nature.

The Chevalier D'Eon died May 21, 1810, and was buried in the church of St. Pancras on the 28th. Mr. Copeland, surgeon, of Golden Square, opened the body, when all doubts subsided as to the sex, which was discovered to be that of a perfect male.

PETER WILLIAMSON

REMARKABLE FOR HIS CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS

THE LIFE OF THIS UNFORTUNATE MAN cannot be better detailed than in his own words; we shall therefore confine ourselves to a narrative of his adventures, published by himself after his return to this country in 1756.

"I was born," says he, "within ten miles of Aberdeen, if not of rich, yet reputable parents, who supported me as well as they could, so long as they had me under their inspection; but fatally for me, and to their great grief, as it proved, I was sent to live with an aunt at Aberdeen, where, at eight years of age, playing on the quay, with others of my companions, being of a robust constitution, I was taken notice of by two fellows belonging to a vessel in the harbour, employed by some of the *worthy* merchants of the town, in that villainous practice called kidnapping—that is, stealing young

children from their parents, and selling them as slaves in the plantations. I was easily cajoled on board the ship, where I was no sooner got, than they conducted me between the decks, to some others they had kidnapped. I had no sense of the fate destined for me, and spent the time in childish amusements with my fellow-sufferers in the steerage, being never suffered to go upon deck whilst the vessel lay in harbour, which was till they had got in their loading.

"In about a month's time the ship set sail for America. When arrived at Philadelphia the captain had soon people enough who came to buy us. He sold us at £16 per head. What became of my companions I never knew, but it was my lot to be sold for seven years, to one of my countrymen, who had in his youth undergone the same fate as myself, having been kidnapped from St. Johnstoun.

"Happy was my lot in falling into my countryman's power. Having no children of his own, and commiserating my condition, he took care of me till I was fit for business, and about the twelfth year of my age set me about little trifles, in which state I continued till my fourteenth year, when I was fit for harder work. Seeing my fellow-servants often reading and writing, it excited in me an inclination to learn, which I intimated to my master, telling him I should be very willing to serve a year longer than the contract by which I was bound obliged me, if he would indulge me in going to school; this he readily agreed to. At school, where I went every winter for five years, I made some proficiency. With this good master I continued till I was seventeen, when he died, and as a reward for my service, left me two hundred pounds currency, which was then about one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, his best horse, saddle, and all his apparel.

"Being now my own master, I employed myself in jobbing about the country for near seven years, when thinking I had money sufficient to follow some better way of life, I resolved to settle, and married the daughter of a substantial planter. My father-in-law, in order to establish us in the world in an easy manner, made me a deed of gift of a tract of land that lay on the frontiers of the

province of Pennsylvania, near the forks of Delaware, containing about two hundred acres, thirty of which were well cleared and fit for immediate use, whereon was a good house and barn. The place pleasing me, I settled on it; and though it cost the major part of my money in buying stock, household furniture, and implements, and happy as I was in a good wife, yet my felicity did not last long; for in the year 1754, the Indians, who had for a long time before ravaged and destroyed other parts of America unmolested, now began to be troublesome on the frontiers of our province. Terrible were the barbarities daily committed by the savages, and terrible indeed they proved to me as well as many others. On the fatal 2nd of October, 1754, my wife went from home to visit some relations. As I stayed up later than usual expecting her return, great was my surprise and terror, when about eleven at night I heard the war-whoop of the savages, which may be expressed, *woach, woach, ha, ha, hach, woach*, and soon found my house attacked by them. I flew to my chamber-window, and perceived they were twelve in number. They making several attempts to come in, I asked them what they wanted? They gave no answer, but continued beating, and trying to get the door open. Knowing the merciless disposition of those savages, and having my gun loaded, I threatened them with death if they did not desist. But fruitless are the efforts of one man against such blood-thirsty monsters as I had to deal with. One of them that could speak a little English, threatened, 'That if I did not come out, they would burn me alive in the house.' Telling me farther, 'that they were no friends to the English, but if I would surrender myself, they would not kill me.' My terror at hearing this cannot be expressed by words, nor easily imagined by any person, unless in the same condition. I chose to rely on the uncertainty of their promises, rather than meet with certain death by rejecting them, and went out of the house with my gun in my hand, not knowing what I did. Immediately they rushed on me like tigers, and instantly disarmed me. Having me thus in their power, they bound me to a tree near the door; they then went into the house,

and plundered or destroyed everything in it, carrying off all they could; the rest, together with the house, which they set fire to, was consumed before my eyes.

"The barbarians, not satisfied with this, set fire to my barn, stable, and out-houses, wherein were about two hundred bushels of wheat, six cows, four horses, and five sheep.

"Having thus finished the execrable business, one of the monsters came to me with a tomahawk in his hand, threatening me with the worst of deaths, if I would not go with them, and be contented with their way of living. This I agreed to, promising to do every thing for them that lay in my power. They then untied me, and gave me a great load to carry, under which I travelled all that night oppressed with the greatest anxiety lest my wife should likewise have fallen a prey to them. At daybreak, my infernal masters ordered me to lay down my load, when, tying my hands again round a tree with a small cord, they forced the blood out at my fingers' ends. They then kindled a fire near the tree to which I was bound, which filled me with the most dreadful agonies, for I concluded I was going to be made a sacrifice to their barbarity.

"The fire being made, they for some time danced round me with various odd motions, whooping, holloing, and crying, as is their custom. Having satisfied themselves in this sort of mirth, they proceeded in a more tragical manner, taking the burning coals, and, holding them to my face, head, hands, and feet with monstrous pleasure; and, at the same time, threatening to burn me entirely if I made the least noise. At length they sat round the fire and roasted their meat, of which they had robbed my dwelling. When they had prepared it and satisfied their appetites, they offered some to me: though it may be easily imagined I had little appetite to eat after the tortures I had undergone; yet I was forced to seem pleased, lest by refusing, they should again reassume their hellish practices.

"When the sun was set, they put out the fire and covered the ashes with leaves that the white people might not discover any traces of their having been there.

"Going from thence along by the river Susequehana for six miles, loaded as before, we arrived at a spot near the Apalatin mountains, or Blue Hills, where they hid their plunder under logs of wood. From thence they proceeded to a neighbouring house, occupied by one Jacob Snider and his family, consisting of his wife, five children, and a young man his servant. They soon got admittance, when, without the least remorse, they scalped both parents and children: plundered the house of every thing moveable, and set fire to it, the poor creatures meeting their final doom amidst the flames.

"Thinking the young man would be of service to them in carrying their plunder, they spared his life, loaded him and myself with what they had got here, and again marched to the Blue Hills, where they stowed their goods as before. My fellow-sufferer could not long bear the treatment which both had to suffer, and complaining bitterly to me of his being unable to proceed any farther, I tried to console him; but all in vain, for he still continued his moans and tears, which one of the savages perceiving, came up to us, and with his tomahawk felled the unhappy youth to the ground, where they immediately scalped and left him.

"When provisions became scarce, they made their way towards Susquehana; where, passing another house, inhabited by John Adams, his wife and four children, and meeting with no resistance, they immediately scalped the unhappy mother and her children before the old man's eyes; then proceeded to burn and destroy his house, and every thing in it. Having saved what they thought proper from the flames, they gave the old man, feeble, and in the miserable condition he then was, as well as myself, burthens to carry, and loading themselves with bread and meat, pursued their journey on towards the Great Swamp, where they lay for eight or nine days, sometimes diverting themselves in exercising the most barbarous cruelties oh their unhappy victim. One night after he had been thus tormented, whilst we were sitting together, condoling each other at the miseries we suffered, twenty-five other Indians arrived, bringing with them twenty scalps and three prisoners, who had

fallen into their hands in Cannocojigge, a small town near the river Susquehana, chiefly inhabited by the Irish. These prisoners gave us some shocking accounts of the devastations committed in their parts. This party, who now joined us, had it not, I found, in their power to begin their wickedness as soon as those who visited my habitation, the first of their tragedies being on the 25th October, 1724, when John Lewis, with his wife and three children, fell sacrifices to their cruelty, and were miserably scalped and murdered; his house and all he possessed being burnt. On the 28th,. Jacob Miller, with his wife, and six of his family, with everything on his plantation, underwent the same fate. On the 30th, the house, mill, barn, twenty head of cattle, two teams of horses, and every thing belonging to the unhappy George Folke, met with the like treatment, himself, wife, and all his family, nine in number, being inhumanly scalped, then cut in pieces, and given to the swine, which devoured them. A substantial trader belonging to the province, having business that called him some miles up the country, fell into the hands of these devils, who not only scalped him, but immediately roasted him before he was dead, then like cannibals, for want of other food, eat his whole body, and of his head made what they called an Indian pudding.

"The three prisoners that were brought with these additional forces, contrived at last to escape; but being far from their own settlements, and not knowing the country, were soon afterwards met by some others of the tribes and brought back. The poor creatures were no sooner in the clutches of the barbarians, than two of them were tied to a tree, and a great fire made round them, where they remained till they were terribly scorched and burnt, when one of the villains, with his scalping knife, ripped open their bellies, took out their entrails, and burnt them before their eyes, whilst the others were cutting, piercing, and tearing the flesh from their breasts, hands, arms, and legs, with red hot irons, till they were dead. The third victim was reserved a few hours longer, to be, if possible, sacrificed in a more cruel manner; his arms were tied close to his body,

and a hole being dug, deep enough for him to stand upright, he was put therein, and earth rammed and beat in, all round his body up to his neck; they then scalped him, and there let him remain for three or four hours, in the greatest agonies; after which they made a small fire near his head causing him to suffer most excruciating torments, whilst the poor creature could only cry for mercy in killing him immediately, for his brains were boiling in his head: inexorable to all his plaints, they continued the fire, whilst, shocking to behold! his eyes gushed out of their sockets; and such torments did the unhappy creature suffer for near two hours, till he was quite dead. They then cut off his head and buried it with the other bodies; my task being to dig the graves, which, feeble and terrified as I was, the dread of suffering the same fate enabled me to do.

"A great snow now falling, the barbarians were fearful the white people should, by their traces, find out their retreats, which obliged them to make the best of their way to their winter quarters, two hundred miles farther from any plantations, where, after a painful journey, being almost starved, I arrived with this infernal crew.

"As soon as the snow was gone, and no traces of their footsteps could be perceived, they set forth on their journey towards the back parts of Pennsylvania, leaving their wives and children behind in their wigwams. They were now a formidable body, amounting to near one hundred and fifty. My duty was to carry what they thought proper to load me with, but they never intrusted me with a gun. We marched on several days, almost famished for want of provisions; I had nothing but a few stalks of corn, which I was glad to eat dry: nor did the Indians fare much better, for as we drew near the plantations they were afraid to kill any game, lest their guns should alarm the inhabitants.

"When we again arrived at the Blue Hills, we encamped for three days, though we had neither tents nor any thing else to defend us from the air.

"During our stay here, a council of war was held, when it was agreed to divide themselves into companies of about twenty each;

after which every captain marched with his party where he thought proper. I still belonged to my old masters, but was left behind on the mountains with ten Indians, to stay till the rest should return.

"Here I began to meditate on my escape; and, though I knew the country round, yet was I very cautious of giving the least suspicion of my intentions. However, the third day after the grand body had left us, my companions thought proper to visit the mountains, in search of game, leaving me bound in such a manner that I could not escape. At night, when they returned, having unbound me, we all sat down together to supper, and soon after they composed themselves to rest. I now tried various ways to see whether it was a scheme to prove my intentions; but, after making a noise, and walking about, sometimes touching them with my feet, I found there was no fallacy. I resolved to get one of their guns, and, if discovered, to die in my defence rather than be taken. For that purpose I made various efforts to get one from under their heads (where they always secured them), but in vain. So I was compelled to set forward, naked and defenceless as I was.

"I had not proceeded far when I was struck with terror at hearing the wood cry, *Jo-hau! Jo-hau!* which the savages I had just left were making, accompanied with most hideous howlings. The more my terror increased, the faster did I push on and, scarce knowing where I trod, drove through the woods with the utmost precipitation, falling and bruising myself and cutting my feet and legs against the stones in a miserable manner. But, faint and maimed as I was, I continued my flight till break of day, when, without anything to sustain nature but a little corn, I crept into a hollow tree, in which I lay very snug. But my repose was in a few hours destroyed at hearing the voices of the savages near the place where I was hid, threatening how they would use me if they got me again. However, they at last left the spot, and I remained in my asylum all that day, without further molestation.

"At night I ventured forwards again. The third day I concealed myself in like manner, and at night I travelled on in the same

deplorable condition. But how shall I describe the shock that I felt on the fourth night, when, hearing the rustling I made among the leaves, a party of Indians, that laid round a small fire, which I did not perceive, started from the ground, and, seizing their arms, ran from the fire amongst the woods. To my great joy I was relieved by a parcel of swine that made towards the place where I guessed the savages to be, who, on seeing the hogs, conjectured that their alarm had been occasioned by them, and returned to the fire and lay down to sleep as before. As soon as I perceived my enemies so disposed of, I pursued my journey, and afterwards lay down under a great log, and slept till about noon, when, getting up, I reached the summit of a great hill, and, looking out if I could spy any habitations of white people, to my great joy I saw some, which I guessed to be about ten miles distance.

"This pleasure was in some measure abated by not being able to get among them that night. Next morning I continued my journey towards the nearest cleared lands I had seen the day before, and about four o'clock in the afternoon arrived at the house of an old acquaintance. What was my anguish and trouble when, on inquiring for my dear wife, I found she had been dead two months!

"Now returned, and being once more at liberty to pursue my own inclinations, I was persuaded by my friends to follow some employment or other; but the plantation from whence I was taken, though an exceedingly good one, could not tempt me to settle on it again.

"Into a regiment immediately under the command of Colonel Shirley was it my lot to be placed for three years. This regiment was intended for the frontiers, to destroy the forts erected by the French, as soon as it should be completely furnished with arms, &c., at Boston, in New England, where it was ordered for that purpose. Being then very weak and infirm of body, though possessed of my usual resolution, it was thought advisable to leave me for two months in winter quarters, at the end of which, being recruited in strength, I set out for Boston, with some others, to join

the regiment, and, after crossing the river Delaware, we arrived at New Jersey, and from thence proceeded to Boston, where we arrived about the end of March.

"In this city we lay till the 1st of July, during all which time great outrages and devastations were committed by the savages in the back parts of the province, one instance of which, in particular, I shall relate, as being concerned in rewarding, according to desert, the wicked authors of it.

"Mr. Joseph Long, a gentleman of large fortune in those parts, had formerly been a great warrior among the Indians, and frequently joined in expeditions with those in our interest against the others. His many exploits and great influence were too well known to pass unrevenged by the savages. Accordingly, in April, 1756, a body of them came down on his plantation, about thirty miles from Boston, and, skulking in the woods for some time, at last seized an opportunity to attack his house, in which unhappily proving successful, they scalped, mangled, and cut to pieces the unfortunate gentleman, his wife, and nine servants, and then made a general conflagration of his houses, and everything he possessed, with the mangled bodies.

"Terrified at this inhuman butchery, the people of Boston quickly assembled themselves, to think of proper measures to be revenged on these monsters. Among the first of those who offered themselves to go against the savages was Mr. James Crawford, who was then at Boston.

"As I had been so long among them, and was well acquainted with their manners and customs, and with their skulking places in the woods, I was recommended to him for his expedition. He immediately applied to my officers, and got liberty for me.

"Being armed and provided, we hastened forward for Mr. Long's plantation on the 29th of April; and, after travelling by the most remote and intricate paths through the woods, arrived there on the 2nd of May, dubious of success, and almost despairing of meeting with the savages, as we had heard nothing of them in our

march. In the afternoon, some of our men being sent to the top of a hill to look out for them, perceived a great smoke in a part of the low grounds. This we rightly conjectured to proceed from a fire made by them. We accordingly put ourselves in order, and marched forwards, resolved, let their number be what it might, to give them battle.

"Arriving within a mile of the place, Captain Crawford, whose anxiety made him quicker-sighted than the rest, soon perceived them, and guessed their number to be about fifty. Upon this we halted, and secreted ourselves, as well as we could, till midnight, at which time, supposing them to be at rest, we divided our men into two divisions, fifty in each, and marched on, when, coming within twenty yards of them, the captain fired his gun, which was immediately followed by both divisions in succession, who instantly, rushing on them with bayonets fixed, killed every man of them.

"Great as our joy was at this sudden victory, there was no heart among us but was ready to melt at the sight of an unhappy young lady, whom our captain was to have been married to.

"Her tender body and delicate limbs were cut, bruised, and torn with stones and boughs of trees, as she had been dragged along, and all besmeared with blood.

"The account she gave of their disastrous fate, besides what I have already mentioned, was, that the savages had no sooner seen all consumed, than they hurried off with her and her brother, pushing and sometimes dragging them on, for four or five miles, when they stopped; and stripping her naked, treated her in a shocking manner; whilst others were stripping and cruelly whipping her brother. After which, they pursued their journey, regardless of the entreaties of this wretched pair; but, with the most infernal pleasure, laughed at the calamities and distresses they had brought them to and saw them suffer, till they arrived at the place where we found them: where they had that day butchered her beloved brother in the following execrable manner: they first scalped him alive, and,

after mocking his agonising groans for some hours, ripped open his belly, into which they put splinters and chips of pine-trees, and set fire thereto; the same (on account of the turpentine where with these trees abound) burned with great quickness and fury for a little time, during which he remained in a manner alive, and she could sometimes perceive him to move his head and groan: they then piled a quantity of wood round his body, and consumed it to ashes.

"Thus did these barbarians put an end to the beiug of this unhappy young gentleman, who was only twenty-two years of age. She continued her relation by acquainting us, that the next day was to have seen her perish in the like manner, after suffering worse than even such a terrible death."

After this expedition, Williamson again joined his regiment at Oswego, where he continued till it was captured by the French in August, 1756, when the French, and Indians in their interest, committed the most heart-rending barbarities and cruelties.

Williamson was one of the persons taken prisoners at Oswego; and was in November, 1756, brought from America to Plymouth under a flag of truce; where in about four months subsequent to his arrival, he was discharged as incapable of further service, occasioned by a wound in his left hand.

He then published a narrative of his sufferings, but neither the strange vicissitudes of his own fortune, chequered with uncommon calamities, nor the good intention of his narrative, could protect him from the resentment of some merchants of Aberdeen, where he went in quest of his relations; because, in the introduction to his narratives, he had noticed the manner in which he had been illegally hurried away on board ship, and sold for a slave. For that publication he was imprisoned, 350 copies of his book (the only means he had of obtaining his sustenance), were taken from him, and his enlargement only granted him on his signing a paper, disclaiming two or three pages of his book. However, as he soon

after found a few of his relatives, he got affidavits proving he was the person taken away as mentioned in the narrative.

The precise period of Williamson's death is uncertain. He exhibited himself in London in 1760 and 1761, habited in the dress of a Delaware North American Indian, as represented in the accompanying portrait.

MADAM TERESIA
THE CORSICAN FAIRY

THIS ATTRACTIVE little specimen of the human species, better known by the designation of the Corsican Fairy, was born in the Island of Corsica, on the mountain of Stata Ota, in the year 1743: at the time of her being shown in London, in October 1773, she was then only thirty-four inches high, and weighed but twenty-six pounds. Her surprising littleness made a strong impression, at first sight, on the spectator's mind; nothing disagreeable, either in person or conversation, was to be found in her, although many of nature's productions in miniature are often so in both. Her form afforded a pleasing surprise; her limbs were exceedingly well proportioned, her admirable symmetry engaged attention; and

upon the whole she was acknowledged to be a perfect beauty. She was possessed of much vivacity and spirit; could speak Italian and French, and gave the most inquisitive mind an agreeable entertainment: in short, she was the most extraordinary curiosity ever known, or ever heard of in history; and the curious in all countries where she was shown, pronounced her to be the finest display of human nature in miniature they ever saw. At what time, or place, Madame Teresia died is unknown.

THE END

ABOUT THE PROJECT

Second Edition project is an idea to redesign and republish selected books from 16th–19th centuries that have not been re-edited since their first edition. Libraries around the world are systematically making digital archives of all the books ever written. Thanks to creating open cultural resources, we now have a common and free access to various and unique artistic works. Long-forgotten masterpieces gain new life and new audiences. Second Edition projects' books tell stories about ordinary, timeless every-day occurrences. At the same time, due to their archaic style, they gain new fun meaning, becoming an excellent entertainment for the reader. Visually, Second Edition is an attempt to create a unique graphic form, recognising, and combining traditional and contemporary approach to design and typography. The Project is a design study of the importance of classical typesetting methods and modern approach to design. It's a visual compromise showing how both ancient and contemporary design approach can coexist beautifully. Inspiration for creating these books came from the initiative of the Public Knowledge Foundation. Its' website, www.publicdomainreview.org, showcases miscellaneous public domain works selected by curators. Books chosen for the project came from that particular collection. Second Edition books are created using the OCR method (Optical Character Recognition) through which the scans of all the book's pages are converted into text files. Unfortunately, the process is still far from perfect, and the files contain numerous spelling mistakes, some of which cannot be corrected automatically. Crafting each book is an arduous and time consuming task, and I kindly ask readers for their understanding and lenience when and if spelling errors are encountered. All books are already out of copyright and are accessible as public domain.

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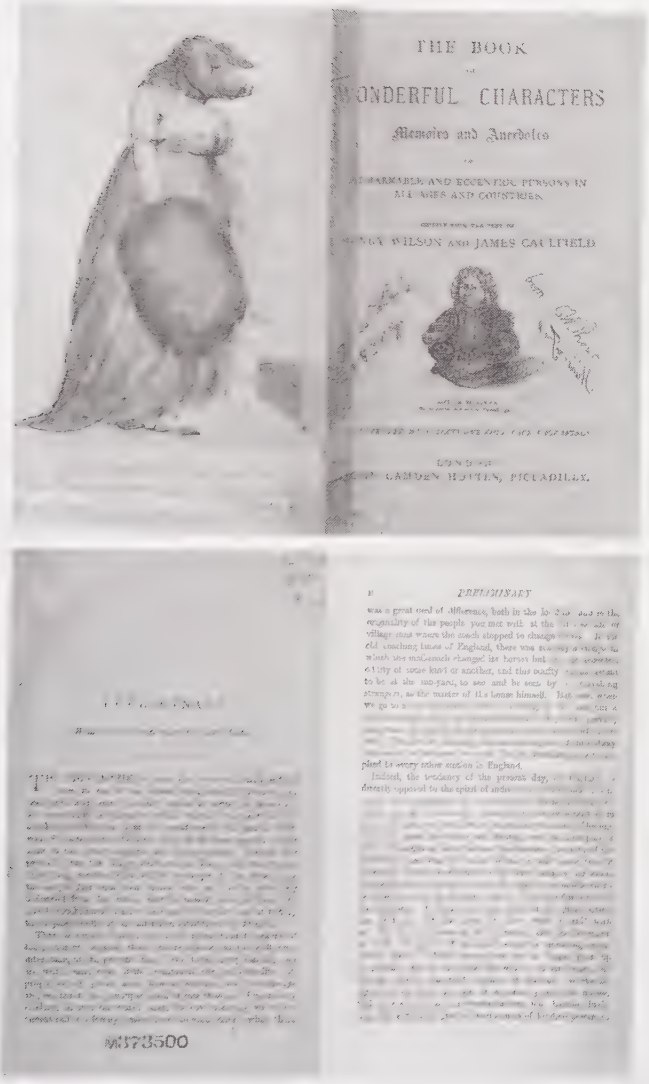

Original book pages published in 1869 by J.C. Hotten in London.

IMPRINT

Based on "The Book of Wonderful Characters. Memoirs and Anecdotes of Remarkable and Eccentric Persons in All Ages and Countries."
From the text of Henry Wilson and James Caulfield

Originally published in 1869 by J.C. Hotten in London.

Original book was digitized in 2007 with funding by Microsoft Corporation.

Scanning was performed by University of California Libraries.

Scans and plain book text were downloaded from Internet Archive www.archive.org

Special thanks to Open Knowledge Foundation for sharing this book on www.publicdomainreview.org

Printed by CreateSpace

Available from Amazon.com and other online stores

2015

ISBN-13: 978-1494710507

Book design and project author: Ada Pawlikowska
www.ada.pawlikowska.com

2ND EDITION
the book project

This book is a part of the Second Edition – the book project
www.secondedition.pl

Made in the USA
Columbia, SC
28 June 2023

19622972R00272

2ND EDITION
the book project

S0-BWM-015

ISBN 9781494710507

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